

The FORTUNATE
COUNTRY MAID.
Being the Entertaining
MEMOIRS

Of the Present Celebrated

Marchionefs of L--- V---:

Who from a COTTAGE,
Through a great Variety of *Diverting Adventures*,
became a Lady of the first Quality in the
COURT of FRANCE,
By her steady Adherence to the Principles of
VIRTUE and HONOUR.

Wherein are display'd
The Various and Vile ARTIFICES employ'd by
Men of Intrigue for seducing *Young Women*.

With suitable REFLECTIONS.

From the *French* of the Chevalier DE MOUHY.

Example *draws*, where Precept *fails*;
And Sermons are less read than Tales. PRIOR.

V O L. I.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

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MDCCXLI.

THE TOWN
COUNTRY MAID
Being the Entertaining
MEMOIRS

OF the Present Generation
It is so far from being dangerous,
that it is in some sort necessary for
young Persons to be acquainted with the
Passion of Love, that they may be able
to shut their Ears against it, when it is
Criminal, and know how to conduct
themselves in it when Innocent and Ho-
nourable.

M. HUET,

Bishop of AURANCHES.



DEDICATION. iv
(iii)
Behaviour, ever to forget it; the Re-
membrance is still dear to me, and
I am charmed with the Thought of
acquainting the World, that no one
is with greater respect and Grati-
tude, than I am,

Monsieur L'Abbe D'OPÉDE,

One of the Chaplains to his Majesty.

S I R,

AN Opportunity offers itself of
making my Acknowledge-
ments to you; I embrace it,
and publickly own the Obligations
you have laid upon me. Tho' an
entire Stranger, you were pleased to
bind me to you by Civilities scarce
to be imagined. Finding me hurt
by a Fall from a Post-Horse, you
incommoded yourself to make room
for me in your Chaise. Your Purse
likewise was in Common, which,
without absolutely disobliging you,
I was not allowed to refuse. Such
Generosity is very rare! I was too
much affected with this engaging
a Behaviour,

Behaviour, ever to forget it; the Remembrance is still dear to me, and I am charmed with the Thoughts of acquainting the World, that no one is with greater Respect and Gratitude, than I am,

S I R,

Your most humble and

most obedient Servant,

The Chevalier DE MOUHY.

P R E F A C E.

THE Marchioness of L. V. about a Month since, was pleased to send for me to her House; I had not the Honour to know her Ladyship, and desired to be excused. In questioning the Servant who brought the Message, I found she was very handsome. The Dislike I have taken these last three Months to all handsome Women, was the only Apology I made for my Refusal. Without doubt the Publick will be curious to know the Grounds of this Indifference: At present I cannot possibly say any more, than that one of the most beautiful Women in Paris, born in the Country, and whom I loved to Distraction, has been the chief Occasion of my Quarrel with the fair Sex.

The Marchioness, astonished at the Reason I gave for my Rudeness, wrote me a Letter, of which the following is an exact Copy.

I Was much surpris'd at the Answer you sent me: Perhaps you are a Man of Gallantry; if you imagine I have a Mind to throw myself in your Way, you are under a Mistake; I sent for you to beg a Favour at your Hands. Age and Beauty are quite out of the Question; by your avoiding Women, one wou'd conclude you are no Stranger to them, and consequently you need not to be told, that when they are bent on any thing, it's no easy matter to put them off: Therefore, assure yourself, that unless you are with me within two Hours after the Receipt of this, I shall give you the Trouble of a Visit, to know the Motive of your Refusal.

I am, S I R,

Notwithstanding the Disappointment,

March, 28,

Your most humble Servant,

1736.

The MARCHIONESS of L. V.

I repented the giving Occasion to these Reproaches, and accordingly waited on the Lady; upon sending in my Name, I was immediately introduced, and after a gentle Reproof, obtained Pardon. She was pleased to inform me of the Affair, concerning which she had sent for me.

I am writing, Sir, said she, the Memoirs of my Life, which I think will be of service for the Instruction of my own Sex; but my Want of Experience in things of this Nature, has occasioned so much Confusion in putting them together, that I am obliged to have Recourse to a Person in whom I might confide, and who could form some thing tolerable from this rough Draught. Madame de G—, who, by Way of Parenthesis, said a great deal in your Commendation, inform'd me, you have wrote several Memoirs which have been relished; that for the last you publish'd you had no other Materials than what you gathered in one Visit to the Person, who is the Subject of them; I flatter'd myself I might expect the same Favour. Your Discretion, and how far it might be relied on, it was amply set forth. I trust you (continued she, in giving me the Manuscript) with all my Secrets. We dined together, and that very Evening I began to execute her Design. I am exceedingly pleased with the Humour of such an Acquaintance, as she is a Person of great Wit and Sweetness of Temper, well deserving the high Rank in which she is placed. These are the Memoirs I now publish; the following Parts, which will be found very interesting, will come out Monthly. 'Tis needless for me to advance, that the Design of the Marchioness of L. V. in this Work is at once to divert and instruct her own Sex, to place Virtue in its proper Light, and to engage those who write, not to deprive their Works of so beautiful an Ornament.





THE
Fortunate Country Maid.

Being the Entertaining

MEMOIRS

Of the Present Celebrated

MARCHIONESS of L. V.

IT is with the greatest Reluctance imaginable I own my Extraction; perhaps by reason of that superior Rank I now hold in the World.

On what Foundation this Vanity is grounded, I cannot determine; but, be that as it will, I confess my self greatly perplexed at my first setting out. Religion, it's true, and proper Reflections, have long since convinced me of the Absurdity of this Weakness; yet still I can scarce persuade myself, that, great as she is at present, the *Marchioness* of L. V. is, originally, no better than *Jane*, Daughter of *John B. Woodcutter* in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*.

To so mean a Person I own my Origin. My Mother waited on the *Countess* of N. near whose Castle stands the *Hamlet* in which I first drew breath. My Father was Gardener to the *Count* when my Mother fell in Love with him; and her Passion overpower-

ing the Lady's Remonstrances, who design'd her a better Provision, she married at all Hazards, chusing to run the same Fortune with him, which from very indifferent soon grew much worse. For leaving his Master, a Person much respected by his Neighbours, in an abrupt manner, he could not get another Service, and consequently was obliged to quit his Profession. Upon this he settled in the *Hamlet* I just now mentioned, and took to cleaving of Wood in the Forest for the Support of himself and Family. I was the first Fruit of their Marriage; and as their mutual Affection triumphed over their Poverty, my Birth, instead of creating any Uneasiness, seemed to bespeak them happier Days. How far they were in the Right, the Sequel of my Story must determine.

The *Countess* did them the Honour to stand Godmother; for it was not long before my Mother regained her Favour. She went often to the Castle, and seldom returned empty-handed; as the Lady had formerly made a *Confident* of her, there might be Reasons for keeping up a good Understanding.

The *Marquess* of *L. V.* who lived in the Neighbourhood, was pitch'd upon by the *Countess* to stand with her.

The Ceremony was performed with some Pomp, and our Family experienced the Sweets of the Honour done us, in the Presents usual on such Occasions.

My Mother, during the time she waited on the *Countess*, who for the most part lived in *Paris*, had seen something of the World, which was of singular Service in my Education. She brought me to an early Acquaintance with the Reservedness so becoming our Sex, often telling me, that Virtue and Discretion were suitable to every Condition of Life. She confirm'd these Precepts with proper Examples, the Recital of which, being a very agreeable Amusement, was often a Reward when I had behaved well. Our Family encreased; a Brother and Sister, with my
self,



self, spent our Childhood in doing my Father little Services in his way of Business. The tender Constitution of my Mother hindered her from going with my Father to the Forest, whither my Brother and Sister went every day. I was left at home with my Mother, and the hardest Labour I underwent was to carry their Dinner. This my Brother and Sister continually resented as the Effect of my Mother's Partiality to me, and their Complaints were often seconded by my Father; so that every day afforded me fresh Instances of that coarse Behaviour which is continually growing upon those who are placed in low Life: Possibly the Mind, when depressed by Want and hard Labour, becomes incapable of generous Sentiments.

Their ill Usage made me very uneasy; at proper Opportunities I bemoan'd myself to my Mother. She comforted me, and directed an Offering to be made of what I suffer'd to God, by whom, she assur'd, I should be enabled to bear my Afflictions in a proper manner.

Nevertheless they increas'd daily, especially as I now began to set some Value on my own little Person, being turn'd of *Thirteen*. I was sent one Day with Cream to her Ladyship at the Castle; she presented me as her God-daughter to a Gentleman very richly dress'd. He was so taken with me, that he could not forbear crying out several times, "Heavens! how handsome she is! She will prove a Beauty: What Eyes, Madam, when enliven'd with Love!" "Take care what you say," replied the *Countess*, "she will too soon become acquainted with Things of that Nature. Go, go, *Jenny*, don't mind him; he says as much to every one he meets." This put me to the Blush, and I was glad to get off, making a very low, but aukward Reverence to my God-mother.

My Head ran very much upon what the fine Gentleman (for such I took him to be) had said. What

can he mean, thought I to myself, by saying my Eyes will be, I know not what, when enliven'd with *Love*? This *Love* perplexed me; I fain would have met with it to try its Effects on my Eyes. Neither Simplicity of Manners, nor Tenderness of Age, are proof against Vanity: Girls are ever apt to think themselves handsome; at least it was always my Weakness, and whoever prais'd my Beauty, tho' I had no other regard for them, were sure to please me.

Returning from the Forest one day, whither I had carried some Refreshment to my Father, I perceiv'd a Company of Horsemen coming toward me. I drew off to the Road-side in order to see them pass. Though I had never seen the *King*, I had often heard talk of him, and, as I knew he was in the Neighbourhood, I was now in Hopes of satisfying my Curiosity. The Idea I had form'd of his Person, represented him altogether charming, and so far distinguishable from the rest of Mankind, that he might be singled out at first sight from all his Attendants. When they came near me, I look'd for the *King* with great Earnestness: But the whole Company being of the greatest Distinction both as to their Persons and Dress, I was at a loss; imagining the *King*, to be sure, must be cover'd with Gold from head to foot. They were almost past me, yet I had not found what so earnestly I sought. Upon this I ran hastily up to one of the Company, crying aloud, "Sir, shew me the *King*, I never saw him in my Life." "With all my heart, pretty Maid," answer'd the Nobleman with a Countenance exceeding amiable; "That is He." "Which, Sir?" cried I. "Give me your Hand," said the Nobleman; then pointing with it, "That is he who makes so grand an Appearance on the white Horse." "Yes, yes, it is the *King*," cried I, quite transported: "Good God, how handsome he is! How happy should I be, if he did not go so fast! Oh dear, he is gone already!" My Exclamations made him smile, he stopped

stopped, and considered me with great Attention :
 ‘ She is a lovely Creature, says he : This unaffected
 ‘ Simplicity charms exceedingly, and is infinitely
 ‘ preferable to the studied Arts our Women put in
 ‘ practice. Can any one behold her without being
 ‘ moved ? Where do you live, my pretty Dear ?’
 ‘ In that Village,” answer’d I, pointing to it. ‘ Will
 ‘ you give me leave to come and see you ?’ “ If it
 ‘ depended, Sir, upon me,” answer’d I, “ your Visit
 ‘ would not be disagreeable ; but I am not my
 ‘ own Mistress.” ‘ Let me alone to contrive it ;’
 replied he, ‘ you shall have no Blame.’ Just as he
 had done speaking, one of the Company comes
 galloping back to him, crying out, ‘ The King calls
 ‘ for you, *Marquess* ; his Majesty must know what
 ‘ this Girl has been enquiring of you about, and
 ‘ the Occasion of her Surprise, which she betrayed in
 ‘ such an agreeable manner ; the whole Court is
 ‘ mightily taken with the Simplicity of her Be-
 ‘ haviour.’ ‘ I don’t wonder at it,’ replied the *Mar-*
quess ; ‘ you see what a lovely Creature it is ; our
 ‘ Master ought to give her a Gratification ; at
 ‘ least I’ll do what I can to promote it. ‘ So will
 ‘ I,’ added the other, looking at me very attentive-
 ly. ‘ Where does she live ? she is exceeding hand-
 ‘ some ; I am desperately in love with her.’ Say-
 ing this he offer’d me his Hand, but as I would
 not take any Notice of it, he prepar’d to alight.
 This put me into such a Consternation, that I took
 to my Heels towards the Village. ‘ Stay, stay,
 ‘ pretty Maid,’ cried the *Marquess*, ‘ no body de-
 ‘ signs you any Harm.’ I scarce heard these last
 Words, I had made so much haste, never looking
 back till I was just at home. I then perceiv’d only
 one Horseman at the Place I ran from, and it was
 not long before I discover’d the *Marquess* to be the
 Person. I got home full of what had pass’d, and
 much taken with the Civilities I had receiv’d. My
 Mother knew me too well not to be sensible that
 B 4 something

something extraordinary had happen'd; she would be acquainted with it, and I very readily told the whole Adventure.

' I am willing to excuse your Curiosity, said she when I had done, for his Sake who occasion'd it; another time be more upon your Guard. Not that you were to blame in addressing yourself to the Nobleman you speak of, as it was perhaps the only Means you had of finding out the King; but for the future look that you never suffer yourself to be dazzled with an empty Show and the Discourse of Men. As to this Nobleman in particular, you never named him but with an unusual Emotion. Ah! *Jane, Jane*, all is not right! You have given your Eyes too much Liberty; whereas in regard of Men you ought not to have any. Their Praises are justly to be suspected, as they always tend to promote their Designs. Remember this. However, it must be acknowledged you acted very prudently in making your Escape, when the other Nobleman began to importune you.'

A Neighbour happening to come in upon us, prevented my making a Reply, which increased my Uneasiness and occasion'd many Reflections; I particularly resolved from that Moment to be more upon the Reserve with my Mother.

Great Caution should be used in the Education of Youth, lest in giving Instructions they be taught those things to which they cannot be too great Strangers, as it happen'd in this very Case. I had entirely forgot that the Compliments, pass'd upon me by the Courtiers, had created the least Satisfaction in my Breast; but my Mother's Admonitions renew'd those bewitching Ideas, and a new Pleasure arose on recalling them to mind. All this was entirely owing to what my Mother had said; and my resolving never more to make a *Confident* of her, was not the least part of the Mischief

I fell

I fell into a great Perplexity of Mind ; my usual Amusements became insipid, and nothing ran in my Head but the gay Appearance of the Court : Our clownish Neighbours, when placed in Opposition, created a perfect Loathing, though hitherto they had been agreeable enough ; particularly a Wood-monger's Son who had made some Advances towards gaining my Affections. *Colin*, for that was his Name, had some Share of Beauty, was remarkably neater and more polite than is usual with those of his Rank. He neglected no Opportunity of shewing his Respect, and as I was very fond of Flowers, he often presented me Nosegays. His distinguishing me in this manner, though it drew on the Envy of others, was not in the least unacceptable to my Vanity : However, I had no sooner seen the *Marquess*, but, farewell *Colin*. I observ'd this Alteration in myself, but my Thoughts were then in too great a Hurry to perceive the real Motive, which nevertheless was not long undiscover'd.

Three Days were now passed since the Adventure which rais'd this Commotion in my Breast. The *Marquess's* Expressions were never out of my Mind : Young as I was, far from knowing the Danger of such Reflections, I entertain'd them with a secret Satisfaction, I even repeated to myself his very Words, particularly his Promise of making me a Visit. Upon the least Noise I concluded he was come, and then a childish Blush and Fluttering of the Heart were sure to follow to that degree, that oftentimes I was scarce myself.

In fine, four Days were elaps'd since I met the *Marquess*, when, being at Church, I heard some Horses stop at the Door. Looking back on a sudden, Heavens ! who should I see but the *Marquess* himself, entering in such a graceful Manner as quite charm'd me, and drew the Attention of the whole Assembly on him. Our Eyes soon met, for he presently discover'd me though in the midst of the

Crowd, and in one Look, as I fancied, repeated all that he had said in the Forest.

It was evident he must be a Person of great Distinction, for the *Vicar* immediately sent to invite him into the Choir: He was forced to comply; an easy Chair was brought, and the Place cleared.

I stared with all the Eyes I had, transported with the Deference paid to his Quality; sure enough, Prayers were never said with less Attention.

Service was no sooner done, but the *Marquess* retired. In the Middle of the Church he stopp'd, and fixing his Eye upon me, whisper'd something to his Gentleman, as it prov'd to be, who also looked at me: Then raising his Voice as he went out, 'Stay in this Village, says he, till my Retinue comes up: I intend to dine at the Castle, and in the Afternoon see what Diversion the Field affords.

I was very well pleased to hear how he disposed of himself, and as much concern'd at his Departure, tho' I knew not why. My Eyes were continually upon him, when at last he took horse with his Attendants, the Person before mention'd standing near him; at going off he made me a low Bow. The Girls who were with me stared upon each other; 'Look now,' says one, 'how complaisant the Courtiers are; when do you see our Clowns do so?' 'Ay but,' cried another, 'did you take notice how handsome and genteel he is? Yes, yes,' says a third, 'one would swear his very Eyes could speak.' Though I said nothing to all this, I did not lose a Word of it.

With this kind of Discourse we reach'd home, I often looking behind me, in continual Expectation of some new Adventure. The Answers I made were very incoherent, full as I was of the Visit which Vanity had placed to my own Account. And yet this Satisfaction was not a little embitter'd when I reflected that the *Marquess* dined at the Castle. The *Countess*, it's true, was past her Prime, but had Charms sufficient

sufficient to attract the Gallantries of a young Man ; at least Jealousy presented it in this Light.

But all this was pure Imagination, and I was soon convinced his Designs did not center there. The Person, he spoke to in the Church, had the Address to insinuate himself into the Company of us Girls, as we were chattering together : He had fallen into Discourse with one of my Companions so as to be easily overheard by me. ‘ How do you divert yourselves on *Sundays* ? ’ says he. ‘ Do you dance ? or, do you walk about the Woods and Fields ? For these, I take it, are your ordinary Amusements. “ Sometimes the one, sometimes the other ; ” replied the Girl with whom he was talking : “ Indeed, Sir, one would imagine you was “ born in the Country, ” added she, “ you seem so “ well acquainted with the Custom of it. ” ‘ It’s very true, ’ says he, ‘ you are in the right ; but since I had the Honour to serve my Lord *Marquess*, I have buried all Relish for the Country in the Pleasures of a Town Life. Notwithstanding these fine Cloaths, I am Country-born as you are ; but in the Service I am in, I look upon my Fortune as good as made, so noble a Person is my Master. Young as he is, Sincerity, Discretion and Affability reign in him ; his Word is as sure as the Day ; we meet with few like him. ’ “ He looks to be such a Person, ” says the Girl. “ How looks ! ” replied the Gentleman, “ I tell you he never broke his Word in the least Tittle. But I have been very uneasy for him of late. He is grown thoughtful and melancholy on a sudden. What has happen’d to occasion it, I know not, but he is never out of the Saddle now-a-days ; no longer than Yesterday we scour’d the Woods and Highways from Morning till Night : I should be very sorry to have him take a Dislike to *Paris*, as it is infinitely preferable to the Country both for Diversions and Company, neither of which is ever wanting there all the Day : Where-

‘ as here one must work from Sun-rise to Sun-set, and scarce be paid for his Labour.’ Whilst he talk’d in this Manner, he had in his Hand a Paper, which, by a Sign he made, I easily understood was intended for me. Accordingly, taking a proper Opportunity, he gave it unperceiv’d by the Company. By my Dexterity in securing this *Billet-doux*, one would have imagined, it was not the first I had received by many. I was no sooner withdrawn, but I found myself cruelly disappointed upon breaking open the Letter; my Mother, it’s true, had taught me to read in a Book, but I was an utter Stranger to all written Hand. At first I thought of applying myself to the School-master of the Village; but this was running too great a Hazard, especially after what had pass’d between my Mother and me. There was but one Expedient I could devise, the very Thought set me a laughing; and for a Country Girl of fourteen was pleasantly enough contrived.

It was my Admirer *Colin*, who could read and write, that I resolv’d to employ on this Occasion. An Opportunity quickly offer’d itself, tho’ to me it seem’d an Age, by his waiting upon me with a Present of Flowers: I receiv’d it with greater Condescension than usual, and the Emotion my intended Project occasion’d, made every Feature in my Face appear to an Advantage. ‘ You are killingly handsome to day, my lovely *Jenny*,’ says he with an Air of Satisfaction; ‘ you sparkle beyond any thing one sees elsewhere; *Faith*, I am continually thinking of you; go where I will you are always before my Eyes. What a Shape!’ continued he, taking me about the Waist. ‘ *Colin*, be quiet,’ I cry’d; ‘ can’t you speak but your Hands must be employ’d?’ This unmannerly Trick of yours spoil’d me an Apron only last *Sunday*; I suppose you intend me the same Favour to day.’ ‘ *Trotb*, I am to blame,’ answer’d *Colin*; ‘ he that breaks a Glass must pay for it, I ought to make
‘ you

' you a Present of an Apron ; I shall go to Town
 ' to-morrow, and will buy some of the same sort.'
 " That's not the Business at present," said I, inter-
 rupting him, " you must do me a Kindness." ' I'll
 ' do you fifty,' cried he transported ; ' what is it ?'
 ' I'll be quarter'd to oblige you. " Let us get first
 " to that Tree," replied I, " that we may talk with-
 " out being observ'd." ' What a happy Fellow am
 ' I,' says *Colin* ! ' Ah ! *Jenny*, indeed I love you ;
 ' and now I perceive you begin to make some Re-
 turn : *Zookers*, if it were once come to that, who
 ' knows what might happen ? It's true, you have
 ' not a Groat ; but what of that ? it is not Money
 ' that makes People happy : you are pretty, and
 ' as fair as Alabaster, have Eyes like a Mouse,
 ' and are as strait as a Maypole ; that is Fortune
 ' enough. My Father perhaps looks one way, and
 ' I another : What then ? He shall hear Reason ;
 ' or, *Waunds*, I'll go for a Soldier." " All this," says
 I, " is foreign to what I am going to say. Will
 " you promise me to keep a Secret, and not be cu-
 " rious ?" ' Well,' answer'd *Colin*, ' I see you don't
 ' know me : I would give you my Bond, if my
 ' Word was not as good : Witness the other Day :
 ' I catch'd, you must know, *Matthew's* Wife and
 ' great *George* in a Corner : she made me promise
 ' not to tell her Husband : *Adsniggers*, there would
 ' be fine Work, if I could not keep a Secre !" " For
 " that Reason," replied I, " you are the Person I
 " pitch'd upon in this Affair. I must acquaint you,
 " that a Friend of mine has received a Letter ;
 " but as she can't read, she has employ'd me to
 " know of you the Contents, and get an Answer
 " wrote, if it be necessary." ' Let's see, let's see,' said
Colin, taking it out of my Hand, ' that's soon done.
 ' Is it not from the Gentleman in Red, I saw
 ' talking before your Door ?" " Right," answer'd I,
 ' overjoy'd to find him on a wrong Scent. ' *Blews* !"
 added he, ' I am glad on't ; I was a little ruffled
 ' to

“to see him so busy. I began to think he might
 ‘have a Design upon you.’ “There you would have
 “been quite out,” answer’d I, “for he never so much
 “as spoke a single Word to me.” ‘That I am sensible
 ‘of,’ replied *Colin*, ‘for I took care not to be far off.
 ‘But let’s see, what have we got here? I wish him
 ‘well, since it’s so; otherwise, for all his Finery, I
 ‘would have made him know what it is to tread up-
 ‘on People’s Heels.’ Saying this he read as follows.

The MARQUESS of L. V’s Letter
 to JANE B——.

*T*HIS is the only Method left me to acquaint you,
 my charming Creature, with the deep Impression
 you made on my Heart from the first Moment we
 met. I was in hopes of seeing you again at the same
 Place, and have been continually on horseback in quest
 of that Happiness. At last I thought of your Parish-
 Church, where I might possibly see you. I shall not
 speak to you at present; but will order Matters so as
 to do it without being observ’d. Be not wanting, my
 dear Girl, on your Part to assist in what I shall con-
 trive hereafter for your Service. It’s impossible to
 express how much I love you.

The MARQUESS of L. V.

I listen’d to what *Colin* read with the greatest At-
 tention; I even made him repeat it several times, and
 felt a Satisfaction I never experienced before. To
 be belov’d by so compleat a Person was a bewitching
 Thing for a Country Girl, whose Ambition could
 never have look’d so high. As I was taken up with
 this Reflection, *Colin*, who easily observ’d it, cry’d
 out, ‘Why, Jenny, methinks this Letter makes
 ‘you thoughtful. Gadzookers, if it should be real-
 ‘ly so I would tear it.’——“Lord, I am thinking,”
 says

says I, (being come to myself, and apprehensive lest he should suspect any thing) "of my Friend; " she must be very happy to have such a Person in " love with her. One would think he is sincere by " what he writes, and consequently she should not " discourage him." "No certainly," replied *Colin*, " *she that will not when she may*—If he is in earnest, " she ought to strike the Bargain at once, without " *shilly shally*, which ruins so many Girls. They " must be coy, forsooth; they must mince, they must " fiddle faddle; and what comes of all this? why " the Spark gives them the Bag to hold, finding a " better Reception elsewhere, and they may go hang " themselves. Pho! the Bird is flown, and they put " Finger in the Eye; marry come up, is it not so, " *Jenny*? I speak of us Country Lads; but as for " your Town Gentry, do you see, why you had best " have a care of the main Chance, for that is all " they want, and then leave you to make the best of " a bad Market."

"Ah! true enough, answer'd I, none but Fools " will trust them. Bye, bye, *Colin*, I must go and " acquaint my Friend with the Contents of her Letter, and know what Answer she will give. I'll be " with you again presently, and bring Pen and Ink for " you to write the Answer, will ye *Colin*?" "There " is no Occasion for such a Hurry," says he; "but " you are always in haste when I am by." "Well, " well, *Colin*," I replied, "we shall have Opportunities enough. Adieu, I am under a Promise, and " a Maid, you know, must keep her Word."

Saying this I rose, and made the best of my Way towards the Village. But being come to a Warren, which had a retired Place in one Corner, I there threw myself on the Grass, and run over the Letter in my Mind. Vanity had already found the Way into my Breast, young as I was, and betray'd itself on a thousand different Occasions. My Cloaths were superior to any in the Village, and yet I often staid

staid at home under a pretended Indisposition, when there was any new Piece of Finery wanting to compleat my Dress. This frequently drew the Railery of my Acquaintance upon me to my no small Vexation. I found in myself an Elevation of Mind, which would not suffer me to stoop to a Carriage suitable with a clownish Life. My Soul was on fire at the very Name of *Paris*; and when my Mother gave me the History of any Country Girl, who had there made her Fortune, it always ran in my Head, I should have the same good Luck. Let any one judge then what an Impression the *Marquess's* Person and Letter must make. My Head ran on nothing else, and my Pride drew very favourable Consequences for the Time to come. Above all, I determined to answer the Letter, tho' the Shame of owning I could not write, gave me some Uneasiness; and yet I resolved to do it, that I might not be obliged to employ *Colin* any more, lest his distrustful Nature should discover my Affair; besides, his very Person was become disagreeable from the Moment I fancied myself beloved by the *Marquess*. Such were my Reflections at that Time of Day, when I had not the Address I acquired afterwards. People may talk of natural Parts, but, without Experience, little is to be expected from thence. I had the Precaution before I came from home, to furnish myself with the necessary Implements for writing, and as I had staid a sufficient Time for talking with my supposed Friend, I return'd to *Colin*. When he saw me coming he ran to meet me.

“ Dear *Jenny*,” says he, “ you have made haste.”
 “ Yes,” I replied, “ I met *Molly* in the Warren, she
 “ was in a great hurry to be gone, after we had
 “ talked together, for fear of being discover'd.” “ Ah,
 “ cunning Baggage!” cried *Colin*, “ if ever she mar-
 “ ries, she will be one too many for her Husband.”
 “ We have no time to lose,” says I, interrupting
 him, “ let us write the Letter.”

Colin

Colin took the Paper, and making a Desk of the Crown of his Hat. 'Now, says he what must I write to this fine Spark? "Why, she would have you tell him," answer'd I, "that

"She has not so good an Opinion of herself as to imagine he can be so much in Love as he seems to say: that, notwithstanding her mean Education, she knows the Duty she owes herself well enough, to be sensible of the Unsuitableness of the Passion he aims to create; that she could wish, tho' she knows not why, he were sincere in what he says: That she cannot write, and consequently is obliged to have recourse to another in order to answer his Letter; but she will not run the same Hazard any more, for fear —"

'Thank you for nothing,' cried *Colin* interrupting me, 'I'll write no such Thing.' "Why so," says I? "That's only to have done with me," replied he, "when you have no farther Occasion. — No, no, the Devil take me if I write it." "Come, come, *Colin*," answer'd I, "let's have no more Words, we may be surpriz'd before we make an End."

He complied at last, muttering something to himself, and my Letter ended with a grateful Acknowledgement of the *Marquess's* Kindness.

As soon as the Letter was finished, I put it up and return'd home, *Colin* accompanying me, which I was well enough pleas'd with, lest my Mother should take me to Task. She approv'd of our Correspondence, as she had her Views in it, and would gladly have had his Father in the same Way of Thinking, there being considerable Matters to be expected.

When I reached home it was Time to go to Church, whither I was followed by the *Marquess's* Gentleman, who placed himself close behind me. I easily understood, though I was but a Beginner, that he waited for my Answer. My Prayer-Book was the best Conveyance I could pitch upon for giving

giving the Letter, and which, by his Dexterity, succeeded admirably well. Soon after I retired, and saw no more of him.

It is not to be expressed, how much I enjoy'd myself, upon having accomplish'd my Design without being discover'd. What a skilful Master must Love be, employing every thing to compass his Ends ! Under him I made a considerable Progress in a short Time, and soon became a great Proficient, as we shall see hereafter.

We were sitting down to Supper, when who should come in but the *Marquess's* Gentleman, follow'd by the Mayor and Curate of the Village. I no sooner saw them, but the Apprehension of being discover'd put me into such a Fit of trembling and blushing, that it was well no one observed me. The Stranger addressing himself to my Father, enquired if one of his Daughters did not sometimes carry Provisions to certain Workmen in the Forest ? ' Yes, Sir,' answered my Father, ' that is she.' " Come hither," says he, speaking to me, " how have you contrived " bring all this good Company hither ?" The very Tone of his Voice struck a Terror into me. " Don't ' be frighten'd, pretty Maid,' cried the *Valet de Chambre* seeing me in so much Confusion, ' these ' Gentlemen and I intend you no Harm ; and though ' it is by his Majesty's Orders, which my Lord *Marquess* has received, we shall say nothing to Miss ' but what is very agreeable.' Her Name is *Jenny*, ' at your Service,' cried my Father interrupting him, ' we have no Miss here. " If she has not had that " Title yet," replied the Curate very solemnly, " she " may hereafter. But that is neither here nor there. " This Gentleman has something to say to you, and " deserves your Thanks for the Pains he has taken to " find out your Daughter. We have been at twenty " Places before we came hither. The first we enquired of was *John Le Moine* your Gossip, then of " *James Rouffy*, after that we were with *Thomas La*
" *Vigne*,

" *Vigne*, never dreaming of you, being of so little
 " Note. However it is all come out, and I am
 " not sorry for it."

This Harangue of the Curate's put me to the
 Blush, as there was no Occasion for his running us
 down at such a Rate.

' I was going to inform you,' says the *Valet de
 Chambre*, ' that my Lord *Marquess* has ordered me
 ' to make enquiry after a Girl who was in the
 ' Road leading to — last *Wednesday*, when the
 ' King passed by. The Occasion of this is, he gave
 ' his Majesty an Account of the extraordinary Sur-
 ' prize with which she was seized at his Presence.
 ' The King was so well pleased with the Accident,
 ' that he has sent a Gratuity by him. And since
 ' you are the Person, Miss, I'll go and acquaint my
 ' Lord *Marquess*.' "No, no," cried my Mother,
 overjoyed at what she heard, " I'll take her to him
 " myself; it will be too much Trouble for him to
 " come hither, nor is this Place fit to receive him
 " in."

The Curate approved of it; but the *Valet de Cham-
 bre*, who knew his Errand, very readily replied,
 that it was highly improper; ' My Lord,' says he,
 ' is intrusted with the Execution of the King's Or-
 ' ders, and to my Knowledge will not be wanting in
 ' the least Tittle. Do you stay here, and I'll ac-
 ' quaint him with my good Success, which will be
 ' very acceptable, as he is a Man who very much
 ' delights in Acts of Generosity.'

He went out as soon as he had done speaking,
 follow'd by the Curate, who, big with the Honour
 of being concerned in an Affair where the King's
 Name was employ'd, gave me a Tap on the Cheek,
 bidding me " be a good Girl, and God would bless
 " me."

We remained entranced with what had passed,
 till our Neighbours, who had been upon the Watch,
 came in Crowds, and awak'd us with their Compli-
 ments

ments upon this Occasion, season'd with an Air of Envy they could not disguise. As to my Brother and Sister, they took so little Care to hide their Jealousy, that my Father easily discover'd it, and reprimanded them accordingly. The Adventure affected him very much, and as he did not want Sense, he began to see thro' the little ill Offices that had been done me. 'Good Luck attends her,' says he, speaking to the Neighbours that were present, 'and did so at her Birth. She is good natured enough, and with God's Grace and the Reverend Doctor's good Advice, she may come to something.'

Whilst my Father was thus entertaining himself and his Neighbours, my Thoughts were not idle. As simple as I was, I could so far unravel this Adventure, as to see it was owing to my Letter, and no more than a Pretext for an Opportunity of seeing me often, without giving Umbrage; and perhaps with a View of doing me some Service.

I was charm'd with the dextrous Method he had taken, and easily conceived it was only a Stratagem, though I was willing to allow it the most favourable Name. What a happy Meeting! said I to myself. Who knows but my Fortune is made, and I may one Day bid adieu to the Village! On the other hand, I was not without ominous Apprehensions; possibly this Nobleman, thought I, with all his Protestations of Love, may only design my Ruin! The Adventure of a young Woman of the Neighbourhood, which happen'd but two Years before, and I had just been acquainted with, rais'd this Suspicion, which otherwise perhaps had never enter'd my Head: Examples oftentimes strongly influence our Conduct, and it's frequently owing to the Misfortunes we see in others, that we shun what might otherwise be inevitable: A faithful Mirror! and well deserves to be consulted. But to
return

return to this young Person, whose too great Credulity and unthinking Vanity prov'd her Ruin :

Her Name was *Charlot* ; she was handsome, well shaped, and of so sweet a Temper, as indear'd her to all her Acquaintance. Her Circumstances, it's true, were but mean, yet she had very advantageous Matches propos'd to her, the most inconsiderable of which was a very sufficient Provision for Life. But thro' Inexperience she overlook'd such favourable Prospects. Her Father indeed, who judg'd better, press'd her very much to come to a Resolution, and by a proper Choice to advance herself in the World : But the amiable Temper of his Daughter was an invincible Charm to hinder him from laying an absolute Command, in Opposition to the Dislike she had taken to Matrimony. Things remain'd in this Situation for some Years, till a fatal Accident, she little expected, brought on her Ruin, and an unavailing Regret for having preferr'd her own Inclinations to those of her Friends.

Going one Day to sell Fruit at *Fontainebleau*, she heard somebody call to her from a Window. Upon this she went up to the House, which made a great Appearance, and was met at the Door by a Servant, who shew'd her into an Apartment very sumptuously furnish'd. She found a young Person sitting there in a rich Night-Gown. As soon as he saw her, ' Come in, Sweet Heart,' says he, ' let's see your Fruit, it should be good.' She readily uncover'd the Basket, and, Huckster like, assured him very seriously no better could be bought. While she was thus employ'd in setting off her Fruit, the young Nobleman (for such he was) consider'd her very attentively.

The Duke of ———, the Person she was talking with, was now in the twenty fourth Year of his Age ; much given to Women and Pleasures, to which Purpose a certain Part of his Income was entirely dedicated. A handsome black Man, his Eyes
lively

lively beyond Imagination. His decent Carriage and apparently modest Behaviour, were bewitching Allurements to such as were unacquainted with him. Debauched as he was, in satisfying his Appetites he never employ'd Treachery, but, like many others, was ruled by his *Valet de Chambre*, one *Dupin*, the base Purveyor to his darling Passion.

As to *Charlot* she always went very neat; her Behaviour and Sweetness of Temper, seconded by her Beauty, soon made a Conquest of the Duke's Affections. 'There is nothing about you,' says he, 'but what is charming; your Basket of Fruit is what I take the least Notice of.' "Your Goodness, Sir," says she, "is pleas'd to think so; but from a Country Girl you must not expect a suitable Reply to such Compliments. I have often heard that you fine Gentlemen take a Pleasure in diverting yourselves at the Cost of poor simple Girls like myself." "How!" said the *Duke* interrupting her, 'I see you don't know me: My Sincerity was never question'd, for I scorn to say one thing and mean another; but since you are pleas'd to be of a contrary Opinion, I have done. "I don't pretend," replied she, "that you said any thing I can take amiss, or that you had any such Intention." 'No certainly,' continued the *Duke*, unwilling to frighten her from coming again: 'Well, say no more of that; I have a Mind to buy your Fruit, that is the Business; I shall be glad to have more another time.' Saying this he made her a genteel Bow, and retired to his Closet after he had order'd his *Valet de Chambre* to take Care of her. 'Shew her,' said he, 'the Larder, that she may breakfast, and let her be paid.' A Glance of his Eye inform'd *Dupin* how to behave; it was what he had been often used to. He treated *Charlot* with great Respect, paid her double the Worth of her Fruit, and under Pretence of enquiring where it grew, learnt her Place of Abode. He insisted on her promising to call again, and

assured

assured her the *Duke* would take her Fruit as often as she came to Town. In a Word, his Complaisance was such, that she went away very well satisfied, with a full Resolution to come again as soon as possible.

Her Father's Subsistence was a large Orchard, which some Years turn'd to a very considerable Account. He was mightily pleased to hear what an advantageous Market his Daughter had made, and with the Prospect of selling his Fruit upon the same Terms for the future. Two Days after he sent her again to Town; she was immediately admitted at the *Duke's*, who behaved with the same Moderation as before, and she return'd home better pleased than she was the first Day.

The third time she came, who should open the Door but the *Duke* himself, very richly dress'd; a handsome well-made Man, as was before mention'd. *Charlot* took but too much Notice of him. 'You seem surprized, my pretty Maid,' said the *Duke*, 'to see me come to the Door myself; I think my Servants are all lost: But they often serve me thus; they know my good Nature, and are apt to abuse it; come in, they'll be here soon, we can chat in the mean time.' Upon this he led her into a Parlour fitted up in the most elegant Taste, 'Lord, cried *Charlot*, what a fine Place!' 'Yes, my pretty One,' replied the *Duke*, 'it is so whilst you are in it. Sit down, my Angel, lay aside your Basket. Come, come,' continued he, seeing she made a Difficulty of doing it; 'sit down, I say, you are at home here, use no Ceremony: I am a Stranger to you, otherwise you would know I am a great Enemy to all Formality.' At last she was prevailed with to sit.

'My *Valet de Chambre* informs me,' continued the *Duke*, 'that you live at N——: I go sometimes that Way, I'll call and eat some Cream with you; I am fond of it, but from your Hand it will be delicious; for, to be plain with you, *Charlot*, the first Moment I beheld you, my Heart was dedicated
' to

“ to your Service. How happy should I be to gain
 “ your Favour ! Why don’t you speak ? ” added he,
 taking her by the Hand, “ why this Silence ? It puts
 “ me on the Rack. ” “ What you have been saying,
 “ my Lord, ” answered *Charlot* with her usual Sweet-
 ness, “ has covered me with Confusion : This is the
 “ first time of my hearing such things, how should
 “ I be able to make any Answer ? I wish I had Sense
 “ enough to do it ; but the Simplicity of a Country
 “ Life ” —— “ That adorable Simplicity, ” replied the
Duke in a Transport, “ is one of your greatest Charms !
 “ How much more preferable would the whole Sex
 “ be, if adorned with that, as well as with your other
 “ ravishing Graces ! But you don’t understand me,
 “ unfortunate Wretch as I am ! If my Eyes speak
 “ not for me, (alas, alas, *Charlot* !) Words can never
 “ express a Passion like mine. ” All this while he
 grasp’d her Hands, kiss’d and bathed them with
 his Tears ; in a Word, acted the Part of a Man
 overwhelm’d with Affliction. *Charlot* was naturally
 tender ; these Gestures and Expressions, far different
 from what she had ever been acquainted with ; the
 handsome Person of her Admirer ; her young Heart
 susceptible of an Impression ; all put together, per-
 plex’d her exceedingly. “ I am much concern’d, ”
 said she with an Air of Compassion, “ that I should
 “ be the Cause of your giving way thus to Affliction :
 “ Had I foreseen it, I would never have come near
 “ the House. ” “ On the contrary, ” replied the *Duke*
 with great Earnestness, “ the Sight of you can only
 “ afford me Relief ; those Eyes must pronounce me
 “ happy or miserable. What would I not give, that
 “ you could view the inmost Thoughts of my Soul ?
 “ you would see how you triumph there ! ” Saying this,
 he endeavour’d to take her in his Arms ; she was
 too discreet to suffer it, but rising up, told him
 with a bashful Blush, she plainly saw it was time
 for her to be gone. She made towards the Door in
 order to go out, when the *Duke* throwing himself
 before

before her, cried out, ' Stay, my Angel, you are
 ' Mistress here, and have nothing to fear: Stay, stay,
 ' I'll do whatever you require, I'll provide a Husband
 ' for you; I'll settle you handsomely in the World.'
 " I'm too young," she replied, " to make any Answer
 " to such things: In the name of Goodness let me go."
 Saying this she wept bitterly. The *Duke*, convinced
 that he only lost his Labour, endeavour'd to pacify
 her, and, with great Difficulty, at last compass'd it.
 The *Valer de Chambre's* coming in put an end to her
 Fears. Nevertheless she return'd home with a Dis-
 quiet of Mind arising from Love; the Scene she had
 beheld, had its Effect; her Heart was entangled, and
 in a few Days she long'd as much to see the *Duke*,
 as she was before desirous to avoid him. It's true, her
 good Sense enabled her to resist any Thoughts of
 returning; but this Force upon her Inclinations was so
 violent, as very much prejudiced her Health. She
 grew very pale, as we all remark'd, though we could
 not so much as guess at the Cause.

Eight Days were now pass'd without her hearing
 any thing of the *Duke*, when he came to the Village
 and enquir'd after a Man whose Daughter had brought
 him Prison. As he was the only one in the Place
 that dealt in that Commodity, he was soon known;
 and the *Duke* order'd all he had to be sent home;
 he then took a Fancy to walk in the Orchard
 where it grew, *Charles's* Father waiting upon him
 all the while. By the time he imagin'd his Pro-
 ject had succeeded, he retired.

While the Father was taken up in attending the
Duke's his subtle *Valer de Chambre* applied him-
 self to the Daughter. He exerted all his Eloquence
 to seduce her, and draw her to *Fontainebleau*, in
 order to comply with his Master's Passion.

He took a great deal of Pains to set off his
 Birth, Wealth, and Person; he laid before her the
 great Advantages that might be made of such an
 Amour; but all to no purpose. He changed his

Battery, and employ'd the Appearance of Virtue to draw her into Vice. He propos'd the making her a Duchess; which he assured should soon be brought about if she would come into his Measures. He reminded her of her own Condition, and that such an Opportunity of aggrandizing herself was not to be neglected for an imaginary *Punctilio*. Here her Resolution began to fail her; Love and Ambition prevail'd so far, that she promis'd to come the next day to Town, to see, as he expressed it, whether there was any Design of imposing upon her.

Dupin acquainted the *Duke* before-hand with what had pass'd, and shew'd him the Necessity of dissembling with *Charlot*, if he hop'd to succeed in his Designs. 'Thou art certainly bantering me,' replied the *Duke*; 'though I love the Girl to Distraction, I'll not enter into any Engagement with her, which I don't intend to perform, much less commit so great a Folly as to marry her. Neither Love nor Money ought ever to countenance preposterous Matches. Depend upon it, I'll never follow the Example of ——— who in order to gratify his Passion was guilty of a thousand Follies, and then, to crown the Work, married his own Maid. A very virtuous Wife, perhaps you'll say; but I don't much admire the artful Methods she made use of to gain her Ends. I could mention ——— who was drawn in to marry a Baker's Daughter, by her taking Advantage of his Fear of Sprites. His *Valet de Chambre* acted the Part of an Apparition, threatening him with eternal Ruin, if he did not make an honest Woman of her. He was heartily frighten'd, and the Plot succeeded. The Earl of ——— is much in the same Situation. He lay under Obligations to a poor Girl who had saved his Life, and rather than part with Twenty Thousand Livres, which she deserv'd at his Hands, he very fairly married her to save his Money. I might

‘ might reckon up a great many more unequal Marriages; these Parts furnish many Examples, but they shall never prevail upon me to make one of the Number. So take your own Measures for bringing the Matter to bear: I own I am in Love; but remember, I will neither make nor perform any Engagements.’

The *Valet de Chambre* endeavour’d with great Earnestness to prevail upon him to talk with *Charlot*, at least in an ambiguous Manner, on the Subject he had entertained her with the Night before: But all in vain. The *Duke* had honourable Principles, tho’ his Youth hurry’d him into some Excesses. When *Charlot* came, *Dupin* perswaded her not to insist upon any thing, assuring her that nothing could secure his Master’s Affections more than an entire Confidence in his Honour. ‘ Your Compliance (said he) with his Request, will in a few Days make you a *Duchess*.’ And the better to satisfy her as to this particular, he reckon’d up several Examples, ‘ which makes the thing’, says he, ‘ evident beyond Dispute.’ *Charlot*, incapable of deceiving others, could not see thro’ the Artifices by which this Villain at last drew her into the Snare. The Vanity of becoming a Woman of Quality, the high Rank, and its Consequences, with which she was flattered, dazzled her Understanding; in fine she agreed to spend a Week at *Fontainebleau*, on Condition her Father would give his Consent. A Pretence was soon contrived. A Message was sent in the *Duchess*’s Name, the *Duke*’s Mother, to her Father, in order to have her to Town; he thought himself much honoured in the Affair, and sent her very willingly.

She was no sooner there, but all Engines were at work to oblige and divert her. She began to relish a Life of Ease and Pleasure; what put the finishing Hand to the Business was fine Cloaths and Dress, of which she had always been passionately fond. She fancied herself already a *Duchess*; here she faltered, and here her Ruin was completed.

Every Day she expected to see the Effects of *Dupin's* Promises, and he as often found Pretexts to put her off. Time slipped away, her Lover was upon the Point of going to Court, to which his Rank and Employment about the King's Person called him. Her Passion for the Duke was inexpressible, and as she was used by him with the greatest Tenderness, she thought herself perfectly happy. But at last she found herself with Child, and the Duke gone to Court without bidding her Farewel. His Passion was sated, and almost worn out; the *Valet de Chambre* was directed to rid him of *Charlot*. The poor Creature began to forebode her Misfortunes; her Commerce with the Duke had given her an Insight into Things; she was no longer a simple Country Girl. She saw plainly the Danger she was in of being discarded: She had mentioned to her Lover the Promises made her in his Name, but he disowned them: She wept tore her Hair, and took on bitterly, but all to no Purpose, the Duke went away without the least Emotion.

She taxed the *Valet de Chambre* with it: The Villain threw the blame on his Master, and was the first in calling him an Impostor. But *Charlot*, now made desperate, was not to be put off with plausible Pretences; she exclaimed so loudly against her Deceivers, that the Duke, to whom *Dupin* had sent an Account of her Rage, apprehending the Affair's becoming publick, proposed a considerable Sum of Money towards getting her a Husband. She stood out a long Time, but convinced at last that her Ruin was inevitable, she came to a Resolution. She took the Twenty Thousand *Livres*, part of which paid her Portion in a Monastery to which she retired, the rest she distributed among her Relations. The Affair made some Noise; though till then it had been kept private, it was now no longer a Secret to the whole Village.

I had

I had been acquainted with this Affair, which, with all its Circumstances, came fresh into my Memory on this Occasion. I resolv'd with myself to be more wary and more discreet than the unhappy *Charlot*: In vain did my Inclinations, prejudiced as they were, side with the *Marquess*, and set him off in the most favourable Light. My Virtue interpos'd; I determin'd never to swerve from its Dictates, and as often as my Heart should give Occasion, to call it to my Assistance. From that Moment I have constantly adhered to this Maxim, and have just Reason to look upon it as the Foundation of all my good Fortune. Under the Direction of so good a Guide, there is no Danger of going astray.

I was taken up with these Reflections, when Word was brought of the *Marquess's* Arrival; he came leading the *Countess*, and was follow'd by a great deal of Company, whom he found at the Castle: He had already acquainted them with what had happen'd when I met the King on the Road, and the Gratuity his Majesty had order'd. But he did not inform them that the Affection, he had at that Instant taken to me, had put him upon laying the Circumstances of my Adventure before the King in such moving Terms, as laid his Majesty under a kind of Necessity of shewing me some Regard. The Company were so well pleas'd with the Account, that they all resolv'd to see in what Manner I should behave on the Occasion. This gave the *Countess* an Opportunity of informing them, that the *Marquess* of *L. V----*, Father to the young Nobleman, was my Godfather. The young *Marquess* was secretly transported with this Discovery, and which afterwards serv'd him for a Pretence when, under his Father's Name, he gave me so many signal Proofs of his Love and Generosity.

As the Company drew near, we advanced to meet her Ladyship. She no sooner saw me but she call'd out, 'Come hither, my dear *Jenny*, I am overjoy'd that you begin so early to taste the Sweets

“ of your good Fortune : Don’t be afraid,” continued she, seeing me in great Confusion, “ we know your Education has been such as a Village affords. How do you like my God-daughter, my Lord ? Her Carriage is not the politest ; but with good Instruction, she may make some Figure in the World.” “ Indeed, Madam,” replied the *Marquess*, “ your Ladyship must pardon me ; I think this pretty Creature very well behav’d ; she wants but little Improvement, to be as you would have her.” The Company busied themselves in commending me ; one extoll’d my Beauty, my Neatness and Fancy in my Country Attire ; another prais’d my Complexion ; a third thought my Hand and Arm much beyond what is usual in low Life : In a Word, every one contributed something to encrease the Perplexity I was in. As to my Father, he afforded no small Diversion with his, “ She’s your Servant ; No indeed ; I wish she were.” My Mother made no Answer, but a great many Curtesies ; whilst I was the only one who did not dare to look up ; and if any thing about me could create Delight, it must have been the extreme Confusion I labour’d under.

When the first Volley of Compliments were over, the *Marquess*, addressing himself to me with as much Respect as if I had been a Duchess, said, “ The King has commanded me, my pretty One, to put into your Hands this Purse of Thirty *Louis-d’Or’s*. You owe it to the singular Satisfaction you expressed at seeing his Person, an Account of which was given him : I am exceedingly pleas’d he thought fit to employ me on this Occasion, and the more so, as I find, by this Lady’s Information, that my Father stood with her at your Christening. It’s what I was unacquainted with before, but I dare engage my Father will be extremely pleas’d to hear of this Adventure.” “ That you may assure your self,” replied the *Countess*. “ But Jenny, what do you say to my Lord *Marquess* ?” “ You

* You must thank him for the Pains he has taken.
 I made him a Curtesy, and acknowledged the Fa-
 vour, but in so low a Voice, that I dare say no body
 could tell what I said, nor indeed did I know very
 well myself. 'Mind,' says the *Countess*, winking
 on the Company, 'how I shall put her to it: Come
 'Jenny,' continued she, 'tell us sincerely what you
 'will do with your Money? How will you lay it
 'out?' "Since you are pleased, Madam, to com-
 "mand me," answer'd I, "the best Use I can put his
 "Majesty's Bounty to, is to give it my Mother."
 "How!" said the *Marquess* hastily, 'won't you keep
 'some for your own Use?' "Indeed, my Lord," I
 replied, scarce daring to look him in the Face,
 "I don't want any thing; I shall only beg of her
 "to have me *taught to write*, that if ever I should be
 "at any Distance, I may be able to enquire after her
 "Health." He was charmed with my ready An-
 swer, which he understood perfectly well by my
 Letter which *Colin* wrote. 'Ah! Madam,' cried he,
 turning to the *Countess*, 'how commendable is this
 'Desire of Improvement! it would be barbarous to
 'the last Degree, not to second it.' 'It is not my
 'Design,' replied the *Countess* smiling, 'to be guilty of
 'any such Thing; I'll see if I too can't do some-
 'thing proper for the King to be informed of.
 'Jenny,' says she to me, 'I'll carry you home with
 'me, this very Evening, if you have a Mind; are
 'you willing to go?' Upon this, turning myself
 to my Mother; "You are the properest Person,
 "dear *Mamma*," said I, "to consider what Answer
 "we ought to return to my Godmother's great
 "Goodness." But my Father saved her the
 Trouble, telling her Ladyship, he thought him-
 self much honoured by such a Favour. The *Coun-
 tess*, turning to the *Marquess*, told him, She un-
 dertook the Charge of me, and would endeavour
 to make me deserve the Notice his Majesty had
 been pleased to honour me with. 'Take your

‘ Leave, *Jenny*,’ said she to me, turning about and follow’d by the Company. I embraced my Mother and the rest of the Family with Tears in my Eyes, feeling at that Instant the Force of Nature in an upright Heart. Here I was not at a Loss, but gave full Scope to my Affections; so true it is, that Shame accompanies only irregular Passions. I gave the Purse to my Mother, who told me in a Whisper, she would not fail to buy me some new Cloaths fit to appear in. Having taken my Leave, I followed the Company, who were now at some Distance. My Mother did not leave me till I had join’d them, nor then neither till she had charg’d me to be always Good, and never to forget that no true Happiness could be expected without it.

The *Marquess* often looked back. He no sooner saw me alone, but coming up to me, ‘ How happy, dearest *Jenny*, am I (says he) to have it in my Power to see you, and from time to time to renew such delightful Satisfaction! I wish I could make you comprehend, how dear so long an Absence has cost me.’ “ I am very sensible, my Lord,” answered I, “ how much I am indebted to your Generosity: I hope you will accept of the Acknowledgments I make, though they are far short of what they ought to be; you must attribute it to my small Capacity, and the Company I have been used to; they were no better than myself, and it could not be expected but I should be much confused on such Occasions; perhaps, when I have been some time with my Godmother, I may learn more Breeding.” ‘ Your good Sense charms me,’ replied the *Marquess*: ‘ It wants only a little Improvement; but, you must learn to distinguish your Friends. And give me leave, my dear *Jenny*, not to lose this favourable Opportunity, but to speak as becomes the sincerest Friend you have. You are beautiful, and will every Day be more so: The Countess sees much Company, and consequently it can-

cannot be long before Addresses will be made to you.
 But remember, few young Men are in the same
 way of thinking with myself; they carry Danger
 with them, and will leave no Way untry'd to
 deceive you: If you listen to them, you must give
 me over for lost. I need not say any more at pre-
 sent of what I have to speak of, a little Experience
 of the World will let you into part of it. In the
 mean Time, endear yourself as much as possible to
 your Godmother; bating the usual Foibles of the
 Sex, a good Woman, and endowed with excellent
 Qualifications worthy your Imitation. Some other
 Time I will give you her Character as a Model by
 which you may form your own; you see I don't
 treat you like a Child. Nevertheless I ought to ask
 your Pardon for taking upon me to give you Les-
 sons: But the great Share I must bear in every
 Thing that concerns you, makes me thus look for-
 wards into your Affairs. I must not forget to ac-
 quaint you that her Ladyship has a Daughter, who,
 as she is much inferior in Point of Beauty, will
 be jealous of you from the first Moment. Her
 Brother is a handsome young Gentleman, and I
 have reason to think will be as little able to resist
 your Charms as myself; this gives me some Un-
 easiness, as well as his having continual Opportu-
 nities of seeing you. He will make Love, and
 perhaps gain upon your Affections: If so, what
 must become of me!

"I don't know," answer'd I, "what Love is; I
 have hitherto lived very happy, unacquainted with
 any Uneasiness, but what arose from seeing my
 Mother in Affliction, or the Peevishness of my Bro-
 ther and Sister: There is nothing but your gene-
 rous Behaviour towards"--- "No more of Generosi-
 ty," replied he: "I'm in Pain when you bestow that
 Name on such trifling Marks of the most tender
 Friendship. You are not yet acquainted with me;
 when you are, you'll be sensible, how happy I am.

' in this small Opportunity of shewing how tenderly
 ' I love you.' " Lord! (said I smiling) you are always
 " talking of Love: Let it rest till I know what it is,
 " and whether a Maid may be allowed to hear of it."
 ' I'll teach you what it is,' replied he. " No, no, my
 " Lord," I cried, " my Mother has often charged me
 " never to listen to Men; since all they say only
 " tends to impose upon us: I dare say my Godmo-
 " ther is of the same Opinion." " Take Care, replied
 the *Marquess* very earnestly, ' that you never men-
 ' tion a Word to her concerning my Passion. She
 ' is of a jealous Temper, of which more hereafter;
 ' it may prevent my seeing of you, and upon that
 ' my very Life depends.' " Nay then (added I) there
 " must be harm in it, since you are afraid to let it
 " be known." " No, my dearest *Jenny*, there is none;
 ' have a better Opinion of me." I was about to re-
 ply: I found a Facility in doing it, that surprized
 me. I was under no Restraint with the *Marquess*;
 and if he had been one of my Play-fellows, I could
 not have reasoned with greater Freedom. I was about,
 I say, to enquire why he should give himself this
 Preference, when my Godmother turning about, call-
 ed to me. Upon our coming up to her. ' How now!'
 says she to me, ' what are you listening to the *Mar-*
 ' *quess*? What Subject has he been upon? Love to
 ' be sure. Remember, *Jenny*, it is Poison, and
 ' oftentimes fatal.' " I know nothing of the Matter
 " Madam," answered I: " My Lord, to divert him-
 " self, I suppose, has been enquiring after our Coun-
 " try Amusements, and I have given him the best
 " Account I can." " Its very true, says he, this pretty
 ' Creature has described them in so lively a Man-
 ' ner, that I prefer them far beyond the Pleasures of
 ' a Town Life.' The *Countess* rallied him on his
 new Taste; the Company took up the Subject, till,
 without perceiving it, we had reached the Castle.
 The *Countess* was no sooner in her Apartment, but
 she called for *Mademoiselle de Parc*: She had been
 formerly

formerly her waiting Woman, tho' at present had no other Employment but to govern her Ladyship, as well as the rest of the Family. She might have some fifty Years over her Head, was lean and wrinkled; a Countenance much upon the Wheedler and the Devotee; she would always be of your Opinion till you had placed a Confidence in her, which she was sure to make a Handle of, to tyrannize with Impunity. She knew the Intrigues of the Family, was always finding fault, except her Avarice interposed: She loved Money, and made no Secret of it upon proper Occasions: Any Fault would be excused where Presents mediated a Pardon. It was to this antiquated Piece of Formality I was given in Charge: 'I recommend my God-daughter to your Care for Education,' said the *Countess* to her; 'she is good conditioned, and naturally well-inclined: I make no doubt but she will advance apace under your Direction. Do you know the King has taken notice of her, and given her thirty *Louis d'Ors*?' 'Thirty *Louis d'Ors*!' cried *Mademoiselle de Parc* interrupting her; 'no little Matter, I assure you: Where are they?' 'Her good Nature,' replied the *Countess*, 'prevailed on her to give them to her Mother.' 'She had done better to have kept them,' replied the old *Abigail*, with a Frown, 'I could have laid them by for her as well as another. Who knows what may happen? How could she be so giddy! She would have known where to find them at a Pinch.' 'That's not the Business we are about,' said the *Countess*, interrupting her; 'where will you lay her?' 'Why, in my Chamber,' answer'd *de Parc*; 'where can she be better?' 'That's true,' said the *Countess*. 'But the first Thing she is set about must be to learn to write: When she can do that, I'll take her to *Versailles*, where she shall return the King's Thanks for his Bounty in her own Hand-writing; it may possibly engage him to continue it.' 'Very true,' replied my new Governess; 'that's no bad Thought.'

“ Thought.” During this Conversation I never opened my Lips : My Heart misgave me ; I dreaded my present Situation, and with Regret looked back upon that I had just now left. After much Discourse of this kind, *Mademoiselle de Parc* seized on me as her Prey, and ever after followed me like my Shadow.

The *Marquess* staid some time at the Castle, during which he continually sought for an Opportunity to speak with me : But this was no easy Matter, as I was always with my Governess, or else in the *Countess's* Bed-Chamber, learning to embroider. I sometimes met his Eyes, and learnt from them how disagreeable this Restraint was to him ; by degrees I became acquainted with their Language. Whilst he staid, nothing affected me but the endearing Reflection of being beloved by him : I apprehended no Harm in amusing myself with the Idea of him ; Gratitude, methought, required it of me : Frivolous Pretext ! Fatal Mistake ! a Fire lay hid under it, whose gentle Heat pleased at present, but soon broke out with great Violence. *Mademoiselle D'Elbieux*, the *Countess's* Daughter, was about fifteen Years of Age ; of a fair Complexion, the only personal Advantage she was Mistress of : Her Eyes large and dull, but in that particular, Impostors ; for she did not want Wit, though at that Time it was unequal, and not very taking. Her Countenance deceives one ; she being in Appearance good-natured and engaging, but in Reality envious and sullen. In consideration of Favours received from her Mother, when at her House, I would gladly have omitted this Character ; but it was impracticable to proceed in my Story without bringing her upon the Stage, as several future Events will be found entirely owing to her Treachery and Malice. All I can do in this Case is to soften the Touches, when I shall have Occasion to speak of her hereafter. To this Day my Revenge has been very favourable ; but if she should know

me again, it will be her Interest to keep her own Secret. My little Experience did not prevent my discerning the Uneasiness my Arrival at the Castle created in her. When every one else took a Liking to me, she was in a different Way of thinking, and by her haughty Behaviour diminished the good Opinion others had of me: I was very sensible of her Coldness, or rather her Envy, in my Regard. It gave me some Concern. The *Chevalier* her Brother was in the other Extreme: From the first Moment he began to fancy me. I was convinced of it by his Behaviour, and his Discourse: he look'd upon me as an agreeable Amusement for the Time he was to stay at the Castle. My innocent and unaffected Carriage, seemed to promise him an easy Conquest. In a word, he was exactly what the *Marquess* had described; tall and well-shaped; his Behaviour, in appearance obliging, but in reality far from it: Very passionate, and, like his Sister, excessively haughty. Where he endeavoured to please, he would artfully disguise these ill Qualities; but if the Success did not answer, he was sure to employ Artifice and Force. I had leisure enough to study both their Characters, and the Usage I met with from their Hands taught me by fatal Experience never to form an Opinion of any one from the first Impression, nor contract a Friendship, unless with those whom, by a moral Certainty, I knew to be of a Character very opposite to Theirs.

The *Marquess* had the Dexterity, the Day before he left the Castle, to contrive an Opportunity of speaking with me, whilst I was in the *Countess's* Room at my work, and a great deal of Company present, who dined at the Castle. He proposed *Pharaon* to her Ladyship, and under pretence of not understanding the Game, prevailed upon her, with very little Difficulty, to hold the Bank for him. The Company immediately engaged, and thro' their Eagerness at Play, *Mademoiselle de Parc*, the *Marquess* and

and myself were soon left alone. He offered her a *Louis d'Or* to venture with, in which she should go Halves if she had good Luck. This was a Temptation not to be resisted. Her Back was no sooner turn'd, but addressing himself to me, 'How happy am I, my dearest *Jenny*,' said the *Marquess*, 'in this Opportunity of talking with you! I have long sought for it: What would I give to enjoy it every Day! I am going, my lovely Creature; I cannot stay any longer without discovering what it is that fixes me here. May I not enquire before I go what Place I have in your Affection? Speak, my Angel, don't refuse me this Satisfaction; Life's a Burthen to me without, at least, the Hopes of gaining your Affections. Consider it is very uncertain when I shall be able to see you again, and yet that is the only Comfort left me, in the Situation in which my Passion for you has placed me.' He uttered this with so much Tenderness, that I could not forbear looking at him, fetching a deep Sigh at the same time. 'What means that Sigh, my Charmer?' cried he, in the most affectionate Manner. 'Am I so happy, sincere as I am, to move your Compassion?' 'Ah! my Lord (replied I) leave me I beg; whenever you are near, or speak to me, I am not myself. What do you aim at? Why do you pursue a young Creature of my low Condition? I know very well my Distance; yet I am not afraid to say, that as great as you are, if your Designs are dishonourable, they shall never succeed.'" 'God forbid (cried he) that I should have such a Thought. All I desire is to love you and obtain your Favour.'" 'Alas! to what Purpose?" answered I. "Why does every Gentleman say the same? Is it the Fashion at Paris? In all my Life I never heard so much of Love as within these eight Days I have been here.'" 'How!' cried the *Marquess*, quite amaz'd, 'this is the first Time I could ever have an Opportunity of making my Addresses to you.'" 'As if you were the only

One!

"One!" answered I very innocently! "All the other
 "Gentlemen are continually upon the same Strain;
 "but in particular the *Countess's* Son never suffers
 "me to have a Moment's Quiet." "Heavens!" says
 the *Marquess* interrupting me, "sure he is not in Love
 "with you?" "I can't tell what it is to be in Love,"
 replied I; "but if every one is in Love, that says
 "so; he certainly is." "And what Answer do you
 "make him?" cried the *Marquess* with great Earnest-
 ness. "Really I take so little Notice of what he
 "says," answered I, "that I can give no Account.
 "But this I know very well, I should not be sorry
 "if he concerned himself no more with me than his
 "Sister does." "May I depend upon this, my dear
 "*Jenny*?" said the *Marquess* a little recovered. "Don't
 "you find a Pleasure in hearing him?" "Ah! not in
 "the least," answered I very simply; "so far from
 "it, that one Word of yours makes a much greater
 "Impression on me than a hundred of his." "How
 "the Charms me!" cried the *Marquess*. "How happy
 "should I be if I were convinced of what she says
 "with so much Sincerity! I would not change my
 "Condition with any Thing the whole World af-
 "fords. Repeat it once more, my lovely Dear:
 "You restore me to Life; my whole Happiness de-
 "pends on that Acknowledgment." "Heavens! what
 "have I said?" replied I, astonished to see him thus
 transported. "What is it that pleases you so much?
 "Perhaps I may have done amiss without knowing
 "it?" "No, no," said he interrupting me hastily;
 "never think of acting otherwise. If your Heart has
 "explained itself, don't contradict it; it shall never
 "repent its Condescensions in my Behalf." "My
 "Heart has said nothing!" answered I, interrupting
 in my turn very briskly. "If I have let drop any
 "Words without knowing their Meaning, you ought
 "not to take any Advantage from thence." "What!
 "am I to go away then," replied the *Marquess*,
 "overwhelm'd with Vexation and Regret?" "Your
 "Heart

'Heart says nothing! To another it may possibly
 "speak. Farewell Life, since I have incurred your
 "Hatred." These last Words were spoke in so mov-
 ing an Accent, that they affected me very much : I
 looked at him, and the extreme Sorrow I saw in his
 Countenance, made me heartily repent I had been
 the Occasion of it. "Good God!" I cried with
 great Anxiety "what a Misfortune is it not to
 "know how to express one's self! that's the Reason I
 "am thought to say one thing when I mean another.
 "Why should you afflict yourself in this Manner?
 "It was far from my Intention. Besides it's wrong
 "in you to give any heed to a Person, who has not
 "Wit enough to answer you : Have, but Patience till
 "I have learnt some from my Godmother, and then
 "I'll say nothing that will give Offence." He could
 not forbear smiling at my Ingenuity. "There it is
 "again!" cried I. "This Moment you were ready
 "to cry; and now I have made some Blunder you
 "are laughing at me. Very well! it's high Time
 "for me to hold my Tongue." I spoke this with
 some Warmth, and fell to my Work without tak-
 ing the least Notice of a thousand passionate and
 tender Expressions he employed to pacify me.

At last, wearied out with my Obstinacy, the *Mar-
 quess* remained silent : Imagining he was gone, I
 looked up hastily to see what was become of him,
 but was much out of Countenance to find him look-
 ing stedfastly on me. "You certainly design my Death,"
 said he, since you will not vouchsafe me a Word,
 "nor so much as a Look. What have I done to
 "deserve such Usage? I go then with a heavy
 "Heart : Cruel Creature! farewell for ever." This
 moved me : I was obliged, methought, to justify
 myself from such an Imputation : Of how great
 Force is Prejudice in the Conduct of our Lives!
 "No, my Lord," answer'd I with some Warmth,
 "my Behaviour deserves no such injurious Names.
 "I am not, nor ever was, cruel to any thing : so
 "far

“ far from it, I can’t see a Lamb killed without crying. I never could hurt the least thing; even when my Brother and Sister have fallen upon me, I would not so much as defend myself for fear of hurting them. Judge then if I deserve to be called cruel.” Had I gone on, the *Marquess* would have given me the Hearing, so well was he pleased with my ingenuous Simplicity; but Love places every thing in a favourable Light. ‘ I ask your Pardon, my dearest *Jenny*,’ said the *Marquess*, ‘ if I have offended you: The Word *cruel* does not mean *ill-natured*; however, had you persisted in not making me any Answer, you would certainly have deserved to be called so. But now you have restored me to Life, and I will never use that Word again. There is no Time to be lost, the Company may perhaps give over Play very soon, and I should never have forgiven myself if I had omitted to settle one Point before I go. I design to send *Dubois* (his *Valet de Chambre*) twice a Week under a pretended Compliment to the *Countess*, that I may hear from you. At another Opportunity I’ll acquaint you what Method I have used to prevent her taking any Umbrage at it. *Dubois* will find Means to speak to you, and bring me your Answers, which in some measure may alleviate what I must suffer from your Absence. Besides, I shall take all Opportunities possible to wait on you, so as not to be observed. At present, I shall not press to know what Place I have in your Affections, since you seem to be so averse to the giving me that Satisfaction; however I shall be able to form some Judgment of it, by your Earnestness to learn to write, and, I flatter myself, I shall then find I am not altogether disagreeable to you.’ He was going on, when my Governess came to us with Joy in her Countenance: She had won four *Louis d’Or’s*, and was bringing the *Marquess* his Share. ‘ Pray Madam,’ says he, ‘ keep them yourself; they may be
 ‘ lucky

"lucky to you another Time. When I return to
 "Versailles, I intend to play for you there, and see
 "whether the same Fortune attends you in deep Play.
 "The only Return I desire is, that you would be
 "careful of this Child; you may possibly find your
 "Account in it hereafter." This was taking her on
 the weak Side, especially as she knew the *Mar-*
quess's Generosity and Exactness in keeping his Word.
 "You need say no more, my Lord," she replied; "let
 "me alone: I'll take the same Care of her as if she
 "were my own Daughter. I am not to learn that
 "our young *Chevalier* is very sweet upon her; but
 "I shall watch him so narrowly, that he'll not
 "find an Opportunity of speaking to her, but when I
 "am by: He and I are no Strangers one to another;
 "and I am apt to think he will not venture to take
 "any Liberties there." The Company left off Play
 just as she had done speaking. The Bank, it seems,
 was broke, and the *Countess* came to acquaint the
Marquess with his Loss; but he seemed very easy
 as to that Particular. Presently a Walk was agreed
 on, so that I was left alone with *Mademoiselle de*
Parc, and soon found the Effects of the *Marquess's*
 Civilities; (for so she stiled the Money and Pro-
 mises she had received from him;) and indeed, ever
 after she used me with the greatest Tenderness ima-
 ginable.

The *Chevalier D'Elbienx*, freed from the Trouble
 of doing the Honours of the House, applied himself
 very closely to me: Every Moment he was urging his
 Passion, and I was as backward in taking any Notice
 of it. How widely different his Manner of expres-
 sing himself from that of the *Marquess*, when com-
 pared together! The one, tho' polite, yet haughty
 and breathing an Air of Superiority; the other,
 on the contrary, complaisant, genteel and accom-
 panied with a Deference, as if addressed by an In-
 ferior: This certainly was very taking, and, simple
 as I was, the Difference was very remarkable.

The

The *Countess* soon perceived her Son's Inclination for me, and reprimanded him accordingly ; but this, far from having the desired Effect, only encreased his Passion. It's true, he became more circumspect in his Behaviour, but in a short Time I found, by woe-ful Experience, what terrible Effects may be expected from Restraint, where the Heart is not guided by a Principle of Virtue.

As for *Mademoiselle* his Sister, I tried all Methods to render myself acceptable to her ; she condescended to bear with me, but after a Manner insupportably haughty. Whether the respectful Behaviour of the *Marquess* had given me a wrong Turn, or that naturally I was not disposed to submit, I found an infinite Difficulty in doing it to her. I often bewailed myself ; to which perhaps the Absence of the *Marquess* did not a little contribute, whose amiable Behaviour was set off by every Vexation I underwent. What a Friend is Solitude to Love ! I soon became acquainted with it, now no longer that ignorant Girl who asked what it was. Its Revenge was severe, making me feel the full Extent of its Power and Violence. I fell away, lost my Complexion and Strength. My Rest heretofore was undisturbed, but now I seldom enjoyed so great a Blessing. I consider'd the Circumstances of my present Situation ; I was willing to hide their Source from myself, and instead of blaming the Impetuosity of my Affections, I attributed what I suffered to my Absence from my Mother. But I was very soon convinced of my Error.

The *Countess* judged as ill in the Affair as myself, imagining the Sight of my Parents would be of Service to me, in the Condition to which she saw me reduced. They were sent for, and indeed afforded me some Relief ; but I received much more from the Arrival of *Dubois*. He gave me an Account of his Master, and how much he was concerned at my Absence. There was no Occasion for explaining my

my Sentiments to him ; my Countenance discovered more than my Words could exprefs.

From the Time that the *Marquess* left the Castle, I had applied myself to learn to write ; a *Valet de Chambre* belonging to the *Chevalier*, who wrote a fine Hand, took a great Pleasure in teaching me. I had just begun to join the Letters, and, to give the *Marquess* a Proof of my Attention to his Requests, I took a childish Pleasure in serawling over a whole Page. This, with great Charge, I gave *Dubois*. He enquired very earnestly whether or no the *Chevalier* made love to me or not ? I suppose it was Part of his Instructions. The Answer I made was, that at first he did, but his Mother, being apprized of it, had taken such Methods, that now he durst not so much as open his Mouth to me on that Subject.

The Day after *Dubois's* Return to the *Marquess*, happened to be Sunday. I had made a Friendship with my *Governess's* Niece. *Catharine*, for that was her Name, besides an excellent Temper, was Mistress of a great deal of Wit, and that improved by a genteel Education. I have certainly great Obligations to her, as she was the first that begun to polish the coarse Breeding I had contracted at home. Her Age as well as Experience was superior to mine, but that did not hinder us from being inseparable Companions. In the Afternoon when Church was done, her Aunt walked with us into a neighbouring Wood, where an Opening was cut for the Conveniency of Hunting. *Mademoiselle de Parc* had a Book in her Hand, which gave us an Opportunity of retiring to a little Distance. Our Conversation accidentally turning upon the *Countess*, she informed me that the *Count* and she had been for some Years upon very indifferent Terms ; that it was not much observ'd in the World, tho' they very seldom met, he generally coming down into the Country, when she returned to *Paris*, the only one Point they agreed in. " Good God !" cried I ; " is it possible for married People to
live

‘ live at a Distance from each other? We never
 ‘ hear of any such Thing in our Village: What can
 ‘ be the Cause of it?’ “ Love on one side and Jealousy
 ‘ on the other,” answered *Catharine*. “ The Husband
 ‘ dislikes his Lady’s Admirers; and the Lady can’t
 ‘ prevail upon herself to discard them.” “ What!”
 says I, interrupting her, ‘ do People think of Gallantry
 ‘ after they are married?’ “ Yes, my dear *Jenny*,”
 replied she. “ It is certainly very wrong; and yet
 ‘ nothing is more frequent at *Paris*: There, Interest,
 ‘ not Affection, commonly makes the Match; wretch-
 ‘ ed Custom taking Place of Reason. The Gentle-
 ‘ man has his Mistresses, the Lady her Intrigues, live
 ‘ in the same House, and seldom see the Face of
 ‘ each other. It is true, there are some Husbands
 ‘ not so tractable, that expect their Wives should
 ‘ keep up to their Duty, though they don’t think
 ‘ fit to shew them the Example: If the Wife hap-
 ‘ pens to be headstrong, and will not comply, they
 ‘ come to Expostulations, and so part: Others, like
 ‘ the *Count* and his Lady, compromise the Matter;
 ‘ and each lives as their Fancy directs; consequent-
 ‘ ly they undergo less Uneasiness, as they are under
 ‘ less Restraint: It has even happen’d sometimes, that
 ‘ their complaisant Indifference for each other has
 ‘ brought about a sincere Reconciliation; this, it’s
 ‘ true is rare, but Examples are not wanting to con-
 ‘ firm what I have said. As for the *Count* and the
 ‘ *Countess* your Godmother, I don’t expect they will
 ‘ ever be of that Number: The *Countess* is a Woman
 ‘ of Character, and has always passed for such in the
 ‘ World; but she affects the Air of a Coquet, loves
 ‘ to be thought amiable, and more to be told so: For
 ‘ these last three Months she has been, to her insup-
 ‘ portable Mortification, without an Admirer: It is
 ‘ but since the Arrival of the *Marquise* of *L. V.* at
 ‘ the Castle, that she has put on this Air of Spright-
 ‘ liness and Good-humour you see her in; before
 ‘ he made his Court she was ready to die of Melan-
 ‘ choly.

“ choly. For some Days he has been very assiduous, and seems deeply in Love.” These last Words went to my Heart, and caused such an Emotion in my Spirits, that I fainted away on the Grass where we sat. *Catharine* lifted me up, and with some Difficulty brought me to myself: She did not in the least suspect the real Cause of my Illness, it being presently attributed to the indifferent Health I had enjoy’d for some Days past; they led me back to the Castle, and put me immediately to Bed. *Catharine* left me, in order, she said, that I might compose myself, assuring me that an Hour or two, if I could sleep, would set me to rights: I pretended to be of the same Opinion; she had no sooner shut the Door, but I gave a loose to my melancholy Reflections.

Ah wretched Creature, cried I bursting into Tears, where is that Tranquillity of Mind I once possess’d! What has thus reduced me of late to this forlorn Condition? Why thus altered since the *Marquess’s* Absence? What is it to me if he courts the *Countess*? why am I so deeply concern’d in the Affair? What means this Affliction his Absence brings upon me? Why should I, at these Years, loath what was once so agreeable? Ah! it’s but too evident. Barbarous Man! how could you say you lov’d me? Why should you thus deceive me? Did I compel you to profess a Passion you are entirely void of? Why should you take any Advantage of my too great Credulity? Heavens! what brought me hither? What will become of me? Ah! *Charlot, Charlot!* I feel too plainly what you must have endured when abandon’d by one you loved so well. I but judge of you by myself. Her whole Adventure presented itself to my disturbed Imagination, till, wearied out with Tears and Vexation, I fell into a profound Sleep which much refresh’d my exhausted Spirits, and I awak’d with some Composure of Mind.

I was going out of my Chamber, but was prevented by the *Chevalier*; ‘I am told,’ says he, ‘you have
‘ been

' been out of Order whilst you were taking the Air ;
 ' and yet I think you look pretty well.' "Likely e-
 " nough, answer'd I, but it must be owing to Sleep,
 " for I am not perfectly recover'd." 'I am sorry for
 ' that,' replied he, ' something must be done : I'll
 ' engage to cure you, if you'll let me be your Phyfi-
 ' cian ; I can do more than all the Doctors put toge-
 ' ther.' "Lord! Sir, (answer'd I, my Resentment a-
 ' gainst the *Marquess* not being entirely out of my
 Head) "let me alone ! I detest the whole Sex of
 " Men." ' That's only (answer'd the *Chevalier*) an
 ' Effect of the Spleen ; they are not so contemptible
 ' neither, at least those of a certain Turn.' This was
 spoke with such an Air of Complacency (in his own
 dear Self, as plainly intimated he thought he was one
 of the Number. ' No, no, my Dearest,' continued
 he, ' you will not always be so hard-hearted.' Say-
 ing this he offered to catch me in his Arms ; but I
 disengaged myself from him, crying out for help.
 This brought my *Governess*, who seized him as he
 was pursuing me, and after upbraiding him with
 the little Respect he paid to his Mother's Com-
 mands, and assuring him that she at least should
 insist upon a different Behaviour, shut him out with
 Fury and Indignation in his Eyes.
 "What would this Fool be at here?" says she to
 me when we were alone. "I don't know," replied
 I, " he endeavour'd to take me in his Arms."
 ' You were in the right (said she) to call out ; you
 ' heard how I handled him, he'll not come this
 ' Way again in haste. He is very boisterous,' con-
 tinued she, ' and we shall have no loss of him
 ' when he is gone ; it will not be long first,
 ' as the *Countess* informs me. It's really a pity
 ' he should behave in this Manner, he does not
 ' want Sense if he would but govern himself ; he has
 ' an obliging Air, which imposes on those who
 ' are not thoroughly acquainted with him. As for
 ' my Part, I never lik'd a cloudy Cast in his Eyes,
 ' which

‘ which makes one think he is always contriving
 ‘ some Mischief or another.

After this Discourse we went to the *Countess's* Apartment, little thinking to find the *Marquess* there. This Surprise encreas'd my Resentment, and made him appear more criminal. I was very near starting at the Sight of him, but Shame and Anger made me stand my Ground.

He no sooner saw me, but coming up with great Alacrity, ‘ How do you do, my charming *Jenny* ?
 ‘ Good God !’ cried he, seeing me nearer, ‘ how she is altered ! What can be the meaning of this, my Dear ? What has befallen you since I was here ?’ In saying this he took hold of my Hand ; but I snatch'd it away again with Indignation. ‘ She is very feverish,’ continued he with an Air of Surprise at what I had done, though he seem'd to stifle it. ‘ Madam,’ said he turning to the *Countess*, ‘ depend upon it, the Child is ill, she must be taken Care of.’ ‘ It will go off,’ replied her Ladyship, ‘ it's only a little Melancholy ;’ I have sent ‘ for her Mother to divert it. Come hither *Jenny*, ‘ let me feel your Pulse.—You are in the right ; ‘ she is in a Fever ; send for the Doctor,” continued the *Countess*, speaking to my *Governess*, ‘ and put her to Bed, and let somebody watch with her.’ The *Marquess's* Eyes were never off me, endeavouring to discover the Cause of my Vexation, which I had much ado to keep to myself. But I prevented him, by making a Curtesy and retiring. I was no sooner in my Chamber, but I went to Bed with many a melancholy Reflection, the Consequence of which was so violent a Revolution, that in two Hours the Fever was augmented ; and increased so fast afterwards, that by Day-break it redoubled, and I grew light-headed.

The Extremity to which I was reduced, render'd me incapable of knowing what pass'd, so that I am beholden to *Catharine*, who never left my
 Bed-

Bed-side, for that part of my History. The *Coun-
tess* was immediately inform'd of the Danger I was
in; she was much concern'd, and order'd all pos-
sible Care to be taken of me. Like many others,
she dreaded the Sick; even her own Children in
that Condition must not have expected to see her:
Nay, since that, I have met with Persons whose Ap-
prehensions were carried to that Pitch of Extrava-
gance, as not to converse with such as visited the
Sick. It happened luckily for the *Marquess* that my
Godmother was not of this last Number. The
Moment he heard how ill I was, he flew to my
Chamber; struck with the utmost Consternation to
see me in so much Danger, he could not avoid disco-
vering his Passion. Happily nobody was present but
my *Governess* and her Niece: They soon perceiv'd the
Occasion of his Grief; his passionate Exclamations
convinc'd them that Love was the Source from whence
they took their Rise. He won their Hearts by his
Generosity, not to say Prodigality. 'It's in vain,'
said he, 'for me to hide any longer from you the
'Cause of my Grief; my Life depends upon this
'Child's Recovery.' Saying this he drew out his
Purse, and gave it to *Mademoiselle de Parc*. 'There
'are,' continu'd he, 'a hundred *Louis d'Ors*, I beg
'your Acceptance of them; not that I thereby limit
'my Acknowledgments if you can save her Life.
'And as for you,' says he, turning to *Catharine*, 'ac-
'cept of this Diamond as a Reward for your Con-
'cern: I am convinc'd you love my *Jenny*, and that's
'enough to make you dear to me. I have a parti-
'cular View in regard to this lovely young Crea-
'ture, whom I adore, from whose Life my own is
'inseparable. Ye Heavens! who know the Purity
'of my Intentions, restore her to me. Ah! *Jenny*,
'*Jenny*,' continu'd he, bursting into Tears, 'you
'hear me not; alas! could I but save your Life, tho'
'at the Expence of my own!—Look up, my Angel,
'see the deplorable Condition your poor Lover is

D

'reduce

'reduced to ! Good God ! whence comes this Ill-
 'ness ? I left her in perfect Health, Heavens ! how
 'she burns ! her Eyes are wide open, and yet she
 'does not see me !' A Torrent of Tears, which fol-
 low'd, scarce suffer'd him to speak to his *Valet de*
Chambre, who came to receive his Orders. 'Take
 'post,' said he, 'fetch hither immediately *Monsieur*
 'N——. Lord, what an unfortunate Wretch am I !'
 His Exclamations were so moving, that my *Gover-*
ness and her Niece could not refrain mingling their
 Tears with his. In the Interim the *Countess* sent to
 desire his Company below Stairs. *Mademoiselle de*
Parc prevail'd upon him to disguise his Grief, and ad-
 vised him to leave the Castle next Day, to prevent
 any Discovery. "If you stay," says she, "you
 "will not be able to contain yourself. The *Countess*
 "is quick of Apprehension, and will presently unra-
 "vel the whole Affair ; especially as you cannot re-
 "frain coming continually to this Room, tho' to no
 "manner of Purpose. I would have you go, and
 "make yourself easy : She has Youth and a good
 "Constitution on her Side, she'll work through it :
 "Every Day you may depend upon hearing from
 "me. Believe me," continu'd she, seeing him ir-
 resolute what to do ; "follow my Advice, you will
 "not repent it. When she begins to recover you
 "may return ; whereas should your Passion be disco-
 "ver'd, the *Countess* will send *Jenny* home, and give
 "the World an Opportunity to ruin her Reputa-
 "tion." This last Argument prevail'd with the
Marquess : He retired, after he had kiss'd my Hand,
 and the next Day invented an Excuse for leaving
 the Castle. It's true, the *Countess* endeavour'd with
 great Earnestness to detain him ; but the Reasons
 he alledged, prevail'd upon her to consent to his
 Departure. At some Distance he met *Monsieur de*
N——, and his *Valet de Chambre* ; he recommended
 his Patient to him, and besought him not to leave
 her

her till perfectly recover'd. *Dubois* was charged not to stir till I was entirely out of Danger.

The great Care that was taken, joined to the Skill of the Physician, wrought a perfect Cure in a Fortnight's Time. The Account *Catharine* gave me of what had passed, forwarded my Recovery very much. The Grief, of which the *Marquess* had given such evident Proofs, made a great Impression on me. I found no Difficulty in owning to them the Occasion of this dangerous Illness: They both condemned my Jealousy, and convinced me how unjust it was, by letting me see, that his supposed Passion for the *Countess* was no more than a well-contrived Expedient to be oftener near me. I likewise gave them to understand, that as much in Love as I was, I would never fall into the Snare, whereby poor *Charlot*, whose Adventure they had heard from me, threw herself away. *Mademoiselle de Parc* was so well pleased to hear my good Resolutions, that she took me in her Arms, promising never to abandon me, but to secure me from the Attempts Love might make upon my Virtue. The Presents she and her Niece had receiv'd, influenced them to draw very advantageous Consequences both for themselves and me. Every thing conspired to flatter my Inclinations: My Lover was the ordinary Subject of our Conversation, and every Day I heard from him. Such an agreeable Situation could not fail by degrees to dispell my Apprehensions.

There was nothing now to molest me but the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who gave us Trouble enough, coming ten times a day into my Room, for which there was no Remedy: It not being proper to affront him, as I was in his Mother's House, however vexatious his Importunity might be. *Mademoiselle de Parc* afforded me some Comfort, by promising she would prevent his having Recourse to any Violence; however I dreaded the very Sight

of him, as if my Mind foreboded what was to happen.

In the mean time the *Marquess*, whom my *Governess*, without letting me into the Secret, had acquainted with the Occasion of my Illness, wrote a long Letter, which she read to me: He there ask'd my Pardon for having been the innocent Occasion of it. He solemnly protested against the least Affection for the *Countess*; that his only Design, in pretending Love to her, was to gain Opportunities of being near me: The Letter contain'd Vows of Fidelity, with an Assurance that he only waited a proper Occasion to give undeniable Proofs thereof. I learnt besides, that I should see him the next Day, which he acquainted me with, to prevent the Effects of a too sudden Surprise. I felt an infinite Pleasure in hearing the Contents of the Letter, and tho' I could not read, I laid it up very carefully, as a convincing Proof of the Affection it so naturally described.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux sent but once in my Illness to enquire how I did; I was at a loss how to account for her Aversion to me; but one would have imagined she was displeased with my Recovery, and when every one else congratulated me on that Occasion, she alone was silent. The *Countess*, her Mother, was overjoy'd: The *Chevalier* of late kept himself within bounds, his Behaviour went no farther than what Politeness requires in behalf of the Fair Sex: I was much delighted, imagining his Passion for me was at an End. And now I fancied myself compleatly happy, this Change in him being what I had most earnestly desired. But alas! he soon undeceiv'd me: I found by woeful Experience, that one cannot be too much upon one's Guard against a Man, who on a sudden appears to have laid aside a violent Passion; there is always a Snake in the Grass, which will certainly sting when least expected.

The

The following Day, when the *Marquess* was to come, my *Governess* propos'd a Walk, saying the Air would be of Service. She spoke of it at the *Countess's* Table, where I sat ever since my Illness, tho' no very acceptable Companion to *Mademoiselle d'Elbireux*. Her Brother behaved with exceeding Complaisance, and as I imagined he had got the better of his Folly, I paid him the Deference due to the Son of my Benefactress. The Physician, who still attended me, approved of my taking the Air, assuring me that I should find a Benefit by it.

After Dinner *Catharine* whisper'd me, that our Walk was a Contrivance of her Aunt's, in order to meet the *Marquess*. I was pleas'd with the Thought; I was under no Apprehension of seeing him, as I had in my Company a *Confidante* of the Age of *Mademoiselle de Parc*: Though I was very sensible she acted upon a Principle of Interest, I had so good an Opinion of her as to believe she would not carry her Complaisance too far. Her Niece, who was Sincerity itself, in reckoning up to me her Aunt's Imperfections, had not forgot the good Qualities of which she was Mistress.

The Heat of the Day being over, we went out, directing our Walk the Way the *Marquess* was to pass. The Walk was very pleasant; after half an Hour spent in it, we stopp'd in the Wood; from thence we went to rest ourselves in a little Meadow hard by: We had not been there a Quarter of an Hour, before we heard a Whistle. I was startled, but my *Governess* and her Niece made slight of it, telling me I need not be under any Apprehension in the Forest: But in a little time a second Signal seem'd to answer the first; immediately we heard a Noise just by, and turning my Head suddenly I set up a great Cry. Four Men disguis'd with Masks rush'd upon us; and in an Instant stopp'd Handkerchiefs into our Mouths. After this they bound

Mademoiselle de Pare and her Niece ; then led us about fifty Yards from thence, to a By-place surrounded with a thick Coppice, where they left the poor Creatures tied to two Trees. As for me I was carried farther off, where three of the Men retired, leaving me alone with the fourth, who throwing off his Mask discover'd himself to be the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*. Imagine my Surprise. ' Since nothing but Force,' says he, ' will prevail with you, it's fitting you ' should be treated according to your Taste.' He had no sooner done speaking, but he began to offer Violence. As they had neglected to tie me, I struggled very hard, and the Handkerchief falling off my Face, I took that Opportunity to cry out as loud as possible, so that the Forest rung again. Notwithstanding my Resistance, I was upon the Point of falling a Victim to the Wretch's Brutality ; but Heaven had Compassion on my Innocence. I heard the Noise of a Horse's Feet galloping up towards us. The Villain started at it, and immediately desisted : When he look'd behind him, and saw a Person coming to my Rescue, he pour'd out a Volley of bitter Imprecations, running to his Pistols that were in the Holsters of his Saddle. This was too favourable an Opportunity to be neglected, accordingly I ran away as fast as I was able : In a Moment the Noise of their Fighting reach'd me ; the Report of their Pistols, ecchoing back from all Parts of the Wood, was very terrible : The Consternation I was in, stopped me from going any farther ; and, overcome as I was with Fear and quite spent with Fatigue, I swooned away at the Foot of a Tree.

The End of the First Part.

PART

P A R T II.

THE Night was far advanced when I came to myself: A cold Sweat hung upon my Face, and it was with some Difficulty I rose from the Ground. The Stillness and Darkeness of the Night struck a Terror into me: The ominous screaming of Owls, the howling of wild Beasts, and the uncertain Glimmering of the Stars, all together, had a terrifying Effect on my disorder'd Imagination. What will become of me? said I to myself: Where am I? Whether shall I go? How shall I escape the Fate that pursues me? Trembling and doubting of the Road, I wandered I knew not where. Every Breath of Air rustling in the Leaves stopped me, and made me start for fear. Where Persons are under a Consternation they seem to conspire against themselves, by augmenting their Fears; for my Part, the least Object I could discern, presently became an Apparition. Sometimes I ran; then again stood still, and at the least Noise hid my Face, as if that would diminish my Fright. In going along, an Owl brush'd me with its Wings; I gave myself over for lost, and doubled my Speed: A Stump of a Tree catch'd my Gown, I cried out, thinking somebody had seized me, and accordingly went back; but discovering my Mistake, as I stoop'd to disengage myself, the Ground gave way under me, and I fell into a Pit. Either it was not very deep, or I was exceeding fortunate in my Fall, for I found myself in a sitting Posture at the Bottom, without any Hurt.

What new Fears seiz'd me in this unexpected Situation may be easily imagined: I gathered myself all in a Heap, and, covered with my Gown, I poured out a Torrent of Tears. Soft Sleep at last relieved my Cares, weighing down my watry
 D 4 Eye-

Eye-lids, and wrapt me in its balmy Sweets for the remaining Part of the Night.

The Dawn of Day began to pierce the Thickets, the warbling Notes welcomed the returning Light, when, on a sudden, I started out of my Sleep in a Fright, much better founded than any of my preceding ones : A Wolf, which Fear magnified very considerably, was close by me : Our Fortunes were much the same, he could not escape the Snare which had been laid for him : This terrible Sight made me conclude my last Hour was come, and accordingly I prayed to God with the greatest Fervency : I look'd upon this Train of Misfortunes as a just Punishment, by him inflicted upon me, for having too far indulged my Inclinations in favour of the *Marquefs* ; I called upon Heaven with a solemn Promise to avoid all Occasions of seeing him for the Future, and only to listen to its divine Inspirations, if I should escape the dreadful Jaws of so fierce an Animal.

Danger is certainly a great Help to fervent Prayer : Mine was accompanied with such an ardent Affection, and so great a Composure of Mind, that my Circumstances began to be less terrifying. At first I scarce had Courage to look at my formidable Neighbour ; but by degrees I ventured to consider him Face to Face : His Countenance had a cow'd, dejected Air ; he seem'd in a pensive Mood to survey his Prison, often out of Uneasiness looking towards the Top ; Instinct directing him to seek the Means of making his Escape. As he walk'd backwards and forwards, at every turn I imagined he was going to devour me ; sometimes he scratch'd up the Earth, and then on a sudden stood without Motion : he seem'd to listen to some Noise ; when, changing his Place, he crept hastily under my Gown : I was so terrified, that I was only able to lift my Eyes toward Heaven, and what should I see, but a Man just going to fire a Gun into the

the Pit. This new Apparition made me find my Tongue again; 'For God's sake (I cried out) spare me, spare me!' "What have we here?" said the Person looking into the Pit; "Waunds, I had like to have made a fine kettle of Fish on't truly. What do you there, my Lads? how came the Wolf and you to be trapp'd together?" "In the Name of Goodness," replied I, taking heart at what I heard, 'save me, and I will give you a full Account.' "With all my Heart," answer'd he, "have but a minute's Patience till I get help; I'll go fetch one of my Companions, who is just at hand: In the mean while, you have nothing to fear from the Beast, he'll do you no harm; when once a Wolf is taken he as quiet as a Lamb." Saying this he went off, but presently return'd again with the Person he mention'd. One of them jump'd into the Pit and lifted me up, the other taking me by the Hands drew me out: The first thing I did was to kiss the Ground, and return God thanks for so great an Escape.

Whilst I was discharging this Duty, my Deliverers dispatch'd my unfortunate Fellow-Prisoner. When they came up to me, one of them, looking at me with great Surprise, cried out, "Good God! What do I see? What a Happiness! What a Pleasure is this! 'tis *Jenny*!" This drew my Eyes upon him, and to my great Amazement I found him to be *Colin*, the Woodmonger's Son, my first Lover, mentioned in the begining of these *Memoirs*.

I was so transported as to scream, 'What! is that you, *Colin*?' said I to him. "What! is that you, *Jenny*?" replied he. 'Yes, *Colin*.' "Yes *Jenny*." My first Emotion was the Effect of Joy: it's the natural Consequence of being surprized with a Sight of those who have been the Companions of our Childhood; but upon second Thoughts, an Aversion succeeded;

succeeded ; the Reason of which may be easily guessed.

I had promis'd to inform them how I fell into those dangerous Circumstances I had just now escaped ; but the Sight of *Colin* made me not over-forward to satisfy their Curiosity. I contented myself with barely saying, that in flying from some Ruffians, I had lost myself in the Wood, and in endeavouring to find my way back to the Castle, I had unfortunately fallen into the Pit, by the Trap's giving way under me.

" I am very glad (replied *Colin*) that you have
 " escaped so well ; and particularly as I am so
 " happy as to have contributed towards it ; but,
 " plague on't, *Jenny*, I am not very well pleas'd
 " with what went before : your living at the Castle
 " sticks in my Gizzard ; for they say that same
 " paultry *Marquess*, who brought you the Money
 " from the King, is in Love with you : This does
 " not answer my Purpose ; you cannot have forgot
 " what passed between us that Day you made
 " me write the Love-Letter : I spoke to my Father,
 " and obtain'd his Consent for marrying you.
 " My Friend *Christopher* here, and I, laid our Heads
 " together, and made him believe, in order to gain
 " his Consent, that you were to receive every Year
 " the same Gratuity, as that which was so much
 " talk'd of in our Village. This fixed him at last,
 " no longer ago than yesterday ; and this Morning
 " I ran to the Castle to acquaint you with it :
 " But now I think on it I heard strange News !

" What did you hear, *Colin* ? " replied I very earnestly. For I had no sooner recovered myself from my late Fright, but the preceding Night's Adventure came fresh into my Mind, and alarm'd me cruelly on the *Marquess's* Account. Terrified with this Apprehension, " What do they say ? " cried I. " People are in search of you," replied he, " on all sides ; 'tis said, the *Chevalier* has carried you
 " off,

“ off, which is thought the more likely as he has
 “ not been seen since he engaged that Cur of a *Mar-*
ques : But I am not a little pleas’d to think the
 “ latter is rightly served for coming between me
 “ and home. ‘ How served ? ’ cried I, very earnest-
 ly. “ Humh, humh,” continued he, “ you are
 “ mightily uneasy methinks ; are you in Pain about
 “ that ? Since it’s so, to be even with you for your
 “ ill Conditions, I’ll tell you no more.”

“ Keep your Secret then to yourself, I replied, net-
 tled at what he had said : ‘ *Christopher* will be more
 ‘ complaisant.’ “ No I thank you for that,” an-
 swer’d the Clown, “ I am on *Colin*’s side ; and
 “ more than that, you are right enough served, if
 “ we pay you in your own Coin. Ever since you
 “ have been at that same Castle, you are grown
 “ so proud, you won’t so much as look at us poor
 “ Folk ; and if you abate a little of your Haughti-
 “ ness at present, ’tis only because you can’t shift
 “ without us. Udsbuddikins, were I in *Colin*’s Place,
 “ I know what I would do ; I would not have you
 “ now you are blown upon”.

‘ So much the better,’ replied I very fiercely,
 overjoy’d at having a Handle for quarrelling with
Colin : ‘ I am not so mightily taken with his Per-
 ‘ son as you imagine, but that I can easily give up
 ‘ my Pretensions ; now I have Day-light, I can
 ‘ find my Way to the Castle without your Help.’

Colin was surpriz’d at the Sharpness of my Reply ;
 he was still fond of me. “ Stay, *Jenny*,” says he,
 “ I’ll show you the Way thither myself. Good
 “ God ! why should you take thus upon you ? ” ‘ No,
 ‘ no,’ continued I, ‘ you shall not be at the Trouble
 ‘ of denying any more Requests of mine ; I shall
 ‘ learn what has pass’d without being beholden to
 ‘ you.’ Saying this I offer’d to go, but was prevent-
 ed by their laying hold of me. “ Ah ! naughty
 “ Ones,” cried *Colin*, “ you shall not get off so easily :
 “ I should not appear so contemptible in your Eye,
 “ if

“ if you did not meet with Encouragement elsewhere ; but you would do well to remember
 “ *Charlot*.”

The Sting of this Reproach lost nothing of its Virulence, and put the last Hand to the Banishing of all Regard for *Colin*, who till now had some small Share in my Affections, and that too, increased by the Assistance I had just received from him. ‘ I should be very sorry,’ says I, ‘ to fall into the Circumstances you seem to hint at, and much more to be any ways at your Disposal. Let me hear no more of such Discourse,’ continued I very sharply, ‘ and don’t pretend to stop me, whom you have no Right to detain.’ “ O but I have,” cried *Colin* ; “ why I have your Father and Mother’s Promise, and that is sufficient ; and, Miss, since that is your Name, you shall go Home to your Parents. You are very much altered by your Quality Conversation ; but a little of our Village Air will take down your Pride.” Upon this making a Sign to *Christopher*, they seized each of them an Arm, and drag’d me along.

I was forced to follow, though with Tears in my Eyes. “ Look, *Christopher*,” cries *Colin*, “ how she takes on ! I could pity her, but that I know the Occasion of her Sorrow ; it’s only because she is like to lose her dear *Marquess*. Were they mistaken who said there was a good Understanding between them ? Her Behaviour makes it as plain as a Nose on a Man’s Face. One would think she might be overjoy’d at the Thoughts of seeing her Father and Mother, and Neighbours again : But she, forsooth, can’t so much as bear to hear them named. Well, well, *Fenny*, you have no bad luck to come among us again ; we have no laced Coats, it’s true, but we may be every jot as good as the fine Sparks you admire so much : And besides, let me tell ye, your Godmother has spoke her Mind ; she says, she will have no more
 “ to.

“ to do with you, after what has happen’d ; this
 “ makes a great deal of Noise in the Neighbour-
 “ hood ; and every one lays the Blame upon you.”

This Piece of News, which he undesignedly acquainted me withal, went to my Heart, and brought a thousand Things at once to my Imagination. I valued my Reputation ; and the Thoughts of returning to our Village under an infamous Character, put me upon the Rack. The Tenderneſs with which I loved my Mother, ſtagger’d my Reſolution : Methought I ſaw her bewailing my Abſence and uncertain Condition ; the next Moment I fancied her with a ſevere Countenance reproaching me as guilty of what had happen’d. I ſhall be uſed ill at home, ſaid I to myſelf, and ſhall not dare go abroad to be the Mark of every pointing Finger : Who knows but that Miſcreant, the *Chevalier d’Elbieux*, will lay wait for me, and take an Opportunity of effecting his helliſh Deſigns ! What Reſiſtance can we make ? Heavens ! to what am I expoſ’d ! Theſe Reflections determin’d me to make my Eſcape as ſoon as poſſible, and ſhelter my ſelf in *Paris*, where a Service would be infinitely preferable to the having of *Colin* for a Huſband, who had treated me with ſo much Harſhneſs. I intended, when ſettled, to give my Mother the Reaſons of my not returning home.

I was employed in theſe Thoughts, when there appeared in the Road a Man on Horſeback ; as he rode at a great Pace, he ſoon came up with us. “ Did you ſee,” ſays he as he drew near, “ a young——— “ Ah ! what do I ſee ?” cried he in diſcovering me.—“ ’Tis her.—Is that you, Miſs “ *Jenny* ? What a Happineſs to find you again ! “ what a Satisfaction will this be to my Maſter !” As he ſaid this he alighted, and came to me preſenting his Hand. How great was my Joy to find it was the *Marqueſs’s Valet de Chambre* ! The Preſence of my vigilant Conductors could not prevent
 my

my giving him evident Proofs of my Satisfaction. *Dubois*, in his Transport, had taken my Hand in order to kiss it; but *Colin* interposed, and thrust him aside, crying out, 'Not so fast, Friend; if you are for kissing, you had best go to the Person you wrote the Letter to. I know you well enough, for all you pretend to be surpriz'd.' "Is this any of your Relations?" said the *Valet de Chambre* to me. 'No indeed,' answered I very quick. "Why what would the Fool be at?" continued *Dubois*, still holding my Hand. 'Not so fast, I tell you Friend,' added *Colin*: We are not afraid of your laced Hat; and, as much Countrymen as we are, we bid you Defiance.' "Oh, oh!" cried *Dubois*, "what are you for being obstreperous, my Puts?" 'Waunds, Put yourself,' replied *Colin* in a Passion, 'as if we did not know who you are.' In saying this he seized *Christopher's* Gun, and stepping back, 'Udsbuddikins,' says he, 'go your ways, or I'll turn you up as I would a Hare.' *Dubois* was a Man of Courage, and had seen a Battle, so this Threat did not daunt him in the least; but putting the Muzzle of the Gun aside, he laid hold of *Colin*. *Christopher* seeing his Companion overpowered, let go his hold of me in order to assist him: Finding myself at liberty, I fled from them as fast as my Strength could carry me.

After having passed through a considerable part of the Wood without finding any Path or Road, at last I came to one, where meeting a Woman driving two Asses before her, I ran up very hastily to her: She immediately asked me what was the Matter, and the Reason of my precipitate Flight? I made a Story, and told her I ran from my Master, who would have had me complied with what was not proper. 'I approve of your Discretion,' said the good Woman to me, 'and for its sake will bestir my self in your behalf: If you want a Place, my Dear, follow me; I have a Daughter
at

‘at *Paris*, to whom I’ll recommend you; as she is in a good Place, she may be serviceable to you. She has not been long there; these are her Cloaths. I am carrying to *Valvins*, where I am told I shall meet with an Opportunity of sending them to her. You may, if you will, take the same Convenience; consider what you had best do.’

The Notion I immediately conceived of escaping the Pursuit which would infallibly be made after me, the avoiding such Discourse as I had just heard, and still rung into my Ears, with the pleasing Thoughts of living near the *Marquess*, soon determined me. “I am much beholden to you,” said I to her, “for your kind Proffer, and accept of it very willingly.” “Well,” says she, “I’ll speak to the Carrier, and if you can’t pay the Fare, I’ll lay down the Money, and you may repay it to my Daughter when you are able.”

When my Mother came to the Castle, she had given me about twelve *Livres* to buy some little Things which Girls have Occasion for: I had the Money about me, and told the Woman I had wherewithal to bear my Charges: ‘So much the better,’ replied she, ‘Money is no Burthen; and it were to be wish’d always to have a little at Hand: This might often prevent Mischief, where young Creatures like you, to extricate themselves from Difficulties, fall into the Snares laid for the Ruin of their Honour.’

We had walked about two Miles talking in this manner, when my Guide propos’d taking a Breakfast. I was overjoyed to hear of eating, being almost famish’d. Out of a little Wallet she pull’d some Bacon and Bread; we seated ourselves in the Shade of some Willows on the Bank of a clear Rivulet: The Asses, according to their Nature, stopp’d very willingly to graze. I thought the Bacon very delicious; and even to this Day, whenever I lose
my

my Stomach, the very Remembrance of that rustick Meal never fails to give me an Appetite and a Relish to my Victuals.

Whilst we thus refresh'd ourselves, the good Woman look'd at me very earnestly : The Tears began to trickle down apace, whilst the Victuals remain'd in her Mouth. "Alas Goody!" I cried, "what is the Matter? You seem troubled." "Ah!" says she wiping her Eyes, "you put me so much in mind of my Daughter *Mariana* that's dead and gone! She was about your Age, and very like you. Would to God she had been less handsome; for it was her Beauty that brought her to the Grave: poor Girl, she was no less amiable for her Virtue! I'll tell you her whole History as we go along, and then judge whether I have not just reason to grieve as often as she comes into my Mind."

Breakfast being over, we went forwards: The Good Woman, remembring her promise, "Be attentive," says she, "*Silviana*" (for I took that Name when I first join'd her) "to what I am going to say; it may be of some Advantage to you: Young Women are often courted; and yet how few do we see possess'd of that Discretion they ought to have, since nothing can be an equivalent for their Virtue. It's true, I bemoan myself every Day for the loss of *Mariana*, but I had much rather think her happy in Heaven, than see her cover'd with Infamy on Earth. Where Honour is the only thing a Person can value themselves upon, they never can do too much to secure it. For Example, if any one should rob you of the little Money that's in your Pocket, you would lose all you have, and would certainly think yourself undone; it is the same with regard to Honour."

These were the Sentiments in which I train'd my Daughter; and the good Effect they produced as she grew up, gave me great Content.

By

‘ By the Time she was twelve Years of Age, the whole Neighbourhood admired her. Though *Fontainbleau* is not very large, yet the King’s coming thither every Year, draws a great Concourse of People: In that Season I deal in *Lemonades*, and, as I am very choice in what I sell, my House is generally full of very good Company.

‘ I was cruelly perplex’d in seeing my Daughter visibly waste away through some hidden Grief, the Cause of which I could not possibly divine. She was now eighteen, and every Day dearer than other; so that her pining in this Manner overwhelm’d me with Trouble. As for myself, I thought I had no ways contributed towards it, being ready even to prevent her Wishes in every thing I knew was agreeable to her; and as her Passion for Dress was no Secret to me, I supplied her very plentifully with means to indulge herself in it; so that few young Women of her Condition made a better Appearance. All this signified nothing, Melancholy still prevail’d. I often press’d her to acquaint me with the Cause, but she pretended to be ignorant of it herself, till at last she was so ill as to take to her Bed. I shut up Shop immediately, that I might not be interrupted in tending upon her. Nothing was wanting that could any way help her Recovery; Physicians were sent for, but they could not find out her Dis temper; in a Word, my Heart was ready to break when I saw her thus reduced.

‘ One Day finding herself something better than usual, I press’d her so earnestly to acquaint me with the Occasion of her Illness, that fetching a deep Sigh, she spoke to me in the following Manner: “Your Tenderness, dear Mother, lays me under an indispensable Obligation of satisfying you on this Subject: Besides it cannot be defer’d any longer; I find I must shortly give an Account
“ of

“ of my whole Life to the Almighty, and I should
 “ think it an Addition to my Guilt not to ac-
 “ knowledge to you my Weakness. Can there be
 “ a greater than to fall in Love with a Man, and
 “ then inform him of it? The Violence of my
 “ Passion has brought me to this Condition: Oh!
 “ Mother, do not blush for me! The Grave will
 “ expiate this involuntary Offence.”

‘ No my dear Child, no,’ said I to her, moved
 to Compassion with the Fear of losing her: ‘ God
 ‘ will preserve you, and pardon your Weakness;
 ‘ he will second your virtuous Education; I’ll pre-
 ‘ vail upon Heaven by my earnest Prayers to re-
 ‘ store you to me. Dear Child! I can never out-
 ‘ live thee.’ “ Your sincere Piety,” replied she, “ will
 “ enable you to bear our Separation; for my Sake
 “ dear Mother, dry up your Tears, they pierce me
 “ to the very Heart.”

‘ She cried too, dear Girl! Ah, *Sylviana*,’ con-
 tinued the good Woman, ‘ how I was moved!
 ‘ Methought the Tears I shed on that Occasion
 ‘ were the Fore-runners of those that would bewail
 ‘ her Death: We continued some time in this me-
 ‘ lancholy Situation, till at last my Daughter, with
 ‘ a Presence of Mind surpassing her tender Age,
 ‘ and edifying me by her Resignation and pious
 ‘ Expressions, thus address herself to me.

“ You may remember, dear Mother, that being
 “ out of order one Evening, you was obliged to
 “ go to Bed earlier than usual: As I was alone,
 “ I took up a Book to amuse myself till the time
 “ of shutting Shop; the Passage I chanced to
 “ dip into affected me so much as to draw Tears
 “ from my Eyes; it was the History of *Hypolite*,
 “ Fatal Day! dangerous Book for young Persons,
 “ leaving the Mind susceptible of the softest Impres-
 “ sions! Just at that Moment came into the Shop
 “ two young Gentlemen, one of whom was Beauty
 “ itself; they called for some Liquor cool’d with
 “ Ice,

“ Ice, and the Person I just now described, behaved
 “ and spoke with such inimitable Grace, as charm’d
 “ and troubled me both at once. He perceived I
 “ had been crying, and having inform’d himself
 “ of the Occasion, How amiable you appear, said
 “ he to me, when, to such enchanting Beauty is
 “ join’d a Tenderness capable of moving you thus
 “ at the Misfortunes of others! You weep then for
 “ the *Count de Douglas*? Happy Man! Who would
 “ not envy him on this Occasion? Learn from
 “ hence, if any one should be as much enamour’d
 “ with you, as that *Count* was with *Julia*, not
 “ to make him wretched. For if the casual read-
 “ ing of such a Passage could thus affect you,
 “ judge from thence, what a Lover must endure
 “ overwhelm’d with your Severities.

“ The young Gentleman’s Friend, such he ap-
 “ peared to be, interrupted him in his Discourse;
 “ whether by Design, or that he had really Busi-
 “ ness, I can’t say: But he made an Excuse for
 “ going elsewhere, promising to call upon him as soon
 “ as the Affair was dispatch’d.

“ Thus was I left alone with the Gentleman:
 “ I know not whether he express’d himself in a
 “ better Manner than those who had hitherto made
 “ their Addresses, or that my Heart, softened by the
 “ fatal Passage I had just been reading, was in that
 “ Situation in which the Assaults of Love find the
 “ least Resistance; whatever was the Cause, it
 “ received the Impression, even before he declared
 “ his Passion; nay, that nothing might be wanting
 “ to compleat my Shame, I did not conceal my
 “ Overthrow. His Transport was so great, that he
 “ threw himself at my Feet, kiss’d my Hand, and
 “ gave a Thousand other respectful Marks of his
 “ Love. I blush to think I could be so weak as
 “ to suffer it, and feel from thence an unworthy,
 “ Satisfaction. Ah! Mother, why did you leave me
 “ alone? Could you not foresee that one single Mo-
 “ ment

“ ment is more than sufficient for triumphing over
 “ the Reason of a young Creature ?

“ In the mean time it grew late, the Shop was
 “ still open, I remember ; I was for taking leave
 “ of the young Gentleman, and obliging him to
 “ retire : But the *Ingrate* seem'd to be so much
 “ troubled, and that with such an Air of Sincerity,
 “ that I was moved at it. One quarter of an
 “ Hour I could not refuse ; his Life, he said, de-
 “ pended on it. Unhappy Complaisance, which e-
 “ very young Woman ought to banish ! He im-
 “ proved it to his Advantage, by giving fresh To-
 “ kens of his Love ; his soft Voice, his lively Ex-
 “ pression, his languishing Eyes, could not fail of
 “ infecting my troubled Mind. Alas ! you love
 “ me, Sir ! said I to him ; and I could not re-
 “ frain from letting you know, you are the first I
 “ ever suffer'd to entertain me with such Discourse :
 “ shall I not repent hereafter the disclosing myself
 “ in this Manner ? In all Appearance your Con-
 “ dition is far superior to mine ; what Effect then
 “ can be expected from our mutual Affection, or
 “ to what Purpose will you have conquered my In-
 “ clinations ? Oh ! leave me ; I blame myself al-
 “ ready for having listened to you so long ! How !
 “ replied he, with an Air of Melancholy ; do you
 “ think me capable of abusing so much Goodness ?
 “ Wretch that I am, to be so little known to you !
 “ No, my charming *Mariana*, could my Breast
 “ harbour so vile a Thought, this Hand at the Ex-
 “ pence of my Life should avenge your Cause : To
 “ you I vow an eternal Constancy, preferable to
 “ whatever the World can shew of State and
 “ Grandeur. Neither is my Condition so much a-
 “ bove yours, as you seem to imagine : I belong
 “ to the *Count* of — and have a fair Prospect of
 “ making my Fortune, perhaps very shortly ; and,
 “ such as it proves, I am ready to share it with
 “ you. These Sentiments gave me new Courage ;

" a young Woman is never startled at Love when
 " founded on a Principle of Virtue and Esteem ;
 " yet how nice a Point is it at this Day to listen
 " too much to its Suggestions ! how frequently do
 " Villains abuse this honourable Pretext to the Ruin
 " of young Creatures ! A Rock on which Innocence
 " is daily cast away.

" We parted with Regret, and this first Inter-
 " view confirm'd to him an eternal Fidelity on
 " my Side : I went to Bed full of what had pass'd ;
 " and compos'd myself to Rest with a Satisfaction
 " and Serenity of Mind I had never before ex-
 " perienced.

" Pardon me, dear Mother, said the good Crea-
 " ture, for carrying on so very privately this In-
 " trigue, during the Space of six Months ; my Lo-
 " ver gave me to understand, that as yet it was not
 " convenient to disclose the Secret to you, that his
 " Affairs were on the Point of being concluded, and
 " insisted on having the Satisfaction of informing
 " you himself. The Reasons he gave for his Con-
 " duct were so satisfactory (at least they appear'd
 " such to me) that I even contrived Opportunities
 " for his seeing me, and keeping the Affair from
 " your Knowledge.

" I waited with great Tranquillity the happy Mo-
 " ment, in which so tender an Amour was to be
 " crown'd with Success ; I relied entirely on his
 " Honour : Vain Confidence ! as if Men were ca-
 " pable of any such Thing !

" One Night, about ten, my Lover came to me :
 " My lovely *Mariana*, says he, I am obliged to
 " leave you, and my Mind misgives me, that Ab-
 " sence from you will certainly bring me to the
 " Grave ; restore my Mind to its usual Tranquillity ;
 " yes, says he, throwing himself at my Feet, and
 " bathing my Hand with his Tears ; I am the
 " most forlorn of Mankind, if you deny me the
 " Favour I am going to ask : The Restraint I have
 " laid

“ laid on my self, my Respect for you, have made
 “ me undergo more than Tongue can express for
 “ these six Months past; and can you let me go
 “ without securing to me my only Happiness? Ei-
 “ ther kill me at once, or promise to make me
 “ happy. I need not inform you, replied I, moved
 “ at the Condition I saw him in, that I love you
 “ more than Life; nevertheless, what it is you dare
 “ to ask? Alas! *Mariana*, replied he with warmth,
 “ my Desires know no other Measure than that of
 “ my Love of you! Of yourself, replied I, the
 “ indulging your own Appetites; without reflecting,
 “ that it must be at the Expence of all that is most
 “ dear to me in the World, my Honour, my Re-
 “ putation, my Peace. What is’t you mean! cried
 “ he lifting his Eyes toward Heaven; to whom are
 “ all these dearer than to me? Do you know me,
 “ and yet use such Expressions? No, *Mariana*, in-
 “ jure me not so cruelly, as to think me capable of
 “ so black a Crime: Your Heart long since has de-
 “ clared itself in my Behalf, that’s Security enough
 “ for the Uprightness of my Intentions; it’s your
 “ Consent to marry me, I ask; To-morrow must
 “ make me yours, or, by all that is sacred, I am
 “ gone for ever.

“ I trembled to hear so solemn a Protestation:
 “ (How weak are we when entangled in Love!) I
 “ sigh’d, he urged his Request, and at last gain’d
 “ my Consent to marry him privately. The Rea-
 “ sons he alledged were of great Consequence; his
 “ Ruin was inevitable, he said, should his Master
 “ discover that he designed to marry, and to obtain
 “ his Consent would take up too much Time; let
 “ us first secure the main Point, says he, and I’ll
 “ work through the rest: If he should find out that
 “ we are married, at least I shall be the better able
 “ to stand by you, and have a sufficient Excuse for
 “ leaving his Service.

“ Don’t

“ Don’t you remember, dear Mother, that I ask’d
 “ your leave to visit an Aunt about six Miles off?
 “ it was under that Pretext that I was to go to be
 “ married; every thing was prepared, and we part-
 “ ed in that Expectation: I had never lov’d him so
 “ much before, nor ever given him such convincing
 “ Proofs. Heavens! that in one Moment so fair a
 “ Prospect should vanish, and the blackest of Trea-
 “ sons come to light!

“ As my Lover went out of the Shop, two young
 “ Gentlemen exceedingly well dressed met him at
 “ the Door: he was no sooner gone, but one said
 “ to the other, Was not that the *Marquess* of —
 “ who pass’d us? Yes, answer’d the other, don’t
 “ speak so loud; he squeez’d me by the Hand when
 “ I was going to salute him; there is some Mystery
 “ carrying on, I suppose he makes Love to *Mari-*
 “ *ana*. I no sooner heard this, but I stood close
 “ to the Partition between the Shop and the Clo-
 “ set, the place we us’d to meet in; I could hear
 “ all that pass’d, and order’d the Maid to serve
 “ them, bidding her say I was gone to Bed, if any
 “ ask’d for me. I placed myself so conveniently, as
 “ not to lose one word of their Discourse.

“ I should easily believe it, said one of the Gen-
 “ tlemen in answer to something that had passed
 “ between them; but *Mariana* is discreet, and I
 “ can’t think she has granted him the last Favour.
 “ So! replied the other, are you weak enough to
 “ imagine *Joan* can say nay to a Lord? Of twen-
 “ ty Girls of her Rank, are not nineteen catch’d
 “ in our Nets? Your over-favourable Opinion im-
 “ poses upon you; I am surprized at it. You may
 “ banter as you please, answer’d the first: I’ll
 “ allow you to be right as to the Generality of
 “ them, but as to her we are speaking of, I know
 “ to a Demonstration she is a modest Girl. A Person
 “ of Figure offer’d her very considerably, even pro-
 “ posed to settle upon her; but to no purpose. It
 “ may

" may be, replied he that knew so little of me ;
 " but can you imagine she would refuse a Person of
 " our Rank, who should propose Marriage to her ?
 " How can she avoid that Snare ? You little think
 " that the *Marquess*, in conducting an affair of this
 " Nature, sets so many Engines at work, that he
 " seldom fails of Success ; he does not stick at mar-
 " rying a Girl, he fancies, under a borrow'd Name ;
 " perhaps that is the Case here.

" Imagine, dear Mother, my Surprise and In-
 " dignation. Ah ! Villain ! I cried out, not re-
 " flecting where I was. We are over-heard, said
 " one of the Gentlemen, and by *Mariana* herself.
 " I am very sorry for it, replied the other ; we
 " must prevail upon her not to speak of what she
 " has heard ; upon this they rushed into the Closet,
 " where they found me all in Tears.

" They used their utmost Endeavours to comfort
 " me : but I was ashamed to look them in the Face,
 " as if what I had heard, made me guilty. They
 " urged me very earnestly, to inform them what
 " Terms I was upon with the *Marquess*, and as they
 " appear'd very much like Gentlemen, in conside-
 " ration of the invaluable Service they had done,
 " by giving me so much light into the Affair, I
 " related to them the whole detail of my Ad-
 " venture ; they seem'd to credit what I said : I
 " use that Expression, because when they went a-
 " way, I could hear 'em say, they knew the World
 " better than that. But before they left me, I was
 " obliged to promise, not to give them up as the
 " Authors of my Information ; and I was as good
 " as my Word. Their Backs were no sooner turn-
 " ed, but I threw my self into Bed, under an Ago-
 " ny not to be expressed. I spent the Night in
 " contriving Means of absenting myself from the
 " Place appointed : In vain did Love plead for a per-
 " fidious Man ; my Resolution was never to see him
 " more : A dear-bought Victory ! His Idea always
 " maintained

“maintain’d its place in my Breast, not to be re-
 “mov’d The Struggles I that Night underwent were
 “so violent, as to throw me into a Fit of Sickness.

“The Day following, our Maid, whom he had
 “gain’d, brought me a Letter from the Wretch ;
 “I sent it back unopen’d, and as I thought this
 “a fresh Attempt upon my Honour, I order’d him
 “to be told, I would hear no more of him. A
 “second Letter came, I behav’d as I did with re-
 “spect to the first : The Villain finding he lost
 “his Labour that way, sent me Word by the Maid,
 “that he had things of the last Consequence to
 “impart, very much to my Advantage, and beg’d
 “I would not condemn him unheard. I was so pro-
 “vok’d at the Servant’s Insolence, having before
 “reprimanded her severely on account of the former
 “Message, that I prevail’d with you, under some
 “other Pretence, to turn her away, as you may
 “remember.

“In a very few Days after this, I was terribly
 “surpris’d one Morning when I awak’d, to find my
 “perfidious Lover kneeling at my Bed-side, and
 “bathing one of my Hands with his guilty Tears :
 “I snatch’d it away with too much Confusion not
 “to discover the Ascendant he still had over my
 “Affections.

“Well then, charming *Mariana*, you no longer
 “love me,” said he with an Air the most moving ;
 “you refuse to see or hear me, you banish those
 “who might inform you of my faithful Ardor :
 “Heavens ! that so much Beauty and Injustice can
 “be so near allied ! What is my Crime ? Is it the
 “concealing my real Name ? If so, I own myself
 “the *Marquess* ——— I should not have denied it.
 “What a Misfortune, to have a more exquisite Taste
 “than the generality of Mankind ! to this I owe
 “my wretched Condition ; this has torn from me
 “all that was dear in the World ! Who is to blame,
 “*Mariana* or I ? Why did she not keep her

“ Word ? why did she not come to the Place appointed ?
 “ There she might have discover’d whether it was
 “ the *Marquess* of ——— or his Secretary, that
 “ would have married her. Ah ! lovely *Mariana*,
 “ why did you deprive me the uncommon Pleasure
 “ of so agreeably undeceiving you, by presenting a
 “ Husband worthy of so much Merit ? Endearing Plea-
 “ sure ! I had proposed to be personally belov’d,
 “ and not beholden for the mighty of Gift of Rank
 “ or Fortune. Such is my Crime : I have done ;
 “ pronounce my Doom : this Justification I owed
 “ myself, and now have paid my Debt ; placed
 “ as I am on the Brink of Destruction, I will not
 “ survive the cruel Misfortune of having been sus-
 “ pected.

“ How weak are we when entangled with Love !
 “ His Words made an Impression on me ; they were
 “ plausible, and my Heart thro’ Prepossession pleaded
 “ in behalf of the Traitor. But Reason came to
 “ my Assistance ; I could not forget the Discourse
 “ I had over-heard : They had no Interest in the
 “ Affair, being neither his Enemies nor Rivals ;
 “ this last Reflection carried it, and I would hear
 “ no more : The *Ingrate* committed numberless Ex-
 “ travagancies ; he offer’d to kill himself, putting
 “ me a thousand times in Apprehension for his Life :
 “ As much an Impostor as I thought him, I could
 “ not overcome my Fears. Somebody very luckily
 “ entering my Room, he retired, and, convinced I
 “ was not to be deluded by his Forgeries, freed me
 “ once for all from his Company.

“ He was no sooner gone but I blamed my too
 “ great Severity ; the specious Pretence under which
 “ he veil’d his wicked Designs presented itself again :
 “ What a Wretch am I, if I have wrong’d him !
 “ Perhaps he really loves me ; perhaps he tells the
 “ Truth : stay, Charmer, I’ll clear these frightful
 “ Doubts. I thought of a thousand ways to lay open
 “ this interesting Mystery ; but alas ! what I had heard
 “ proved

“ proved but too true ! I chanced to meet with one
 “ of the unhappy Instances of his too successful Vil-
 “ lains ; she convinced me I had placed my Affections
 “ on a Monster. I often blushed to think of my
 “ narrow Escape, but still loved him to Excess, and
 “ suffered cruelly on that Account. Time might,
 “ it's true, have worn out my Passion, had not his
 “ Behaviour to me about a Week since put the fi-
 “ nishing Stroke to a wretched Life.

“ For so lately was it, that a Person exceedingly
 “ well-dress'd came into my Chamber ; he enquired
 “ if I was *Mariana*, and being answered, I was the
 “ Person, Would to God, (said he) another had been
 “ employed on this Occasion ; your Countenance at
 “ first Sight gains one over to you. My Lord *Mar-*
 “ *quess* of ——— to morrow is to marry Miss ———
 “ This young Lady has heard of several Amours of
 “ her intended Spouse ; among the rest, she has been
 “ informed, that he has conversed with you as a
 “ Wife, and some don't stick to say he was private-
 “ ly married to you : This has occasioned a Demur ;
 “ the Lady will go no farther in this Affair, till she
 “ receives entire Satisfaction on this Point : A Per-
 “ son will come from her to you for an Answer, on
 “ which this Marriage absolutely depends. The
 “ *Marquess* has sworn he is a Stranger to your Bed,
 “ but she refuses to rely on his Protestation, and has
 “ given him to understand, that if he has deceived
 “ you, as she is inform'd, that the Match must be
 “ broke off. The *Marquess*, who doats on her, is
 “ in the utmost Consternation, and sends me to as-
 “ sure you, that if you prove an Obstacle to his De-
 “ signs, and refuse to behave on this Occasion as is
 “ proper, he will find a Place for you where you may
 “ repent your Obstinacy at leisure, and that——
 “ Go, go, Sir, replied I, interrupting him, and pro-
 “ voked at such Menaces ; tell him, who has honour-
 “ ed you with such a notable Commission, I scorn
 “ him too much to concern myself with his new En-

“ gagements ; however, I could not have imagined,
 “ that after having been guilty of so many Impos-
 “ tures, with which I am better acquainted than he
 “ thinks for, he should crown the Work with a shame-
 “ ful threatening Message to a young Person he had
 “ offered to marry. Saying this, I turned my back
 “ upon the Gentleman, who went away much as-
 “ tonished at my haughty Behaviour.

“ But, vain Haughtiness, useless outside Appear-
 “ ance ! A thousand Times was I torn to Pieces with
 “ bitter Regret, too plainly convincing me of the
 “ Excess of my Passion. My Lover gone for ever !
 “ I am not only abandoned, but even sacrificed to a
 “ Rival, nay, insulted and trampled on by his un-
 “ generous and outrageous Menaces ! This it is, dear
 “ Mother, that thus preys upon me, and has reduced
 “ me to such a woeful Condition : What is the whole
 “ World to me ? the *Marquess* is married, and all is
 “ over !”

“ Her Tears put an end to this melancholy Rela-
 “ tion. I endeavoured to comfort her, and restore
 “ her Health ; but the Illness encreasing, about ten
 “ Days afterwards she spoke to me in the following
 “ Manner, and that with a Presence of Mind as sur-
 “ prized me, overwhelmed as I was with Tears, and
 “ holding her in my Arms.”

“ My Hour approaches, said she, and we must
 “ part ; I find I have not long to live : comfort yourself,
 “ my dear Mother, and don’t oppress me with your
 “ Sorrow. Nature is too apt to shrink in this Con-
 “ flict ; add not the Weight, your Tenderness will oc-
 “ casion ; but if you love me, refrain giving me so
 “ many Marks of it ; they shake that Steadiness
 “ which now I stand in need of, more than ever.
 “ Have recourse to God, and beseech Him in my
 “ behalf ; in his Mercy I place my trust ; above all,
 “ thank him for having preserved my Innocence thro’
 “ so many dangers : What a Comfort ! That Treas-
 “ ure, at least, I shall carry to the next Life. Let
 “ me

“me conjure you in the Name of God, to leave me
 “to myself during those precious Moments he is
 “still pleased to allow me, that I may employ them
 “wholly in the great Affair of Salvation; receive
 “this last Kiss, and pardon the Uneasiness I give you:
 “Farewel, dear Mother, you move me too much.”
 ‘—Saying this, she turned her Head away and would
 ‘not be disturbed afterwards. She died as she lived,
 ‘that is, in such Sentiments of Piety, as afford me a
 ‘singular Consolation. After some time, I submitted
 ‘myself to the divine Providence; alas! it cost me
 ‘dear, and does still every Day of my Life.”

Mariana's Mother wept bitterly in concluding this mournful History; I was much moved, and cried very heartily. The favourable Opinion she had of me, was considerably increased by seeing such Marks of my tender Affection, and she expressed as much in a very sincere Manner. Reflections naturally succeeded, which confirm'd me more and more in a steady Adherence to Virtue: I could not forbear thinking this Relation was design'd as a Preservative against the Dangers, to which my Innocence would be exposed at *Paris*:

We reached *Valvins*, and meeting with the Convenience mentioned before, we agreed with the Waggoner for my Fare: The old Woman and I embraced each other with great Affection, promising a mutual Correspondence for the future.

I was no sooner alone in the Waggon, but I gave a loose to many a melancholy Reflection. Heavens! said I to myself, what am I doing? what will become of me? what will People think? what will my Mother say? What! can I leave a Mother bewailing my Absence at this very Instant? No, no; I'll go no farther, cried I all in Tears; I had better undergo the Reproaches, I so much dread, than expose myself again to those very Dangers I have so happily escaped. Yes, dear Mother, had I never left you, but had remained under your Eye, I should not this Day be involved in so many Difficulties.

This made a deep Impression ; I resolved to return to the Village, and rather submit my Vanity to the greatest Humiliation, than be thus wanting in my Duty to my Parents. I was just going to bid the Waggoner set me down, and was actually preparing to alight, when I saw a Man riding full Speed after us ; my Mind misgave me : But how great was my Surprise, when I could distinguish his Face, and discovered it was the *Chevalier d'Elbieux* ! I trembled, as well I might, from Head to Foot, and immediately hid myself under a Coverlet, that was designed to keep me from the Rain : I lay thus perdue above an Hour, without the least Motion. At last I grew impatient, and not being able to bear the cruel Incertitude any longer, I lifted up the Corner of the Coverlet. Heavens ! what should I see but the *Chevalier* still following the Waggon, and holding a Discourse with him that drove it. What a Situation was I in ! Which way should I turn myself in this Distress ! I knew him too well, not to apprehend the worst of Extremities from his Brutality. How should he come this way ? Who should direct him hither ? What might I not expect, if he knew I was so near him ?

This racking Mystery soon cleared up ; another young Gentleman came galloping up to the *Chevalier*, “ I have had no better Success than you,” says he, calling out as he came towards us ; “ I can hear nothing of what we are looking for.” Monsieur *d'Elbieux* only put his Finger on his Mouth, and pointed to the Waggon. This Sign implied a great deal, for it plainly show'd where I lay hid. When he came up with us. ‘ Take heed,’ said the *Chevalier* to him in a low Voice, ‘ we have her ; she can't escape this bout : I don't know what it is, but she suspects something, you see how she hides herself.’ The Winding of the Road prevented me hearing any more. God was pleased to inspire me with a Contrivance for escaping : Heaven never forsakes the Innocent.

In

In about half an Hour after this, the Waggon drove into the Wood again; the Remembrance of what I had there been exposed to threw me into a Fit of Trembling. The Road happen'd to be very bad, the depth of the Ruts made it exceeding troublesome riding. This forced the Gentlemen to quit the great Road and strike into a Path, so as to leave part of the Thicket between them and the Waggon. Such an Opportunity was not to be lost; but as I apprehended the Waggoner, by his slow driving, to be in the Secret, I could expect no Assistance from him. There hung over the Road several large Boughs, one of these I laid hold of, and the Waggon driving from under me, I climb'd into a large thick Tree, fully resolved to hide myself there, till I might venture to make off; the Road here was strait, and I could see a long way before me.

I was soon convinced of what Importance it was, not to let slip the Opportunity Heaven had put into my Hands. I could see the Waggon at some Distance with the Horsemen close by it; the Waggoner retired, and the Gentlemen quitted their Horses. One of them, but which I could not discern, got upon the Carriage, he lifts up the Coverlet, and seems vastly surpris'd not to find me there, looking about on all sides. He jumps down again, they both mount their Horses, seem to confer together, and then ride off, taking different Roads.

I was fully determined not to leave my Post, till I was sure of not falling into their Hands a second time. Two Hours were passed and nothing appeared. I began to be in good Heart, when I heard somebody say, ' It's to no purpose to search for her at such a Distance, she can't be gone so far, but must be hid somewhere hereabouts; let us look out sharp where we are, this is the Place we lost her in. Do you place yourself where the Roads cross, and I'll stay upon this rising Ground,

‘ Ground, from whence I can see a long Way about me.’ This Information was of great Service to me, as I should otherwise have ventur’d down, and must infallibly have fallen into their Clutches.

Night drew on apace, the Sun was already set, and I suffered very much from continuing so long in such an uneasy Posture. My Strength, as well as Patience, was quite exhausted, when there passed by a Chaise escorted by two Horsemen; in it sat a Lady and a Girl: the Moment I saw them, I resolv’d to quit the Tree and take that Opportunity of escaping the Danger which hung over me. But in putting my Design in Execution, I had the ill Fortune to hook the upper Part of my Gown in the Tree, and losing my footing at the same time, I was left dangling in the Air. The fear of falling made me cry out, which brought the two Horsemen attending the Chaise, and who were then just by, to my Assistance; they presently disengaged and took me down. “ Good God ! (said one of them) pretty Maid, “ why do you expose yourself to such Danger ? “ you must certainly be very fond of Birds, to run “ this Hazard in taking their Nests.” I had not time to make any Reply; the *Chevalier d’ Elbieux*, who had heard my Voice, was posting towards us. I ran with all my Force to the Chaise, which my Outcries had stopped, and, calling out from some Distance to the Lady, ‘ Save me, Madam, for God’s ‘ sake,’ I cried, ‘ a Villain offers me Violence !’ The Lady looked at me very earnestly whilst I was speaking; for my Clothes, though I was dressed like a Country Girl, together with my Behaviour, had something so very particular as to interest her in my behalf. “ With all my Heart; poor Child, said she, “ help her in; it were a Pity any Mis- “ chief should befall her.” She had the good Nature to make room for me; the little Girl was placed in my Lap, I began to take Courage, and the Chaise drove on.

When

When I was seated, she enquired who I was, and the Occasion, of my Fears. I related all the Particulars with great Sincerity, excepting my Inclination for the *Marquess*. After she had heard me with great Attention, "This is Wickedness, with a Vengeance!" cried she at the End of my Story, "and plainly shows how dangerous is the Company of Men destitute of Honour where they take a Fancy. Mothers ought never to leave their Daughters to themselves, nor should young Girls, who value their Character, ever take the least step without their Mother's Advice. However, Child, you have nothing to fear from the *Chevalier*. I don't believe he dare molest you while I am by; neither would my Servants suffer any such thing, if he should attempt it. The *Countess* I am well acquainted with, and, when I write to her on this Subject, will reprimand her Son very severely." She had scarce done speaking, when I perceived the *Chevalier* riding by the Chaise-side, and looking in very earnestly, 'Ah! Madam, (said I in a low Voice) there he is, there he is.' "Don't be frighten'd," she replied, "I'll warrant his stay will be but short."

"*Chevalier d'Elbieux*," says she, raising her Voice, "pray come hither; I am a particular Acquaintance of the *Countess* your Mother; and as such, am willing to give you a little good Advice." He no sooner heard these Words, but, giving the Reins and Spurs to his Horse, he rode away.

"Well, *Fenny*, did not I tell you how it would be?" continued she; "we have a fair Riddance of him. As to the rest make yourself easy; you shall remain with me till I have wrote to the *Countess* your Godmother, and her Answer will determine what is to be done."

I blessed God very heartily for this happy Meeting. My Protectress appeared to be about forty, was still handsome, but the Sweetness of her Temper can never be sufficiently admired; I strove, by

all the little Services I could think of on the Road, to endear myself to her. My Labour was not thrown away; by the time we reached *Paris* I had gain'd not a little on her Affections.

The House where we were set down was extremely well furnish'd; it was her own, and her Name, as I soon learnt, *Madame de G* ———; her Husband a Receiver in the *Exchequer*. Every thing was magnificent, and the Number of their Servants spoke their Wealth. The Lady had three Waiting-women, besides a Governess for her Daughter, who was about ten Years old.

Her Husband had not so many Attendants; his Dress was very plain; a great Oeconomist in his Family Affairs, but generous to Profuseness in regard of his private Pleasures.

The Lady introduced me to him as soon as we arrived, but he seem'd to take little or no Notice of what she said in my Commendation. It's very well, says he; how have you enjoyed your Health in the Country? But without staying for her Answer, he retired to his Closet, giving me a Look, as he pass'd by, which did not seem to be so unconcerned as his Conversation.

The *Receiver* was between Fifty and Threescore; he was well made, with an engaging Aspect. I found afterwards he was very rich and much given to Women, but withal so cautious, that few or none of his Intrigues ever came to light. Every one has his Humour, this Gentleman's Ambition was to pass for one who had overcome the common Frailties of Mankind.

The Lady had wrote to the *Countess* as soon as we got home; I made it my Business to ingratiate myself more and more to her, and she seem'd to love me with great Affection. Her Daughter was taught Writing and Musick; the good Lady was pleas'd to order I should make use of that Opportunity for my Improvement; as my Voice was naturally

naturally very agreeable, it was soon taken notice of. As for Writing, in a short time I was able to hold a Correspondence, which gave me no small Satisfaction; for I was no sooner rid of my Fears, but all my Resolutions to forget the *Marquess* were by Degrees entirely forgot.

One Morning whilst I was studying in a little Room, which was allotted to my Use, a Footman of the Lady's came to call me to her; I made what haste I could, and upon entering the Room, ' Sit down, *Jenny* (says she) I have received some Letters which concern you, I am willing you should know their Contents.'

She spoke this with such a serious Air, as made the Blood run cold in my Veins; I listened to her with Fear and Trembling.

' This (continued she) is from your Godmother: The *Countess* speaks very well of you, but she informs me of some things I don't approve of your being acquainted withal; your Heart is tender, and it may not be proper to revive your former Sentiments.'

This was more than sufficient to incite my Curiosity; however I dissembled my Eagerness, but was determined to get hold of the Letter, that I might unriddle this Mystery.

' The other (continued she) is from my God-daughter, who thinks quite otherwise of her Brother the *Chevalier*, with regard to you; she advises me to look narrowly to you, and says it is her Affection for me which makes her give me this Caution. Miss *d' Elbieux* tells me you are a great Dissembler, very vain, and very malicious; that you was within a small matter of being the Occasion of much Mischiefe; that by your Affectation you had inveigled the Love of the *Marquess* of *L. V.* that he had fought upon your Account; in fine, that she much apprehended your Stay in my House would be attended with some fatal Consequence,

“ which, too late, might make me repent I had
 “ ever received you. That the *Marquess* of *L. V.*
 “ Father to him who was wounded, exclaims bitterly
 “ against you, as the Promoter of that Danger his
 “ Son’s Life is in, whose Recovery is very much
 “ doubted.”

I strove exceedingly with myself, in order to rise
 the Vexation this Letter gave me, and the Grief I
 conceived at the desperate Condition of my wounded
 Lover. Notwithstanding my Endeavours, the Tears
 gushed out; it was in vain to hide them, the Lady
 too plainly saw my Trouble.

“ You are in Tears, *Jenny* (said she, looking
 “ stedfastly at me;) that convinces me one Part of
 “ the Letter is true; and as for the rest, I give no
 “ Credit to it; the Prejudice is too rank, and I plain-
 “ ly see my God-daughter has taken an Antipathy to
 “ you. I am at a loss to account for it, as you ap-
 “ pear to be very sweet-temper’d; and I don’t find
 “ the least Resemblance in the Character she has
 “ drawn, unless you are the greatest Dissembler upon
 “ Earth.”

I shed a Torrent of Tears at these Words. “ Re-
 “ cover yourself (said she;) I did not send for you to
 “ give you this Uneasiness; behave yourself well,
 “ and I’ll take care of you.”

I was going out of the Room, when she called me
 back, “ Now I think on’t (says she) your Father and
 “ Mother would have you return Home: but you
 “ shall be your own Mistress to go or stay.” “ Ah!
 “ Madam (cried I) as much as I love them”—“ Well,
 “ well,” says this amiable Lady, interrupting me;
 “ I see you have some Reasons for not complying
 “ with their Orders: Make yourself easy, you shall
 “ stay where you are.”

I retired, quite overcome with so much Goodness.
 In going from her Apartment, the *Receiver* met me.
 “ What is the Matter, my pretty Girl?” says he,
 stopping me; “ has any one been taking you to Task?”

“ I shall

“ I shall be very angry with my Wife ; for, except
 “ her, no body here dare to use you ill. But be
 “ comforted, I’ll put things upon a better Footing ;
 “ I have been thinking some time of making your
 “ Fortune.” ‘ I am much obliged to you, Sir,’ answered I ; ‘ your Lady’s being pleas’d to bear with
 ‘ me, demands a greater Return than I can possibly make. I have all the Reason in the World to
 ‘ be satisfied with her Goodness.’ “ Not too much of
 “ that, I believe,” says he, “ you would scarce cry
 “ for nothing: some other time I shall enquire farther
 “ into this Matter ; we are not in a proper Place to
 “ talk any longer; Farewel.” Saying this he squeez-
 ed my Hand, and went to his Lady.

I was no longer so dull of Apprehension, as not to know the Meaning of Words ; and plainly perceived I was in Favour with the Gentleman : This made me very uneasy, lest his Taste in this particular should clash with my happy Situation.

I returned to my Chamber, musing on what had passed, and very much resenting the Behaviour of *Mademoiselle d’Elbieux*. I was taken up in contriving Means for getting the Letter, which had not been read to me ; the mention made in it of the *Marquess*, was alone too great a Temptation to be resisted. It was lock’d up in a Drawer, and I often watch’d an Opportunity to lay hold of it.

The *Sunday* following I compleated my Design whilst the Lady was at Church ; for having over-staid the Time, she forgot her Keys in the hurry. Opening the Drawer I found the Letters, which I carried off to my own Chamber, and read them very hastily.

The first was that from *Mademoiselle d’Elbieux* : As much concerned as I was in it, I run it over very slightly ; that of the *Countess* was of greater Consequence.

I read it several times : she spoke of me in very favourable Terms, excepting, where she mentioned her Suspicion of an Understanding between the
Marquess

Marquess and me. She said, her Son had wounded him dangerously with a Pistol Bullet; that several Reports had been spread in the Country concerning the Affair; but that she had unravelled the whole, by the Means of an old Servant, whom she had entrusted with the Care of my Education; that notwithstanding the *Marquess* was very reserved, as to the Grounds of the Quarrel, yet his Perplexity at not knowing what was become of me, plainly discovered the Violence of his Passion; that she had thought herself under an indispensable Obligation of cautioning the *Marquess*'s Father, her particular Friend, to provide, in case his Son should recover, against the Consequence of such an Amour; an Affair of the greater Concern, as she thought me virtuous, and my Lover a Man of Honour.

The Letter concluded with advising my being sent back to my Parents; that my Charms might in time occasion much Mischief; and that, if she thought of keeping me with her, it would be absolutely necessary to prevent my ever seeing the *Marquess*.

I bewailed the Condition of that dear Man, and yet did not disapprove of the Cautions given on this Occasion; I even resolved to turn them to my own Advantage. What I had read convinced me of the little Stress that was to be laid on so unequal an Engagement. I folded up the Letters and carried them back in a great hurry: one Moment later, I had been catch'd in the Fact, the *Receiver* coming in just as I was leaving his Lady's Apartment.

"O! you are here, are you?" says he. "Well, pretty *Jenny*, is there any thing troubles you now?" The Colour, my Apprehension occasion'd, the Consternation I was in, all together set me off to an advantage. That Air of Assurance most Women are fond of, is far from being always a Charm; and I have since heard the Men acknowledge, that however fond they may be of the Sex, they are more taken

taken with a modest and reserved Carriage, than that forward free Behaviour.

Monfieur de G — was juſt then an Inſtance of this Remark, by extolling me, at leaſt in Appearance, beyond ſuch as I have juſt now mentioned. “ But (ſays he) you make me no Answer : Do you “ ſtand in any Awe of me ? If you do, it’s wrong “ judged ; I am more your Friend than you ima- “ gine. For it is owing to me that my Wife, with- “ out knowing my Inclinations, ſhows you ſo great “ a Regard.” Indeed, ſoon after I came thither, I had a Sattin Gown given me : The Ladies Women were very fond of me, they taught me how to be- have, and their Inſtructions were not loſt, as Girls are ready enough in learning ſuch Leſſons. “ I “ had my Reaſons,” continued *Monfieur de G* —, “ or I ſhould have order’d your Cloaths myſelf, “ which would have been after a much genteeler “ Mode ; but we muſt have a Regard to the Cir- “ cumſtance of Time, which you may make more “ ſuitable whenſoever you pleaſe. What ſay you, “ *Jenny* ? Shall I reckon you in the number of my “ Friends ? ” “ I could not wiſh for any thing bet- “ ter, Sir,” I replied at laſt, without knowing the Extent of that Word. “ Ay, now you ſpeak ! ” continued he. “ You are Love itſelf ; upon this Condition “ you ſhall be as happy as a Queen. Adieu ; I am “ apprehenſive my Wife is coming in, and would not “ for the world ſhe ſhould ſurprize us together : As “ ſhe is extremely apt to be jealous, this would be “ ſufficient to make her run mad. Be upon your “ Guard, and take care not to drop the leaſt Hint of “ this to any one.” I ſtood like a Statue after hear- ing ſuch a Diſcourſe : *Madame de G* —, who juſt then came, found me in that Condition : “ What “ was you doing here ? (ſays ſhe) My Huſband went “ from hence but now, what has he been ſaying to “ you ? Methinks you are thoughtful ; there is ſome- “ thing more than ordinary in it. Come, tell me “ what

“ what has passed : My Husband is amorous ; I’ll lay
 “ a Wager he is in Love with you, and has been tell-
 “ ing you as much ” ‘ With me, Madam ! ’ replied I.
 “ Don’t tell me any Lies, ’ continued she, throwing
 herself into an easy Chair ; “ I am not angry
 “ with you ; but if you conceal any thing, we shall
 “ be no longer Friends. ” ‘ I can easily satisfy you,
 ‘ Madam, ’ I replied ; ‘ it’s true, *Monsieur de G—*
 ‘ has said some obliging things to me ; but I ima-
 ‘ gined it was only in consequence of the Favours
 ‘ for which I am beholden to you. ’ “ Mighty well ! ”
 cried the Lady interrupting me : “ That is to say,
 “ he will love you for my sake. But let me hear
 “ what he said. ”

Upon this, I repeated Word for Word his whole
 Discourse ; only I stopped short where he proposed
 being my Friend ; upon second thoughts I had
 guessed how much it imported. The more I hesi-
 tated, the more her Curiosity was raised. “ Well,
 “ and what Answer did you make ? ” said she very
 seriously. I repeated my Words. “ And what did
 “ he say to that ? continued she. ‘ Ah ! Madam,
 ‘ what very much surprized me, (answer’d I) and
 ‘ convinced me I did not rightly understand the Ex-
 ‘ pression he had used. ’ I then related the rest of his
 Discourse, and she mused upon it a little.

“ Your tender Years plead a Pardon for your An-
 “ swer, ” said she : “ but do you know to what you
 “ have obliged yourself ? By virtue of what you said,
 “ my Husband will secure your Person ; you are his,
 “ and in that case Honour, Reputation, and all is
 “ gone. ” ‘ God forbid, ’ cried I interrupting her,
 and alarmed at what I heard ; ‘ my Heart would
 ‘ break, to think I had given the least Occasion to
 ‘ any such thing. ’ “ I believe it, ” replied the Lady ;
 “ and you have done very well in giving me this
 “ Detail ; otherwise you might have been fatally en-
 “ gaged, without suspecting any Ill, till it had been
 “ too late to prevent it. Therefore look to it, *Jenny,*
 “ and

“ and for the future do nothing without consulting me : The Dangers you have already escaped, ought to make you more circumspect than another.”

The Lady's Discourse had too great an Appearance of Truth, not to make a deep Impression. I was soon convinced she was not mistaken in what she had said ; and I had great Reason to think myself happy under the Direction of so skilful a Guide.

Two Days after this, one of the Lady's Women, for whom I had a particular Esteem, came to my Chamber : “ What ! in Bed still, lazy Ones ? ” said she : “ Come, rise and dress yourself ; I am going out, and you must go with me.” “ With all my Heart,” answer'd I getting up ; “ if you had given me the least notice over Night, I should have been ready before this.” “ There is no harm done,” answer'd she, “ it is not late ; however, get ready as fast as you can.”

This Servant could not be less than sixty Years, forty of which she had passed in the Family, where she was very much respected : I made my Court to her from the Beginning, for I soon perceived she was the *Gouvernante* of the House, and that nothing was transacted but what had her Approbation. I had the greater Reason to be fond of her, having one Day overheard her speak much in my behalf to her Lady, prevailing upon her to keep me, when she had thoughts of sending me away. I never let her know, that I was sensible what Obligations I had to her, but strove by every thing in my Power to make a suitable Return.

We went in a Hackney-Coach to a Silk-Mercer's in St. *Honore's* Street. She consulted me upon some flower'd Damask ; I gave my Opinion of what I liked, and she fixed upon the Piece I had fancied. She called for some Gowns fit for Autumn and Spring ; still I was consulted, and spoke my Mind with the same Frankness as before.

She

She bought three Gowns, besides a Bed-gown. From thence we drove to a Sempstress, where she bought a Dozen fine laced Shifts, and a Dozen plain ones, with other Linen suitable.

From thence we went to the *Palais*; here she bought Head-clothes, Tippetts, Ribbons and other like Attire.

We went back to two or three other different Shops, for Stockings, Gloves, &c. at last we alighted at St. Roch's Bank, and were conducted to an Apartment, not very large indeed, but nobly furnish'd.

The old Servant, I mentioned, brought Table Linen; a Footman, who by the Livery I knew belong'd to the *Receiver*, came in; he laid the Cloth very neatly, and then retired.

I stared, not being able to comprehend what all this meant: far from suspecting any thing, I was with a Person of some Consideration, one that I look'd upon as a second Mistress; my want of Mistrust on this Occasion was not at all blameable.

About half an Hour afterwards somebody knock'd at the Door. The Footman brought up a young Woman with Hoop-petticoats. My Directress having chose one of the handsomest, 'Come (says she) let us see how this will fit you.' I put off my Gown, it was tried on, and I thought it no small Addition towards a graceful Appearance; a secret Complacency arose when I view'd myself in the Glass, and saw I was not at all despicable.

My Vanity was discover'd by my Directress. 'You are not mistaken, pretty *Jenny*, in thinking yourself handsome (says she) you are very lovely; I must have the Pleasure of dressing your Head according to my Fancy.' As I was not against it, she fell to curling my Hair, and then put me on one of the bought Heads; only to try it, she said. I made great Difficulty when we came to the Red: "You are a Simpleton (cried she) don't you see it's only for Diversion? We have nothing

" to

“ to do now but only to adorn these little Ears; and
 “ for that too we have the good Luck to be pro-
 “ vided.” Upon this she pulled out her Purse, which
 seem’d to be none of the lightest, from whence she
 took a Paper containing a pair of Brilliant Ear-rings.
 “ What do you think of them ?” “ Exceeding fine,”
 “ answered I.” “ Well then, let us see if they become
 “ you as well as the rest.” I view’d myself; the
 Alteration was so great, that thro’ Surprize I was
 not able to speak. And indeed, *Jenny* was no
 more; a well-made young Lady, killingly hand-
 some, had taken her place; the Red gave new
 Lustre to my Eyes, and, to speak the Truth, I
 thought myself transcendently charming.

Let me be indulged in this Sally of Vanity;
 especially as I am a Woman: When *Monsieur de*
la Valle, the Fortunate Peasant, placed his perso-
 nal Merit in so strong a Light, I, who am speak-
 ing, was not disgusted at it; I ask but the same
 Favour at the Hands of the Publick.

Whilst I was thus taken up with the Contem-
 plation of my own dear Self, a *Mantua-maker* came
 in. “ Come, Miss, (said my Directress) put off your
 “ Gown, that your Measure may be taken: Your
 “ Cloaths will be made to Admiration. *Mrs. Pagode*
 “ has the best Hand in *France* for setting off a
 “ handsome Woman.” Thus far I had not the least
 Suspicion: But the taking my Measure, and these
 Expressions, open’d my Eyes; at once I saw clearly
 into the whole Affair. O Heavens! said I to my-
 self, I am betray’d! I had not Strength to reason
 any farther.

By this time they had undrest me, and the
Mantua-maker was busy in taking the Measure,
 but with an Air that had a Mixture of Sorrow
 and Compassion. I said nothing; quite at a loss
 how to evade the Mischief that threaten’d me: The
Chevalier d’Elbieux’s Behaviour was too fresh in
 my Memory, not to make me dread every thing
 which

which had the least Appearance of that kind. I recommended myself to God, who certainly directed me on this Occasion.

I pretended a Desire of being left alone a few Minutes on a certain Account: The wicked Directress, for such I began to think her, told me there was no one there with whom I might not make free. But I appeared so naturally ashamed, as in Truth I was, that she cried out, "Let her have her Way; she is a mere Child, and every Trifle startles her; in time she'll know better."

The Moment they were gone out of the Room, with my Pencil, on a scrap of Paper, I wrote the following Note.

Jenny is undone, Madam, unless you snatch her from the Precipice, on whose brink she stands. Want of Time prevents her saying any more.

This I directed for *Madame de G*——: I had already contrived how to send it; The Mantua-maker's Behaviour convinced me she was virtuously inclined, she having frequently sigh'd when she look'd at me. Whilst she was employ'd in folding up the things, I approach'd her, under some Pretence, and slipp'd the Note into her Hand, telling her at the same time, if she had the least regard for Virtue, as I believ'd she had, she must carry that Note immediately as directed, and God would reward her.

I found I had no time to lose; one Moment more had been too late: The Door open'd, and who should come in but *Monsieur de G*——! Although, after what had pass'd, I might reasonably expect him, yet I was thunder-struck at his Appearance, and look'd like Death itself. "What a charming Creature!" cried he, not observing my Perplexity, "I was not mistaken: is there any thing can surpass this!" He came up to me and view'd me on all sides, (the others left the Room at his coming in.) "Well, my Charmer, you
are

“ are not displeased with your Condition I hope ?
 “ is not the Master's Service as good as the Mis-
 “ tress's ? But all this is nothing in Comparifon of
 “ what is to come. The firft Moment I faw you,
 “ I pronounced you happy. Come, my pretty
 “ Creature, why won't you talk with me ? You
 “ are melancholy ; what is the Matter ? Do you
 “ fancy any thing —— you need only fpeak,
 “ Some Jewel ? perhaps a Ring ? accept of this,
 “ it's yours.”

Saying this, he took a fine Diamond from his
 Finger, and prefented it ; but I thrufted it afide.
 How great is the Confufion of a virtuous young
 Woman in fuch Circumftances ! ‘ Let me alone,
 ‘ Sir, (faid I at laft) keep your Prefents to your-
 ‘ felf ; they are infectious. } Little did I expect fuch
 ‘ Favours, and much lefs an Adventure of this Sort.
 ‘ God knows my Heart, I never intended to give
 ‘ the leaft Encouragement.’ “ How ! (cried he very
 gravely ;) “ I have mifunderftood you certainly ; or
 “ what is it you mean ? When I offered to provide
 “ for you, did you not give your Confent ?” ‘ Not
 ‘ in the leaft, Sir,’ anfwer'd I very fmartly ; ‘ I am
 ‘ unacquainted with your manner of expreffing things,
 ‘ and we did not underftand one another.’ “ Why,
 “ what did you underftand then ?” faid he interrupt-
 ing me. ‘ That you made an Offer of your Friend-
 ‘ fhip,’ replied I, ‘ which was doing me a great
 ‘ Honour.’ “ But nevertheless (continued he) you
 “ have brought yourfelf into ——” ‘ Ah, not at all,
 ‘ Sir,’ anfwer'd I in Tears ; ‘ you are too much of
 ‘ a Gentleman to ufe Violence ——’ “ How !” faid
 he interrupting me very calmly ; “ you don't know
 “ me furely ; I love you too well to give you the
 “ leaft Uneafinefs ; and though I fhould have a far
 “ better Title, yet nothing would be exacted that
 “ is incompatible with your Tranquillity. Dry up
 “ your Tears then, my lovely *Jenny* ; reign fole
 “ Miftrefs of yourfelf and me : Nobody fhall pre-
 “ fume

“ fume to controul you ; independent of all about
 “ you, their only Study fhall be to obey your Or-
 “ ders. The Return you may hereafter think fit
 “ to make for all this, lies entirely in your own
 “ Breaft : In the mean time, enjoy yourfelf in the
 “ endearing Reflection, that you are entirely at your
 “ own Difpofal. This Apartment is yours, and
 “ whatever elfe you can fancy fhall be provided
 “ without delay.”

All this was fo far from allaying my Apprehen-
 fions, that it only ferved to encrease them. ‘ How un-
 ‘ happy am I!’ cried I, ‘ that you fhould entertain
 ‘ fo ill an Opinion of me ! Better far to be in my
 ‘ Grave than accept of fuch Presents. Good God !
 ‘ what Obligations muft I lie under ! “ None at
 “ all,” replied he : “ I don’t pretend to influence
 “ your Affections, difpofe of them as you fhall judge
 “ proper. My Word and Honour fhall be engaged ;
 “ a Security you ought to think me incapable of
 “ violating. The Liberty of feeing you from time
 “ to time, and obliging you in every thing, is
 “ all I ask ; a fufficient Recompence for the greateft
 “ Services I am able to perform. A farther Ac-
 “ quaintance will convince you that I am in a
 “ different Way of thinking from thofe, who, full
 “ of the Benefits they have conferred, fancy they
 “ have a Right, on fuch frivolous Grounds, to ty-
 “ rannize, and exact a fervile Compliance to every
 “ thing they think fit to demand. No, no, *Jenny*,
 “ once more I give you my Word, I look for no
 “ Return. Your Niceneſs in this Affair, far from
 “ giving the leaſt Diſguſt, charms me infinitely,
 “ and raifes my Eſteem to an equal Pitch with my
 “ Love ; and whatſoever my Paſſion may be, you
 “ fhall never have any Reason to complain. In or-
 “ der to convince you of the Truth of this, I fhall
 “ leave you at preſent, and not even return till you
 “ think proper to fend for me.” Saying this, he
 made a low Bow and retired. Where Experience

is wanting, the Appearances of Things must carry it: The Sentiments he had expressed, were not unworthy a Man of Honour, and made a deep Impression, insomuch that I was under a kind of Concern for having suspected the Virtue of *Monsieur de G——*: I was not in the wrong; his Conduct in regard of me from that Moment, demonstrated he was very capable of putting in practice the generous Maxims he had laid down: I even wish'd to have had it in my Power to recall the Note. These Reflections were follow'd by the Emotions of Self-love: as I was alone, I consulted the Glass upon those Beauties I had heard so often extolled; I examined my several Features, and without perceiving of it, applauded my own Charms: the Stuffs were rich, I tried their Effect upon me. Were I in such Clothes, said I to myself, and seen by the *Marquess*, I might not for the future, perhaps, be so long without hearing from him. But where is the harm, continued I, in accepting of these fine Things? I am not obliged to make any Return. *Monsieur de G——* has given me his Word——.

I was going on in this Train of Thought, when the Waiting-woman came in: she was too sly not to discover the Bent of my Soul in those Moments. "How now! pretty *Jenny*," says she, "you have let my Master go away. He seem'd much disturbed: sure you would not say any thing disagreeable to him." "No, God forbid!" answered I; "at first indeed, methought, he seem'd to drive at something out of the Way." "Hel!" cried the Waiting-woman, taking me up with an insinuating Air; "Alack! you know little of him: a very moderate Compliance will purchase Presents without end from him. Go, go, he deserves you should be a little more Complaisant; few Women in *Paris* would scruple to——" "Very fine! very fine indeed!" cried out *Madame de G——*, who had been listening at the Door, and that Moment enter'd the

the Room ; ' a pious Exhortation truly this same
 ' of yours to a young Girl ! Wicked Wretch, I
 ' am glad I know thee. Heavens ! who would have
 ' thought it, that I should be so long impos'd upon
 ' by her Hypocrisy ! Be gone, vile Dissembler ; be
 ' gone this Instant : see my Face no more ; for de-
 ' pend upon it, if you do not leave *Paris* before
 ' this time to morrow, I'll confine you for Life.
 ' Good God,' continued the Lady, throwing herself,
 quite fatigued as it were, into an easy Chair, ' that
 ' ever I should employ such a Creature !' But the
 Wretch did not stay to hear all this out, the first
Apostrophe being sufficient to pack her off : For my
 Part I was as much at a loss, as if I had been the
 Criminal myself.

The Lady seem'd to be in a profound Medita-
 tion : But presently recovering herself, and looking
 on me with all the Goodness imaginable, ' Your
 ' Discretion and Prudence I shall never forget ;' said
 she ; ' the Note you sent, was brought me by a
 ' Person whose Conduct had a great Appearance of
 ' Virtue. Lay aside your Tears in Regard of my
 ' Husband ; your modest Behaviour will encrease
 ' his Esteem, and he will be the first Man to en-
 ' courage you for having done your Duty. I know
 ' him too well, to doubt of what I say. Wretched
 ' Servant ! You are likewise a Promoter of these
 ' Disorders. It's you have put my Husband on
 ' such Exploits : It's to such base Compliers with
 ' their Masters Inclinations, that we justly attribute
 ' so many Misunderstandings and Divorces. Very
 ' genteel and pretty Furniture, in Truth !' contin-
 ued she, looking on the Table and the other Things
 provided for me : ' Poor Child !' added she, be-
 holding my Head-dress and Paint ; ' seducing Al-
 ' lurements, so often fatal to Youth !' This De-
 tail shamed me very much ; I snatch'd up a Nap-
 kin, and immediately demolish'd my Patches and
 Paint. ' Embrace me, my dear *Jenny*,' said the
 good

good Lady, ' I am charm'd with your virtuous
' Indignation ; now you are fit to appear. Call
' some of my Servants, and order up the Master
' or Mistress of the House : I would fain know
' who it belongs to, and in whose Name these
' Lodgings have been taken. '

The Mistress came herself : One of those who
always fawns upon their Company, and pique them-
selves on being the very pink of Courtesy ; our
Landlady was so to such a Degree, that it was im-
possible to discourse with her in any other Strain.

" Lord, Madam, do me the Honour to believe——"
Every Word was so smooth'd with Compliments,
that I am apt to think, when she abused any one,
it was " under Favour, with Submission, &c. " Her
Eyes languish'd so much whilst she spoke, that they
were often in a Manner closed up ; at every Word
she was sure to moisten her Lips, and each Phrase
was distinguish'd by a small spitting, being intro-
duced by an affected *Hem*, and ended in a most
agreeable Squeak.

This whining Gentlewoman inform'd us, that
Monsieur de G—— hired the Lodgings and furnish'd
them ; that she did not know my Name, but the
Gentleman had assured her I was a married Wo-
man, and came to *Paris* in order to sue for a Sepa-
rate Maintenance, my Husband squandering away his
Effects in continual Debaucheries ; that he had re-
ceived great Recommendations in my behalf, being
related to the best Families in *Bretaign*.

' The Story is well enough contrived, ' replied
the Lady ; ' but I can assure you the Gentleman
' has impos'd upon you, ' tis all a Fiction. Adieu, '
continued she ; ' another time be more circumspect
' who you take into your House. A very little Re-
' flection would have convinced you, that if this Lady
' was so well recommended to *Monsieur de G——*,
' he being a married Man, the Stranger might have
' had an Apartment in his House ; and you are

' the more inexcusable in this Affair, as you own
' we are no Strangers to you.' Saying this, she
lock'd up every thing ; we got into the Coach,
and return'd home.

Monsieur de G—— had been gone but a few Mi-
nutes ; he was acquainted with what had happen'd,
by a Note which, as we found afterwards, the Wait-
ing-Woman had sent : We were told he was gone
into the Country.

Although this Gentleman had been engaged in
several Intrigues, he was always so circumspect,
and the Regard he had for his Lady so particular,
that he would not for the World give her the least
Uneasiness, or suffer any thing of this kind to be-
come publick. He was no sooner arrived at his
Seat, but he wrote to beg Pardon for what was
past, assuring her, she should have no Reason to
complain of his future Conduct ; and as a Proof of
his Sincerity, he was willing I should be sent home.
The Lady, whose Goodness to me encreased con-
tinually, read me his Letter, and her Answer to it :
she told him, he was to blame in absenting him-
self on such a trifling Occasion ; that no one can
always command their Inclinations, and if his were
never more out of the way, it would be very well ;
that she herself had a particular Value for me, as
I justly deserved ; that she had no Thoughts of
sending me away, being very secure in my Dis-
cretion : the Letter concluded with repeated Assu-
rances of the tenderest Affection.

Did every Wife behave in this manner, as often
as the Nuptial State lies under a Cloud, Divorces
would not be so much Vogue in these our Days.

I passed almost a Year without hearing any thing
of the *Marquess* : Time and Reflection had allay'd
that ardent Passion so visible in the Beginning of
these Memoirs. *Madame de G*—— was so fond of
me, as to make no Distinction between her Daughter
and me ; under the Masters, who attended her, I
had

had made some Proficiency, and I sung with so much Judgment as to gain the Applause of all who visited the Lady. *Mademoiselle*, her Daughter, far from resembling *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, loved me very tenderly, and was never easy in my Absence. *Monsieur de G* ——'s Love-Fit was become a paternal Affection, of which he soon gave me very convincing Proofs; but however commendable his Intentions might be, I could look upon nothing, which came from that Quarter, with a very favourable Eye.

Several of the Company who resorted to the House made their Addresses to me; but the most importunate Suitor was a certain *Monsieur Gripart*, Farmer General of the Taxes, immensely rich and frightfully deform'd. People may pretend that a young Woman ought to be directed in her Choice by Reason, and not by Fancy; but for my Part, to deal ingenuously, I could not think *Monsieur Gripart* any other than insupportably disagreeable. Nevertheless some Regard was due to him as he was really in earnest. *Madame de G* —— assured me of it, and added, she should think herself very happy if she could make it a Match. I did not dare to enter on the Subject of my Dislike to him; but was in hopes my mean Birth, and the Disadvantages attending it, would prove a sufficient Obstacle, without my appearing in the Affair; But the Misfortune was, *Monsieur Gripart*, who came from nothing himself, look'd upon great Extraction no more than a lucky Hit, and consequently did not feed upon such illustrious Chimeras: Considering the great share he had in some of my Adventures, it will not be amiss to draw his Picture.

He was of a middle Stature; one half of his Body, as well as half his Face, very different from the other: It's true, he was not hunch-back'd, but was equally graceful; for when he stood as strait as he could, one would imagine he was stooping to take something up. The Description of his

Countenance will be no easy Task; I never saw any thing like it. His Head was an Oval inverted, the Top of the Forehead making the Point; his Eyes inclined to each other in proportion as the Figure diminish'd, and consequently their lower Parts were as much at a Distance: His Mouth was made arch-wise, but instead of being turn'd downwards, which is usual enough, the upper Lip and his Nostrils seem'd to be but one Piece; and when he laugh'd, it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other: But both his Lips, contrary to what we generally see, turn'd inwards; and his Nose, proud of its Pre-eminence, was puffed up very fiercely on all Occasions.

His Eyes were as big as those of an Ox, without any Advantage in point of Sight; their Lids were so fond of each other, that they never parted without Tears.

The left Eye-brow was at a considerable Distance from the Eye to which it belong'd, and took in at least one half of the Forehead, being turn'd upon itself; whereas the other could scarce be distinguish'd from the Right Eye.

The Height of his Forehead must have been excessive, had not the Border of Eyebrows, we just now mentioned, form'd an agreeable point of View. The bushy Perriwig, which *Monsieur Gripart* usually wore, look'd like a suitable Frame to so frightful a Picture.

This Gallant, just such as I describe him, loved me to Distraction: Not a Day passed but he made me a Visit; which Liberty, and that of discoursing with me at Pleasure, he had taken up of his own Accord: Whilst I was ignorant of his Designs, the droll Figure and humorous Conversation of the Man was an Amusement. It was a considerable Time before he made any Declaration, and till then I could not believe a Man of his Mold capable of Love like other People: Nevertheless, personal Deformity is no Bar to Virtue, Wit, nor Love; and Instances are not wanting where the
most

most contemptible Aspect has deserv'd a Character infinitely preferable to the Merits of those, whose personal Qualifications have been altogether charming.

At last he declared himself, taking an Opportunity whilst *Madame de G*—— was writing. He came up to me, as I was at work, with some Disorder in his Countenance; ‘ Lay by that useless Task, said he, will you never be tired with embroiderying?’ ‘ Why so?’ answer’d I! ‘ Ah, ah!’ (continued he) ‘ I have something to say to you, of that consequence, as to deserve all the Attention you are Mistress of.

‘ Do you know that for these eight Months, six Days, and four Hours I have been in Love with you? You laugh, but this is not a Trifle to be jested with. The Deuce! a *Gripart* in Love? why there never was such a thing known in the Family before; the whole Race of us, from Father to Son, always married without any such thing as Love in the Case: I am the first that ever forfeited so noble a Prerogative. Till now I never look’d at a Woman but through the wrong End of the Perspective; the Miracle was reserved for you. That ever I should be in Love! To speak the Truth, I could not have believ’d it myself, had I not been convinced of it by my sleeping so sound ever since I came acquainted with you; before that, I had not time to eat or sleep, being so taken up with getting Money; at present I eat, sleep, and now and then spend a Penny; wonderful Effects of my Passion, enough to move a Rock! What! are you insensible? Well, to convince you at once, I’ll tell you more: You cannot but know that Interest is all in all; judge then how much you engross all my Thoughts, by what I am going to relate. The other Day, a Person brought me a Sum of Money; it was no sooner counted out, but I lock’d it up in my strong Box; the Man

' who paid the Money, waited for an Acquittance :
 ' no I thank you ; my Thoughts were so busy about
 ' you, I quite forgot that piece of Form, as well
 ' as that I had receiv'd the Money ; at last my
 ' Debtor, whom I was sending away without any
 ' Acknowledgment, told me, he supposed I was too
 ' busy to give him an Acquittance. What Acquittance?
 ' replied I. Why a Receipt, continued he. A Re-
 ' ceipt ! cried I ; for what ? you are disposed to be
 ' merry, Sir, says he, I perceive ; it's for the Mo-
 ' ney—— Oh ! right, said I, whenever you
 ' pay me the Nine thousand five hundred *Livres*,
 ' you shall have the Discharge : at present I have
 ' Business, and you must leave me ; saying this, I
 ' put him by the Shoulders out my Closet. The
 ' poor Fellow, astonish'd to see me in earnest, and
 ' believing I intended to cheat him of his Money,
 ' bellow'd like a sucking Calf. This odd Behaviour
 ' awak'd me out of my Dream ; and after laughing
 ' very heartily at my Absence of Mind, I gave
 ' him a Receipt in form ; and, that he might re-
 ' member as long as he lived, that *Gripart* was in
 ' Love, I generously bestow'd upon him a whole
 ' Shilling. The Man was so surpris'd, that he never
 ' staid to thank me ; I warrant you, he thought
 ' himself as happy as a Prince.

" No doubt on't," replied I, " with so considera-
 ' ble a Sum ! " " Yes indeed considerable," added he ;
 ' with Twelve Pence much may be done. Some of
 ' these Days I'll give you the History of my Life ;
 ' why, with such a Sum I made my Fortune.
 ' But, let us return to my Love-Affair ; deuce
 ' take me, that's more to the Purpose. '

Monsieur Gripart embellish'd his Declaration
 with all the Oratory peculiar to a *Financier*, much
 of which I can't call to Mind ; What I remem-
 ber is, that he compared me to a large Sum,
 the employing of which was to be his Property ;
 and he concluded with saying, he foresaw the Price
 would

would be enhanced upon him, through the Number of Bidders ; but that he was resolved to carry his Point at the Sale, and not be such a Tony, as to let the Candle burn out before he bid his last Price.

In the mean time, I learnt that this extraordinary Lover's Designs were carrying on with great Earnestness: A waiting Woman of *Madame de G*—— named *Christina*, my bosom Friend, overheard some Discourse, of which I was the Subject. *Monsieur de G*—— argued very strongly in Favour of the Match, and his Lady was entirely bent upon it.

I was no sooner apprised that the Affair was concluded upon, but I gave myself up to a frightful Disquiet. I called to mind the Beginning of that Passion, once so dear to me ; I run over all that ever the *Marquess* had said and vow'd to me. Heavens ! cry'd I to myself, is it possible he should forget it all ; and in so long a time, never once to let me hear from him ? And yet how much did I confide in it ! Fatal Credulity ! False, deceitful Man ! A Torrent of Tears succeeded ; certainly none were ever shed with greater Sincerity.

One Morning when I was overwhelm'd with Reflections of this Nature, *Christina* came dancing and jumping into my Room. 'What will you give me for my good News ?' I had wiped my Eyes, hearing her come ; but the Marks of my Trouble were too fresh to be undiscover'd at first Sight. 'What ails you ?' said she very compassionately, 'you have been crying ; there is something troubles you, which is kept a Secret from me. You are very cross, but I'll come even with you, and will know the Bottom of it very shortly : At present let me tell you, your Mother is in the House, and is just now coming up Stairs.'

This Piece of News, so very unexpected, surpris'd me much, and gave me great Joy. To see a

Mother after so long an Absence, what an endearing Comfort ! I slipp'd on a Gown, and ran to throw myself into her Arms. I meet her, fold my Arms about her Neck ; she embraces me with great Affection. What a Happiness ! my Sister accompanied her ; by turns I gave them the most ardent Marks of the Transport I felt, and then conducted them to my Chamber: Our Discourse at first, through Eagerness, was too confused to be understood. By Degrees I became acquainted with our Family Affairs ; my Father was in good Health, and on his Way hither : *Colin* had married my Sister out of meer Spite ; I was not a little pleas'd at this News for my Sister's Sake ; the young Fellow had very good Dispositions, and where-withal to make her very easy in her Circumstances.

The Steward, who always shew'd me much Respect, hearing my Parents were come, sent a Breakfast to my Chamber ; I exerted myself in doing the Honours of the House, finding an infinite Satisfaction in it. My Sister stared at me with Astonishment. ' Look *Mamma*, said she, she is no longer our *Jenny* ; this is a fine Lady. How she is dress'd ! what Linnen ! ' I had on a Bed-gown, nothing extraordinary ; yet was much pleas'd with being taken notice of. Vanity is always at hand, and for those who have left their home, there cannot be a greater Pleasure than to be seen again by their Friends genteely dress'd ; but I intended to surprize them far more in my best Clothes.

' Do you know, *Jenny*, ' said my Mother after Breakfast, ' what has brought me hither ? To see you married. ' That Word made me turn pale. To whom ? not to *Colin*, there I was safe ; I could think of nobody but *Monsieur Gripart*. My Mother saw the Trouble I was in. " Is it Joy or Grief that moves you thus ? " said she ; " You cannot sure have so far forgot the Education I gave you, as to set your Heart upon any one ? " ' No, dear Mother,

“Mother,” answer’d I in great Confusion; “only I did not expect any such Tidings.”

“Well then, I am the Bearer of them,” continued she looking pleasantly again; “I must tell you, that you are extremely happy, after all that has passed, to have fallen into this Lady’s Hands! She has left nothing unsaid to your Godmother, in your Praise; but her last Letter has crown’d the Work. The *Countess* sent immediately for me, and order’d me hither in all haste, telling me, that *Madame de G*—— had provided a Husband for you, who would heap Wealth and Honour upon the Family: This is all I know of the Matter.”

Just as my Mother had done speaking, a Footman came to let her know that *Madame de G*—— must speak with her: She went immediately, leaving my Sister with me.

Her Sentiments in regard to me were entirely altered; her Joy at seeing me again, and the sincere Caresses she bestowed upon me, banished all Repentment of her former Behaviour: Where there is a Fund of Good-nature, Injuries are easily forgot.

I was not yet sufficiently acquainted with her, to make her my Confident: Nevertheless, as I had a strong Inclination to know what had passed in my Absence, I ventured to ask how the Family did at the Castle? “The *Countess* (answered she) is much the same; she comes very shortly to *Paris* with her Daughter, who has been courted for some time by *Monsieur de F*——. As to the *Chevalier*, nobody knows what is become of him; he is rarely seen, ever since that Affair: It has made much Noise, and is variously related.

“Good God! (continued she) how pleas’d was I, to hear you was so well placed! You acted in the discreetest Manner possible, not to return with *Colin*. Lord! how you would have been pointed at in the Village! To this Hour, scarce

“ four Words are spoke, in which your Name is not mentioned.

“ Dear Sister, (cried I) tell me on what Grounds I am thus censured, and then I will satisfy you how far they are just.” “ You cannot be ignorant, (replied she) ‘ what one must expect in all such little Places ; every Trifle is magnified into an Affair of Consequence : Neighbours are always upon the watch, as to what passes in the next House, so that nothing escapes unobserved ; and if the true Motive is not discovered, a much worse is invented : The Report is, that the *Marquess*, *Mademoiselle du Parc* and you, had laid a Design for your being carried off : They add, that *Monsieur le Chevalier* being likewise in Love with you, guided by Jealousy, discover’d the Plot. You are blamed for being the Occasion of the Duel your two Admirers fought, by giving them both Encouragement at the same time. All which was the more readily believed, because *Mademoiselle d’Elbieux* was heard to say, that your Coquetry with the Men was to her insupportable.

“ However these Surmises, through my Mother’s usual Discretion, began to lose Ground : The Inquisitive were put on the wrong Scent, by her giving out you was gone to one of your Aunts. This found Credit : But *Colin*, coming home frighten’d out of his Wits and soundly thrash’d, spoiled all again, by the Account he gave of his meeting with you ; he told every one how much he had endeavoured to bring you home, without being able to prevail ; that your Head was certainly turn’d, by listening to the nonsensical Discourse of the fine Gentlemen ; that nevertheless he had compass’d his Design, if the *Marquess*’s cursed *Valet de Chambre* had not interposed ; that the Fellow must certainly deal with the Devil, because, notwithstanding *Colin*’s Gun, and his Companion

— *Christopher*’s

‘*Christopher*’s Cudgel, they were both handled very roughly.

‘He was so enraged in fine, that he talk’d more against you than any one, and said, he did not doubt but the *Marquess* had you in some House in the Neighbourhood.

‘The same Day that *Colin* came with this Story, the *Chevalier* arrived ; when he was inform’d of what had passed, he called for *Colin*, and was shut up with him a considerable time. We saw him go away foaming like a mad Man ; swearing he would take up *Colin*’s Quarrel, and teach *Dubois* to abuse his Tenants.

‘As for the *Marquess*, he sent constantly twice a Week during your Absence, to know if you had been found. As soon as he was able to go abroad, the *Chevalier* disappeared ; which gave room to a great deal of Talk. For some time it has not been known what is become of him.

‘Notwithstanding those Reports, you are still beloved by every one, except *Mademoiselle d’Elbieux*, who lets slip no Opportunity of falling upon you. As soon as she heard where you were, she told several they must expect to hear very shortly of some new Adventure ; that you are a sly Baggage, and are not at *Paris* for nothing, as she has good Reason to suspect.

“ Good God ! ” cried I, “ what have I done to deserve her Hatred in this Manner ? ” ‘ We know well enough (continued my Sister :) She is secretly in love with the *Marquess*, and he is as indifferent on his Side, having no great Opinion of her Beauty. She has discovered that it’s owing to you—— “ To me ! she is much in the wrong, (replied I overjoy’d to put my Sister on the Subject.)

“ I never could perceive there was any Grounds to think the *Marquess* so fond of me as People imagine. From the time I left the Castle, I have not so much as heard him mentioned.”

‘ Had

‘ Had he been so indifferent,’ replied my Sister very flily, ‘ he would scarce have sent so often to enquire after you. But he lost his Labour ; for the *Countess* expressly charged us not to give him any Account of you. Whether he was acquainted with this Order of hers, I cannot say ; but we have never heard any more of him since : It was said indeed at the Castle, that he retired into another Country, I don’t know the Name of it ; that his Father had endeavoured by all possible Means to bring him to Court again, but without Success ; and that his Physicians, by his own Directions, had advised the Country Air, that he might avoid any farther Importunities on that Subject.’

This Account revived all my tender Sentiments for the *Marquess* : A deep Sigh forced its Way. ‘ Ah ! *Jenny*, I plainly see you are in Love with the *Marquess*,’ said my Sister ; ‘ I cannot blame you ; his Merit deserves no less ; but have a care how you indulge your Passion ; the Settlement now proposed will be in danger of miscarrying. Look to it ; you cannot but see the Inequality between the *Marquess* and yourself ; on the other Hand you are on the Point of being married very advantageously, unless your Indiscretion in favour of the *Marquess* overturns the whole Affair.’ ‘ I thank you (replied I) for this good Advice, dictated by a friendly Heart ; I shall endeavour to put it in Practice, and make a Sacrifice of myself.” This was followed by a Torrent of Tears, which moved my Sister very much. ‘ Here (says she) I cannot bear to see you in Trouble ; I defer’d telling you I had a Letter, which, notwithstanding the strict Injunctions to the contrary, I shall venture to give you. Make yourself easy then ; *Mademoiselle du Parc* put it into my Hand the Night before we came from Home : She is still fond of you, and, if I am not much mistaken, has sent very acceptable Tidings. *Dubois* often sees her, as I have discover’d, tho’ it is very priyately. You’ll
 2 pardon

‘pardon my Reservedness, *Jenny*, when you reflect
‘on these Reasons, and the Hazard I am exposed
‘to in the Affair.’

I open’d the Letter with great Precipitation : the
Address was in a Woman’s Hand ; but, agreeable
Surprise ! within I discovered the *Marquess’s* writing.
I blush’d and trembled while I read as follows.

W Here are you, my charming *Jenny* ? Will this
Mark of my tender Love and Fidelity ever come
to your Hands ? Heavens ! what Anguish and
Torture do I not suffer from the cruel Uncertainty of
your Situation ! Death itself cannot be compared with
it. What has befallen you ? Where are you ? I would
have gone to the farthest Corner of the Earth, on
the least Prospect of finding you ; but something tells
me, I am not far from you. Still I live in hopes of
a favourable Hour : it must not be long in coming,
my Patience is at an End. I conjure you by all that
is dear, if this comes safe, to let me hear from you.
Nothing else can possibly save a Life long since devoted
to you alone.

The MARQUESS of L. V.

April, —
Castle of L. V.

I had scarce time to read the Letter : when my
Sister, who stood upon the Watch, came running to
tell me she heard somebody on the Stairs. I put up
the Letter very hastily, and being sent for by the
Lady, I went with a heavy Heart, foreboding the
ill News I expected to hear.

‘I am overjoy’d, *Jenny*,’ said the Lady as soon as
she saw me, ‘that I have it in my Power to make
‘you amends for what, through a Principle of Virtue,
‘you heretofore declined. The Proof you then gave
‘me of your Discretion is not forgot ; and from that
‘time, *Monsieur de G* — and I were determin’d on
‘making

‘ making your Fortune. A Match is agreed on for you, the Articles are drawn, and I sent for your Parents to rejoice with you on this Occasion. *Monsieur Gripart* is the Person design’d for you: his Riches are very considerable, and are like to increase; he is much in Love with you, and will make you happy, he has already settled twenty thousand Crowns upon you. Is not this a convincing Proof, that Heaven sooner or later rewards those who walk in the narrow Paths of Virtue?

‘ You make me no Answer *Jenny*? That Blush becomes you, and is a Mark of your Modesty. “Very true,” replied my Mother; but that ought not to hinder her from throwing herself at your Feet, Madam, and thanking you with the most profound Acknowledgments for all your Favours.” I did so immediately, kissing her Hand. ‘ Rise, my dear,’ said she taking me in her Arms; ‘ I look upon you as my own, and will be at the Expence of the Wedding, which shall be at our Country Seat. My Husband is there already; his Present consists of some things you have seen before. As for *Mignonne* (meaning her own Daughter) ‘ to whom you are very dear, as she has not much to give, insists upon your accepting of her Pearl Necklace.’ My Mother, charm’d with such Marks of Affection, was at a loss how to express her Gratitude. Just at that Instant the Lady was informed that Company was coming in. We retired to my Chamber, whither we were follow’d by several of the Servants, to congratulate with us upon the good News, I having gain’d their Affections by my affable Behaviour.

The Day following my Father came: such an Alteration in his Daughter was a great Surprise to him; my Sister told me he even cried for Joy.

The *Tuesday* following, to which there were but three Days, was appointed for the Wedding. It was not possible for me to prevent it: what Reason could I alledge against it? A Marriage that gratified the Ambition

bition and compleated the Happiness of our Family : I heard nothing else talk'd of ; it was only at Night I had an Opportunity to vent my Sighs and bewail my Condition.

At last the fatal Hour came ; on the Day before *Monsieur Gripart* sent me Jewels to the Value of twenty thousand Livres. The same Day we had repair'd to the Castle of C —, the Place appointed for our Nuptials. The News was spread in the Neighbourhood, and drew a great Concourse of People from all Parts.

The Morning following I was called up at four, to be led, a melancholy Victim, to the Altar. They did me the Honour, it's true, to attribute my Uneasiness to the Fear and Apprehension usual with young Women at the Approach of Marriage. Alas ! my Thoughts were far otherwise employ'd !

Two Days before this, I had struggled very hard between the Suggestions of Love and Decency. Love prompted me to acquaint the *Marquess* with the intended Espousals ; I knew how to direct to him, the thing was feasible. If he really loves me in the manner he expresses, thought I, and has those honourable Designs he seems to hint, it would not be a difficult matter for him to break off this fatal Match ; or, should his Intentions be of a different Kind, my new Engagement would be attended with less Regret. On the other hand, Decency disclaim'd any such Conduct, too forward to become a young Woman well educated : it was running after a Husband. What a Disgrace, methought, if I should act thus, and he be backward on his Part ! I should sink under such a Load of Affliction. No sooner did I resolve one Way, but immediately I found myself inclined to the other. Frightful is such a wavering Situation, and much I pity those who are so unfortunate as to lie under a Perplexity, without being able to come to a Determination.

Nevertheless, they led me to Church, Mass being over,

over, the usual Exhortation was made: the Ceremony was already begun, *Monsieur Gripart* had even pronounced the fatal *I will*. When, the Priest turning to me for my Consent, a Voice was heard from the Bottom of the Church, crying out, Hold, hold.

The Curate was at a Stand: every one look'd back. A young Woman made her Way thro' the Croud, and coming up to the Altar, desir'd to speak with the Priest in private. He took her into the Vestry, together with *Madame de G* — and *M. Gripart*. I remained in my Place, astonished, and unable to divine the Occasion of such an Accident.

In mean time the People, surpris'd at what had happened, crowded to the Altar. Their eager and curious Eyes were fixed on me. Some said the Bride was very handsome, and worthy of her good Fortune; others said, it was a Pity any thing should thwart it; a Countryman cried, *ne'er moine'd, she'll get a Husband for all this*.

At last the Vestry Door open'd: one of the Church-Wardens came to call me; I was no sooner enter'd but the Door was shut again.

‘Your Wedding, *Jenny*, is put off for the present, said *Madame de G* —, till such time as *M. Gripart* removes a Difficulty made by a Woman, to whom, it seems, he formerly promis'd Marriage. She lives in the Neighbourhood, and hearing he was on the Point of espousing you, has put in her Claim by this Person. 'Twas something late, indeed, and might have been slighted, but it is better to wait till the Parties have compromis'd the Matter.

“I am extremely afflicted, Miss, at what has happen'd,” said *M. Gripart*: “Youth has its Follies. I had entirely forgot this Promise; but this Delay will only make surer Work on't, as I am certain the Person in Question will hear Reason.” “No doubt of it,” replied the young Woman who had interrupted our Nuptials, “she only insists

“ insists upon your marrying her, or nobody.” “ That’s
 “ a little hard, answer’d *M. Gripart*; but this is
 “ not a Place to argue in, you shall go with me
 “ in my Coach to her.” He presented her his Hand,
 and making a low Bow, retired.

We return’d to the Castle; my Father and Mother very much down in the Mouth. But my Concern was to hide my Joy, which seemed, I knew not why, to promise a Deliverance from what I so much dreaded. But this did not last long: *M. Gripart* return’d the next Morning very gay; he had removed the Obstacle, notwithstanding his Avarice, which was forc’d to give way on this Occasion: Money carries all before it. My Apprehensions return’d, my Father and Mother were as much elated. The Day was once more fixed for the Wedding, and nothing remain’d that could possibly be any Hinderance.

The Evening before we were to be certainly married, we took the Air on a high Terrace; it look’d upon a Meadow, at the End of which, about forty Paces distant, was the great Road: The Company talked on several diverting Subjects. *M. Gripart* address’d me with his tedious Courtship, as I was leaning in a melancholy Posture on the Ballister of the Terrace, amusing myself with the different Objects that presented themselves, several Horses, follow’d by a Pack of Hounds, passed leisurely along the Road. This Sight reminded me of what had happen’d in the Forest of *Fontainebleau*, the dear Moment that brought me first acquainted with the *Marquess*: My Eyes dwelt with Pleasure on the Prospect. I seem’d to divine all that was to befall me.

A single Person, dress’d in Green trimmed with Gold, came very gently cross the Meadow, in a bye Path at the Foot of the Terrace; the Horse, as the Reins lay upon his Neck, taking Advantage of his Rider’s profound Contemplation, frequently
 stopp’d

stopp'd to graze. The Gentleman, by his folded Arms and Head hanging down, seem'd to meditate on some important Affair.

A Situation so exactly resembling my own, made me consider him very attentively : My Heart began to beat ; in viewing his Features as he drew nearer, methought I knew him. Alas ! it was the *Marquess* himself ; his Image was too deeply engraved to be mistaken. As he passed by the Ballister where I stood, he look'd up and put off his Hat : This gave me a full View of him ; I was no longer myself, but skriek'd out, being suddenly taken ill.

Every one ran to my Assistance : as I did not faint away, my Eyes were never off the dear Object that caused my tender Emotion. The *Marquess* had stopp'd, hearing me cry out, and looking very earnestly, ' Good God ! (he cried) 'tis she.' Saying this, he clapt Spurs to his Horse, and was out of Sight in a Moment.

The Company was too busy about me to observe what passed. *M. Gripart* and my Father led me to a Room, and laid me upon a Couch.

As my Surprise was the Effect of Joy, it was not attended with any ill Consequence : I presently recovered, and felt an unusual Tranquillity. *Madam de G*——— had enquired, when the *Marquess* passed by, if any one knew that Nobleman ; for such he appeared to be by his numerous Retinue : My Father's common Sense convinc'd him at once he ought to hold his Tongue on this Occasion : But my Mother, either thro' Vanity, or an Itch of Talking, was not so discreet. ' Yes indeed, we know him ' well enough,' she cried ; ' it's the *Marquess* of *L.V.* ' who brought our Bride the Gratification so much ' talk'd of.' " O ho ! " replied the Lady ; " if that " be the Case, our Wedding is like to meet with an- " other Rub : I thought our Damsel did not change " Colour for nothing." ' Colour me no Colours,' cried
my

my Father in a Pet, ' the Marriage shall go on :
 ' I'll be bound, Madam, for the Performance. If
 ' it miscarries, the Fault shall not be on her side.
 ' The *Marquess* is no Husband for her.' " I am
 " mightily pleased (replied *Madame de G*——) with
 " what you say ; but I am at a loss how to behave
 " in case he comes here : However, it is very well
 " *M. Gripart* did not perceive what happen'd : Let
 " every one be upon their Guard, and not take any
 " Notice of it when he is present." I heard all this
 from the next Room.

It was not long before the Lady was inform'd
 that a Gentleman desired to speak with her : I
 easily guessed who, and from thence was much dis-
 turbed. My Father and Mother immediately ob-
 served my Looks, which were presently fixed on
 the Ground. *Monsieur Gripart* coming in at the
 Delivery of the Message, cried out, ' He is wel-
 ' come, and must honour us with his Company at
 ' Supper.

After a Quarter of an Hour's private Discourse
 with the *Marquess*, *Madame de G*—— sent for me.
 I enter'd the Room in a sort of Agony : " Come
 " hither, my dear Child," said she, " employ the
 " Sway you have over this Nobleman, to assert
 " your own Right and the Fortune offer'd to you :
 " He opposes your Marriage, and protests he'll leave
 " nothing undone that may prevent it." The *Mar-*
quess was on his Knees before *Madame de G*—— ; but
 leaving her, he address'd himself to me in the same
 Posture : ' Ah ! *Jenny*, have I deserv'd (says he) to
 ' be made the most forlorn of Mankind ?'

How powerful is a Lover in such a submissive Pos-
 ture ! I ask'd him, with Tears in my Eyes, " What
 " can you expect I should do ? I, that am not my
 " own Mistress. In the Name of Goodness ; leave
 " me," I said ; " be gone, don't overwhelm a virtuous
 " Disposition, too much shaken by your Presence."
 " --Must I go ? (replied he) Ah ! Miss, is this the
 Reception

' Reception you afford a Person who adores you,
 ' and that too after so long an Absence? One, who
 ' lives but for you, from the first Moment he saw
 ' your Face? Does your good Fortune dazzle you,
 ' ungenerous as you are, and prevail upon you thus
 ' to sacrifice me? I have wrote twenty Letters to
 ' you; and what Answers have I received? what
 ' a one was it you sent me but Yesterday? that
 ' I should trouble you no more; that you never
 ' loved me; and, as a Proof of it, would accept
 ' of the first Match that was proposed; that I should
 ' never know your Abode, till you was secure in
 ' the Arms of a Husband — "Ah! hold, Sir" I
 ' cried, "I don't deserve any such Reproach: I never
 ' wrote to you" — "You never wrote to me?
 ' Cruel Creature! I am not to be believed then
 ' without a Proof of what I say! Heavens! this
 ' is a new Insult; can you think me capable of
 ' being an Impostor?" But I must prove my Words;
 ' this Letter (continued he pulling one out) will
 ' justify me. Is this the Essay you make, after
 ' learning to write?" Looking upon the Paper, what
 ' should I discover but *Mademoiselle d' Elbieux's* Hand!
 ' *Madame de G* ——— came to look upon it, and
 ' knowing her Writing, assured him of the Truth.
 ' Ah! Madam (said he) you restore me to Life!
 ' Charming Jenny, compleat what this Lady has
 ' begun, by promising me not to marry your new
 ' Admirer." "As if that (cried I interrupting him)
 ' depended on me! Is it not to you I owe all
 ' my Affliction? Am I to withstand a Father and
 ' a Mother? must I frustrate the good Intentions
 ' of this Lady? Heaven knows, how little either
 ' Affection or Interest influences me, in going to
 ' the Altar." "Then you will go?" (replied the *Mar-*
 ' *quess* in a melancholy Voice) "You are willing to
 ' compleat your Nuptials and end my Life in
 ' the same Instant?" "God forbid!" cried I redou-
 ' bling my Tears; "It's too dear, Heaven's my Wit-
 ' nefs.

“ nefs. Alas ! I love you but too well to enjoy
 “ any Peace of Mind ; nevertheless, how can I de-
 “ cline this Match ? what Reasons would you have
 “ me give for disobeying my Parents ? ” “ Your
 “ Love for me, my Charmer,” answered the *Marquess*.
 “ Ah ! were such a Declaration sufficient,” replied
 I, “ with how much Pleasure could I make it ! ” ‘ Tis
 ‘ enough, ’tis enough, my charming *Jenny*,’ cried
 the *Marquess*. ‘ Pardon, Madam, my Transports ;
 ‘ your Countenance tells me, my Situation moves
 ‘ you to Compassion : I have already acquainted you
 ‘ with the Purity of my Intentions ; do you believe
 ‘ me ? will you perform your Promise ? Speak ;
 ‘ you see this lovely Creature does not disown her
 ‘ Passion. Answer me,’ cried he throwing him-
 self again at her Feet ——— ‘ Heavens ! she hesi-
 ‘ tates : what am I to expect ? Will nothing less
 ‘ than the last Drop of my Blood prevail upon
 ‘ you ?

“ How much you perplex me, my Lord ! ” an-
 swer’d *Madame de G* — after some pause. “ By
 “ what Means can an Affair, so far advanced, be
 “ broke off ? It’s true, *M. Gripart* is your Inferior
 “ in Point of Birth, nevertheless he is a Person of
 “ some Distinction in the World. He is our Friend ;
 “ what Colour then can we give to our Refusal ? On
 “ the other Side, *Jenny* is truly dear to me. A
 “ thousand things occur at once. Your Honour
 “ nothing can surpass, I believe : Your Word, in-
 “ violable, without doubt : Nevertheless, you must
 “ own, my Lord *Marquess*, that your Father can
 “ never be brought to approve of so unequal a Match :
 “ he has already explain’d himself on that Subject,
 “ and would never forgive me, did he suspect me
 “ capable of giving the least Encouragement in an
 “ Affair of this Nature. The most I can possibly
 “ do, is to fulfill the Promise my Compassion ex-
 “ torted in your behalf : I’ll find Means of deferr-
 “ ing this Wedding eight Days longer, during which
 “ time

“ time do you endeavour to break it off, without
 “ drawing any Suspicion on *Jenny*.” Saying this
 she left the Room; I was about to follow, but the
Marquess stopped me.

“ Stay one Moment,” said he with a sorrowful
 distracted Air, “ unless you will see me dead at
 your Feet. Can you abandon me thus to De-
 spair?” “ Good God!” replied I, terrified at seeing
 him in this Condition, “ what can I do? What
 Answer would you have me make to the Reasons
 you just now heard alledged?” “ That you slight
 them all for my Sake (said he) and declare against
 this detested Match.” “ How! (continued I) would
 you bring my Character in Question with Persons
 to whom I am so much obliged?” “ Far from
 it,” cried he, “ your Reputation is dearer to me than
 Life itself; I would not, for the World, be the
 Occasion of your Ruin. I am ready to marry you
 myself; receive my plighted Troth, my solemn
 Vows; I call Heaven to Witness I will marry
 none but you. This has all along been my De-
 sign, and I only waited a favourable Opportunity
 to convince you of it. I have a Father, it’s true;
 but if you will consent to make me so happy, we
 may be easily married without his knowing of
 it: He is advanced in Years, and cannot live
 long; tho’ God forbid, I should desire his Death;
 I would sooner dye myself. I am even unwill-
 ing to give him the least Uneasiness, and for that
 Reason propose being married privately. If you
 love me——” “ I do love you (cried *Dallas*! beyond
 what can be express’d. But, my Lord, I’ll never
 consent to such a Marriage to gain the World. I
 love you, again I repeat it; do you ask a Proof?
 I’ll disobey my Parents, if it’s necessary; yes,
 (continued I, redoubling my Tears) “ I’ll set every
 one against me, but that is all you must expect.”
 “ What!” cried the *Marquess* with great Emotion,
 “ will you refuse me? do you suspect my Protestations?”

‘ tions? can you think me so perfidious a Villain?’
 “ No, no,” replied I interrupting him, “ I have
 “ an entire Confidence in you, and am fully con-
 “ vinced what honourable Sentiments you are pleas-
 “ ed to entertain in my Regard, and by conquer-
 “ ing the Weaknesses my Passion inspires me with,
 “ will, in some measure deserve them. My Ho-
 “ nour is all I possess; in the Name of Goodness,
 “ do not seek its Ruin, nor tarnish it by such Pro-
 “ posals.” I had no sooner said this, but I ran
 away as fast as possible. *Madame de G*——, who
 had over-heard us, stopp’d me: ‘ Come into this
 ‘ Room,’ says she, ‘ I have something of the great-
 ‘ est Consequence to impart to you.’ She lock’d
 the Door upon us; and making me sit down, spoke
 in the following Manner.

End of Part II.



PART

PART III.

‘ I SHALL never forget the Proofs you have in my
 ‘ hearing just now given of your Discretion,’
 continued *Madame de G*——; ‘ when we have more
 ‘ Leisure, I shall express my Satisfaction ; in the
 ‘ mean time let me exhort you never to swerve from
 ‘ so fair a Path. Whilst my Ear, attentive to your
 ‘ tender Conversation, enjoyed the Pleasure of a
 ‘ Scene, wherein Virtue triumphed over Love ; my
 ‘ Eyes, fix’d on the Park, were struck with the
 ‘ Sight of several People in motion. Astonished to
 ‘ see Strangers passing backward and forward, I plac-
 ‘ ced myself at the Window, so as not to be seen.
 ‘ Judge of my Surprize, when I observed among
 ‘ five or six Horsemen, a Livery belonging to one,
 ‘ whose Name will make you tremble. A Park-
 ‘ keeper led the Way, and open’d them a Door into
 ‘ the Green-house. After this he discoursed a while
 ‘ with a Person in laced Cloaths ; I tremble to think
 ‘ it must be the *Chevalier d’Elbieux* ; that Wretch
 ‘ has certainly got Intelligence where you are, and,
 ‘ hurried on by his brutal Appetites, has some wick-
 ‘ ed Design.—“ Ah ! Madam, (cried I trembling)
 “ I am ruined unless you stand my Friend. Your
 “ Conjectures are but too well grounded ; what you
 “ say, reminds me of something that gave me no
 “ small Uneasiness ; it was with Difficulty I put it
 “ out of my Head. Only last Night, Madam, (con-
 tinued I as well as Fear would let me) “ I heard a
 “ Noise at my Door ; I waked your Chamber-maid,
 “ but was oblig’d to speak pretty loud at first. Upon
 “ this a Voice, which I’m sure I have heard before,
 “ said, *We must retire*. I was terrified, and crept close
 “ to *Isabel*, but she only laugh’d at my Apprehension,
 “ saying, it must be some of the Servants, who had
 “ been at the Alehouse whilst the Family was in
 G “ Bed,

“ Bed, and hearing me speak, were afraid of being
 “ discovered. — But for all she could say, I remain’d
 “ very much frighten’d, still fancying I heard the
 “ same Noise.” “ I easily imagine (replied *Madame*
de G——, who heard me with great Attention) ‘ that
 ‘ there might have been over Night a Design of car-
 ‘ rying you off; but the great Company at Supper,
 ‘ and who staid very late, might oblige ’em to defer
 ‘ it. This is a troublesome Affair, and I am at a loss
 ‘ how to disappoint their Enterprize. It is well the
 ‘ *Marquess* is still here; he is fully sufficient to curb
 ‘ their Insolence, and his Interest in the Affair will
 ‘ not suffer him to stand neuter. “ Good God! Ma-
 “ dam (cried I) take care; he must not know that
 “ the *Chevalier* is here, if it be he. Be pleas’d to
 “ recollect what has already pass’d between those
 “ two Rivals, and the dire Resentment they bear to
 “ each other——Heavens! what have I done to de-
 “ serve so much Cruelty at your hands!” This Ex-
 clamation was attended with a Flood of Tears.
 “ But (continued I, alarm’d at the Danger which
 surrounded me) “ would it not be best for me to make
 “ my Escape whilst it is practicable?” “ Good God!
 “ whither would you go, my dear, dear Child?” cried
Madame de G—— interrupting me. “ Besides, you
 “ cannot but imagine we are observed: Nevertheless,
 “ I must approve of your Proposal, as it is the only
 “ Expedient for preventing the impending Mischief. As
 “ for this Village, it’s not only inconsiderable, but
 “ cannot afford one Man who will face any of the
 “ People I have seen. It’s true, now I think on’t,
 “ there is a Place of Security, not far off, where you
 “ would be welcome; but besides the *Chevalier*’s
 “ Spies, I apprehend the *Marquess* himself will oppose
 “ the Execution of such a Design; he is far from be-
 “ ing satisfied in the Situation wherein you left him;
 “ he must see and talk farther with you; Lovers ne-
 “ ver think they’ve said all: And as if these Obstacles
 “ were not enough, Mr. *Gripart*, my Husband, your
 “ Relations;

‘ Relations, are all waiting for us.’ “ That signi-
 “ fies nothing, Madam (cried I ;) tell me but the
 “ Place where you say I shall be safe from these
 “ Pursuits, I’ll run any hazard to reach it.” ‘ The
 ‘ *Abbeſs* of a Monastery about two Leagues from hence
 (replied *Madame de G——*) ‘ is my particular Friend,
 ‘ and owes her Fortune to me.’ “ Dear Madam,
 (cried I kissing her Hands) “ order somebody to con-
 “ duct me thither ; every Moment is precious, I
 “ tremble ; do you acquaint *M. de G——* with what
 “ has happen’d, whilst I join the Company, and put
 “ the best face I can on the matter. When you have
 “ contrived the Means of my Escape, upon the least
 “ Item, I’ll slip away, or feign an Indisposition,
 “ which will not be suspected after my fainting Fit ;
 “ they will imagine I am in my Chamber, and con-
 “ sequently make no Inquiry : As for the rest, I have
 “ been used to Riding ; and if a Horse be provided
 “ at the End of the Village, I shall easily join the
 “ Person you appoint for my Guide.” ‘ Ah ! *Jenny*,
 ‘ *Jenny*, (cried *Madame de G——* taking me in her
 Arms) ‘ how ingenious is a virtuous Mind ! Your
 ‘ Scheme is perfectly well concerted, and will, I hope,
 ‘ succeed. Depend upon it, you will always find a
 ‘ Mother in me ; your Virtue at once charms and
 ‘ interests me in your Behalf.’ “ Indeed, Madam,
 (replied I with Tears in my Eyes) “ I will sooner
 “ forfeit my Life than my Reputation ; but alas ! I
 “ am going to lose you ! (added I, crying very hear-
 tily.) ‘ No, no *Jenny*,’ cried *Madame de G——*, ‘ I
 ‘ shall ever be a tender Parent to you ; I’ll come to see
 ‘ you, and when things are settled will bring you back.
 ‘ Dry up your Tears, and let us not lose one Moment.

Madame de G—— embraced me, and we were on
 the point of leaving the Room, when the Door was
 thrown open on a sudden. It was the *Marquess* ; he
 fastened the Door after him, looking upon us with
 Distraction in his Eyes : “ I have heard all that has
 “ passed, Madam (cried he addressing himself to the

Lady) “there is a Design to rob me of *Jenny*; but
 “you must take my Life first: Alas! what have I
 “done to deserve such Treatment? Heavens! can-
 “not my wretched Condition move your Pity?” Say-
 ing this he threw himself at the Lady’s Feet, and
 took me by the Hand, assuring us both, that I should
 not go away, let what would happen; and that if
 we did not immediately promise as much, he would
 lay himself dead at our Feet.

The Apprehension for my Lover’s Life, the Dan-
 ger he would be exposed to in meeting with the
Chevalier, who might every moment surprize us, and
 open a tragical Scene, embolden’d me to act in a
 manner far different from my Inclinations and usual
 Behaviour. ‘Rise, my Lord, (said I, looking sted-
 fastly on him with a dissembled Anger) ‘and if you
 ‘really love me—’ ‘If I love you? ungrateful Crea-
 ‘ture! (replied the sorrowful *Marq.*) Is this the first
 ‘time? how well convinced ought you to be? What
 ‘I have suffer’d——’ ‘I ask it as a Favour (continued
 I in the same Tone) ‘that you would hear me without
 ‘interruption, and, since I may depend on your Af-
 ‘fection for a punctual Compliance with what I am
 ‘going to propose, I shall look upon such a Deference
 ‘as a convincing Proof of what you’ve so often vow’d;
 ‘otherwise you must expect no return from me. Call
 ‘Reason to your Assistance; without it, Love is but
 ‘Folly. I should be unworthy of the Regard you
 ‘express for me, and what you seem to propose, did
 ‘I blindly follow the Dictates of your Passion; soon-
 ‘er or later, you would be the first in making me
 ‘repent my Weakness: The Intentions you have
 ‘declared in this Lady’s Presence, leave me no room
 ‘to doubt of your Esteem, the greatness of which
 ‘Honour I am fully sensible of; but the more you de-
 ‘base yourself in my Behalf, the more I ought to
 ‘rise above myself. She is no longer *Jenny* the
 ‘Country Lass who speaks to you, but a Person, in-
 ‘spired by the Honours this Lady has confer’d
 ‘upon her, and elevated far above her Birth; who

reserves herself for you by such Methods, as you
 will one Day approve of; and who, thro' a Disin-
 terestedness not very common, sacrifices to you a
 present Establishment, for an uncertain one to
 come; for who can assure me that you will not
 change your Mind hereafter in regard of one who
 has nothing but her Virtue to ballance the Wretch-
 edness of her Birth? I am ingaged to M. *Gripart*,
 and to morrow I must receive him for a Husband;
 a Monastery is the only Means left me, to ward
 off the Blow you dread so much, and to prove how
 entirely I am yours. Would you therefore by an
 unseasonable Opposition compleat a Marriage which
 must separate us for ever? The Cloyster will be an
 honourable Pretext, and, by declaring a Vocation
 of a long Standing to it, I may with Credit break
 thro' the Engagements I am under: Can you be so
 unreasonable as to oppose a Project, entirely form'd
 to oblige you alone? This, my Lord, is what I
 had to say. I shall argue no longer: but I solemn-
 ly declare (continued I in a very positive Manner)
 if you will not agree to such proper Methods, and
 retire from hence this very Moment, I am resolved
 to marry M. *Gripart*, and never see you more.

Saying this, I turn'd my Head aside lest my
 Tears should betray me. The *Marquess* rose quite
 astonished, seized my Hand, and bath'd it with his
 Tears. How dangerous is a Man beloved, when he
 appears in such an Attitude! A virtuous young
 Woman should never look on such a Spectacle;
 and it was happy for me, that so respected a Per-
 son as *Madame de G——* was present; otherwise,
 my Heart would have soon recall'd what my Virtue
 had advanced. On such Occasions, Flight is our
 compleatest Victory: I forced my Way, and shut
 myself into a Closet. The Lady at last appear'd the
Marquess; promising to send him an Account of me,
 and behav'd so well to him, that after expressing
 himself in the most affectionate Terms in my regard,

he retired. My Heart was attentive to all he said, and shared his Transports. Ah, Love, if thou dost afford some Sweets, thy Pains are cruel! My Lover was no sooner gone, but all my Resolution vanished: I ran over every Syllable he had utter'd, and the Weakness I am going to acknowledge is at least a Ballance to the lofty Airs I just now assumed; I have my Choice, whether to divulge it or not, for no one can contradict me as to what passes in my own Breast: Hitherto I have conceal'd it, but in entering upon these Memoirs I profess'd Sincerity, and am resolv'd to keep my Word; besides, it may perhaps be of some Service to young Persons of my own Sex, for whose Benefit I write these Memoirs, to be let into the Methods I was so fortunate as to put in Practice for curbing the Vivacity of Inclination; a Rock, on which they are frequently cast away, and which cannot be avoided, unless, not only sure Guides in the Paths of Virtue be consulted, but all Occasions carefully shunn'd, of calling to Mind such deluding Ideas. Excuse the Digression; those who think it tedious, would do well to skip it, the Book will be the sooner read.

As soon as *Madame de G*—— was rid of the *Marquess*, she went to her Husband: the Account she gave, startled him; he was of the same Opinion, that it was highly necessary to remove me; a trusty Servant, according to his Direction, carried me that very Evening, unperceived by any one, to the Monastery of *St. N*——, where I was courteously received.

The continual Disquiets I had undergone, harra's'd me too much to think of any Supper. Being desirous of going to Rest, I was conducted to a neat little Chamber, and presently went to Bed, abandoning myself wholly to Grief. The greater Part of the Night I suffer'd cruelly; the *Marquess*, present to my Imagination, seem'd still to lament himself at my Feet; I comforted him in a Language, alas!
far

far different from what I mentioned before. How happy would he have thought himself, had he been by ! I blamed myself for not giving him the tenderest Proofs of my Affection. Those who know what Love is, will easily enter into my Condition, and must own such a Night to have been very frightful. The Oppression I labour'd under, at last gave place to a broken, terrifying Sleep, arising from my present Circumstances ; I dreamt of nothing but Rapes and Duels : Methought the *Marquess*, overpower'd by the furious *Chevalier*, with his last Breath protests his Love : O Heavens ! I am seiz'd by the Conqueror. This Dream was so lively, that I started out of my Sleep with a loud Shriek.

The Sun was already above the Horizon, and shone into my Cell ; I cast a melancholy Look on the several Objects which surrounded me : A large wooden Crucifix, with a Death's Head at its Foot, made me shudder ; a Torrent of Tears ensued. When the Heart is oppress'd, every thing affects it ; a devout Reflection terrified me ; methought a crucified God, whose Sufferings I there saw represented, reproached me with my Weakness. Alas ! what could I address to him but my Tears ? and they were very plentiful. I threw myself at the Foot of the Crucifix, I called upon God, and found my Affliction abate—methought he spoke, teaching me that Patience, of which he showed himself so perfect an Example. Looking towards one End of my Chamber, a Picture of Hell, wherein Multitudes of Devils were represented tormenting the Damned, struck a Terror into me ; I turned away my Eyes from so hideous a Sight. Alas ! methought, I shall one Day fall a Prey to these Enemies of Mankind, if I continue thus to follow the Bent of my Inclinations ! Our Curate's Exhortations came fresh into my Mind ; I pray'd to God to have Mercy on me. Nature must yield when long assaulted ; I

grew faint, and threw myself into Bed again, pulling the Clothes over me; I shiver'd, and as often as the Idea of my Lover offered to re-assume its usual Sway, I drove it from me with great Earnestness, looking from Time to Time on the Crucifix, as a salutary Antidote against such a deluding Poison. Part of the Morning was spent in this Manner, when my Chamber-Door open'd: "*Ave*, (said an ancient Nun coming in) " dear Miss, how have you rested? " What not up yet? *Madame de G* ——— is below " in the Abbess's Parlour, who has sent for you." " Good God! (cried I transported at such agreeable News) ' how long has she been here? how does she ' do? what does she say?' I ask'd a thousand Questions at once. " Put on your Clothes (replied the good Nun without giving me any Answer) " you'll know " all by and by, you are waited for; but besure " you say your Prayers before you leave your Chamber; the first Duty of the Day is to offer our " Hearts to God; somebody will come for you in " a Quarter of an Hour." Saying this she left me, counting her Beads very devoutly. I jump'd out of Bed very hastily, saying my Prayers and dressing myself all at once, to save time, expecting to hear of the *Marquess*. How small a Matter dries up a Fit of Devotion, founded only on the Sally of a Passion! *Madame de G* ———'s Arrival replaced the *Marquess* in my Heart. But, my God, said I, with an Air of Confidence, I love thee with all my Soul; and may I not reserve a little Love for a Man, whose Intentions tend to nothing but what is lawful? I began to think myself not so very much to blame. My Heart was busied in regulating these things suitably to its Inclinations, when another Nun, whose beautiful Countenance was exceedingly amiable, came into my Chamber, telling me in a very engaging Manner, she was come for me. " Good " God! (said she) " you have been crying: I am " concern'd

"concern'd for you; I am apt to think you do not
 "relish a Monastery. Alas! you are not the only
 "one." I look'd earnestly at her, finding a Comfort
 in what she said; but she cast down her Eyes, and
 seem'd vexed with herself for speaking her Mind so
 freely. There are Persons, the first Sight of whom
 gains our Affections; this handsome Nun was one of
 that Number; I embraced her with great Tender-
 ness, after which we went down Stairs.

When I came into the Abbess's Parlour, I ran
 hastily, without Reflection, to *Madame de G——*
 who was at the Grate: "Good-morrow, my Dear,"
 said that good Lady; "but you ought first to salute
 'your worthy Superior; she is of a sweet Disposi-
 'tion; I have spoke to her in your Behalf, and
 'she is willing to take the Charge of your Educa-
 'tion." Struck with this Harangue, which boded
 me no Good, I turned to the Abbess and kiss'd her
 Hands; she embraced me, bidding me not to cry
 (for the Tears stood in my Eyes.) "She never was
 "among Religious People before (said she) I per-
 "ceive; she is frighten'd, but Use will make it easy."
 "Pardon me Madam, (I cried, thinking she meant
 that I had no Religion) 'I love God with all my
 'Heart.' "I don't doubt it (answer'd the Abbess with
 a Cough of a quarter long) "I believe you are very
 "devout and very virtuous." "She is a very good
 'Girl (added *Madame de G——*;) the Air of a Con-
 'vent is not very agreeable at first: But there are
 'many things which require Patience and Reflec-
 'tion; but more of that another time.' Saying this
 she wink'd upon me, as much as to say, stay till
 we are alone, I have a great deal of News.

The Abbess having master'd her Cough, with
 Plenty of Mellows and Liquorish to loosen her husky
 Lungs, began to open again, and make a *Confidante*
 of her old Friend *Madame de G——*, concerning
 all the little Animosities on foot in the Convent;
 she gave her a long Detail of the various Humours

and different Interests among them. “ Would you
 “ believe (said she very vehemently, not thinking
 of her weak Breast) “ that the Director, our dear
 “ Father, who had always been my Friend, should
 “ behave with great Coldness to me ? Surprizing !
 “ The very first time I perceived it, I employ’d Mo-
 “ ther *Gertrude*, in whom I have an entire Confi-
 “ dence, to find out the Reason. Could you imagine,
 “ my dear Lady, what I then discover’d ? That he
 “ was grown very intimate with Mother *St. Elizabeth*,
 “ who, whilst in the World, as well as here, you
 “ know, never loved me. Now judge whence the
 “ Blow comes. Nevertheless, God is my Witness,
 “ I made a Sacrifice of my Resentment, it being
 “ in my Power, as Abbess (unworthy) to make her
 “ sensible of it; instead of that (continued she, growing
 warmer and thumping the Board) “ I have promoted
 “ her to the best Offices in the Community, even
 “ that of Treasurer ; judge now, Treasurer ! so con-
 “ siderable, that in one Point she may controul the
 “ Abbess herself. She is a very *Serpent*, whom I have
 “ cherish’d in my Breast.” That Word was very
 distinct : Passion uttered it, while Charity was for-
 got ; it’s true, every Invektive was qualified with a
God forgive me ; but still, *she is a very Serpent*
 was the Burden of the Song. “ To rob me of the
 “ Friendship of our Director, our Father, such a Fa-
 “ ther ! he that absolves us, purifies us and con-
 “ ducts us to Heaven ! Do you apprehend the great
 “ Consequence ? Ah ! Madam, I shall never be
 “ comforted.”

This Conversation, which from my longing to
 be alone with *Madame de G* —, became insup-
 portably tedious, was fortunately interrupted by a
 Nun’s coming in with her Veil over her Face :
 at her Entrance she bow’d to the Ground, and then
 kiss’d the Abbess’s Hands, who very devoutly em-
 braced her Head, telling her to put up her Veil,
 for there were no Men present. “ What would you
 “ have

“ have with me, dear Mother ?” continued the Abbess. The Nun began to whisper in her Ear ; but she certainly thought we were deaf, for she spoke so loud that I heard every Word. “ Mighty well, (replied the Abbess) “ I am coming ; do you stay for me on the Stairs. Would you believe (said she addressing herself to *Madame de G*——) “ what they are doing ? there is another Cabal on foot ; I am told, “ three of the Ancients and the good Father Director “ are now plotting against me in the Trinity Parlour ; “ there is a private Place from whence I can overhear them, unless my continual Coughing does not “ spoil all ; but Heaven will support me. *Adieu*, “ Mum, you see the Consequence.” Saying this the Abbess retired, giving me a little Pat as she passed by, and muttering something to herself.

“ Come near, *Jenny* (said *Madame de G*——, as soon as we were alone) “ let us take this Opportunity “ the Abbess has given us, to whom, what I have to “ say to you must be a profound Secret ; we should be “ ruined, were it to be known you are the Cause of “ what has happen’d last Night. Resolution is requisite, my Dear ; the News I bring will not be very “ agreeable, but rather far from it.” Here she paused a while to recollect herself. This melancholy Prologue went to my Heart, and scarce left me Strength to hear the new Catastrophe, which she related in the following Words.

“ You had scarce left my House (continued *Madame de G*——) “ when *M. Gripart* came to me in a violent Hurry. What’s this I hear, Madam (said he ?) “ I had like to have been finely bubbled indeed ! I “ chanced to overhear two Footmen talking together “ in the Park, otherwise my Market would have been “ made in a very notable Match truly ! Would any “ one have believed that she could look so demure, yet “ marry a Husband and retain her Gallant ? I had “ pleased myself with the Thoughts of making her “ Fortune ; but, thank my Stars, I am very easy as to

‘that Particular; the only thing which gives me
 ‘any Uneasiness, is, Madam, that you, who know how
 ‘much I am your Friend, could see me thus imposed
 ‘upon, being no Stranger, in all probability, to this
 ‘Country Girl’s Behaviour. Whoever thought it so
 ‘easy to gull me, were much mistaken; for I would
 ‘have the World know that the *Griparts* were never
 ‘taken in yet, and what’s more, never will; and
 ‘whenever I am Fool enough to commit Matrimony,
 ‘I’ll warrant beforehand the Success of my Choice.’

A small Digression must be excused; for it would not be fair, to let any of the Heroes in this History make their Exit, without communicating to the Reader their various Fortunes. As to this, he proved no Prophet, for in a few Years he married the noted Miss *Fanny* — : the Ticket suffices. Her Cunning was such during M. *Gripart*’s Courtship, that he never suspected her Virtue; and Fortune was so favourable to her, that though she was in keeping to the very Wedding Day, he never discovered it; nay it might always have remained a Secret to him, if her ill, unguarded Conduct after Marriage had not extorted from him, notwithstanding all his Prevention in her Favour, an Acknowledgment of his wretched Destiny. In his first Transports he raved like a Madman, beat her, and confined her, as he said, for Life. However his Anger abated, and in less than a twelve Month, he brought his Wife home again, but quite another Woman; her Confinement had afforded Leisure for proper Reflexions on her former Behaviour; and she is at this Day a Pattern to the best of Wives.

Let us return to what *Madame de G* — was relating to me. ‘In spite of all I could say to M. *Gripart* (continued she) he went out dissatisfied, got into his Chaise, and went away murmuring. My Husband in the mean time had put every Body we had under Arms, to protect us in Case of an Attack; but it proved an unnecessary Precaution as
 to.

‘ to our House; Chance dispos’d of things otherwise,
 ‘ and it was said, there was no foreseeing the Mis-
 ‘ fortune that was to happen.

‘ The *Marquess* of *L. K.* was no sooner retired,
 ‘ (which, notwithstanding all I told him to the con-
 ‘ trary, he did with little Precaution,) than the
 ‘ Servants of the *Chevalier d’Elbieux*, who knew his
 ‘ Livery, acquainted their Master, who was highly en-
 ‘ raged at it, imagining that under the Appearance of
 ‘ marrying you to *M. Gripart*, they intended to
 ‘ make his Rival happy. With this Prepossession the
 ‘ *Chevalier* hastily quitted his Post, and enter’d the
 ‘ Court of the Castle with his Attendants Sword in
 ‘ Hand: He furiously demanded the *Marquess*, and
 ‘ striking a Terror into those he met, obliged them to
 ‘ show which Way he went. The Fright into which
 ‘ he put a Shepherd was the Reason of his being
 ‘ wrong directed as to the Road your Lover took, and
 ‘ that he pursued the Road *M. Gripart* had tak-
 ‘ en. The *Chevalier*, who went full Gallop, was
 ‘ not long before he came up with a *Valet de Cham-*
 ‘ *bre* belonging to the *Financer*, who was following
 ‘ his Chaise at some Distance.

‘ The *Chevalier* began the Tragedy by fetching
 ‘ him down with one of his Pistols, after which, he
 ‘ pursued his Way. *Gripart* at the Report of the
 ‘ Pistol looked out of his Chaise, and seeing his *Valet*
 ‘ fall, thought they were attack’d by Thieves: he
 ‘ immediately got out of the Vehicle, and thro’ Fear
 ‘ fell on his Knees in the Middle of the Road, with
 ‘ his Purse in his Hand, begging in a suppliant Man-
 ‘ ner for Mercy and his Life. The *Chevalier d’*
 ‘ *Elbieux* in his Fury rode over him without the least
 ‘ regard to his Intreaties, thinking to find the *Mar-*
 ‘ *quess* in the Chaise: as soon as he was got within
 ‘ Reach, he discharged his Pistol; the Ball went thro’
 ‘ the Vehicle, and shatter’d the Postillion’s Shoulder.
 ‘ *D’Elbieux* was surprized to the last Degree, when
 ‘ looking into the Chaise, he did not meet with what
 ‘ he

* he sought for, but found himself mistaken, and his
 * Rival escaped. The Way being narrow, he once
 * more rode over the unfortunate *Gripart*, now quite
 * crippled : but he ran on his own Ruin ; the time
 * of Vengeance was come, Heaven was going to pu-
 * nish him for all his wicked Attempts.

* The *Marquess* of *L. V.* who was returning very
 * gently home, like a chagrin'd Lover, awaked from
 * his Melancholy with the Noise of Pistols, turned
 * his Horse with Precipitation towards the Place
 * from whence it came. O Heavens ! he cried, *Jen-
 ny* is on the Road ; can this be any thing regarding
 * her ? Some fresh Enterprize ! We are always solli-
 * citous for what is dear to us, and apt to recall to our
 * Minds the most tragical Events. The *Marquess*,
 * struck with this Idea, entered the Road we have
 * just now mentioned full Speed ; he was too well
 * acquainted with the *Chevalier d' Elbieux* to mistake
 * him : an empty Chaise, the Peasants flying and im-
 * ploring Succour, the lamentable Outcries of maim-
 * ed *Gripart*, two Men laid upon the Ground, all
 * this seem'd to intimate to him a second Rape. As to
 * * *d' Elbieux* he had the same Opinion of the *Marquess*,
 * he sought him too earnestly to avoid him : his Ea-
 * gerness to be revenged made him forget his Pistol
 * was discharg'd, and he faced his Rival with it un-
 * loaded in his Hand : Thou shalt not escape (cries he
 * as soon as he came up to him, pulling the Trigger
 * in vain) I will make thee know a second time
 * the *Chevalier d' Elbieux*. The *Marquess*, without
 * answering him, gave Fire, and lodged the whole
 * Charge in his Body ; the Shock of which was so
 * great, that he dismounted the *Chevalier* from his
 * Horse : Receive the Punishment due to thy Crimes,
 * says the *Marquess*, alighting and presenting the other
 * Pistol to his Head ; thou art a dead Man this In-
 * stant, if thou dost not tell me where *Jenny* is, and
 * what you have done with her. I have not seen her,
 * replied the *Chevalier d' Elbieux* in a low dejected
 * Voice :

' Voice : I confess, I had formed a Design of taking
 ' her away this Night, but hearing by chance you
 ' was at the Castle, and suspecting you might also
 ' intend to secure her to yourself for ever, I quitted
 ' the Place, where I lay conceal'd, in pursuit of you.
 ' Art thou sincere? (cried the furious *Marquess*, fear-
 ' ing lest he should be imposed upon.) Yes truly,
 ' (replied the wounded Man ;) you have vanquish'd
 ' me, and may take your Revenge ; afford me but
 ' Time to recollect myself, and to implore God's
 ' Pardon for all my Offences ; my Eyes are open, I
 ' see my Errors, and I am in the utmost Anguish for
 ' having committed them ; pray forget—
 ' Here thro' the loss of Blood, the *Chevalier's*
 ' Speech failed him. The *Marquess*, whose Sentiments
 ' are generous, was moved to compassion ; after or-
 ' dering his Servants to assist in carrying him to the
 ' Castle, he left him, and came to me in the mean-
 ' while, to acquaint me with this Transaction. Do-
 ' but judge, my dear *Jenny*, of the Grief with
 ' which this fatal News has over-whelm'd me.

' Fly, Sir, fly, I cried as soon he had done speak-
 ' ing ; this is an Affair of the utmost Consequence,
 ' and I greatly fear lest it plunge you into such an
 ' Abyss, as perhaps we shall all together find great
 ' Difficulty in extricating ourselves. Alas! reply'd
 ' the *Marquess*, the plain Truth will clear me, but I
 ' tremble to think of my charming *Jenny* : If her
 ' *Asile*, where she now is, shou'd take air at Court,
 ' you may depend upon it she will be confined the
 ' Remainder of her Days, by virtue of a *Lettre de*
 ' *Cachet*. I answered, I am easy on that Head :
 ' Measures have been so well taken, there is but one
 ' Man, and he I can depend upon, who knows of
 ' her Retreat ; besides that, she passes in the Convent
 ' where she is, for a Relation of mine, who has
 ' Thoughts of becoming a Nun. I have prevailed
 ' with her Father and Mother to say, that their
 ' Daughter had absented herself, and they knew

not

not what was become of her ; thus you see, let
 them make what search they please, it is impos-
 sible to discover her. Now I begin again to live,
 says the *Marquess* kissing my Hand. Go; get you
 gone, says I, Time is precious ; perhaps they are
 even now in search of you, I will not have you
 stay to make me any Answer. As soon as you are
 secure from all Accidents, let me hear from you,
 and I will inform you of what regards us.

The *Marquess* was scarce gone, when Word
 came, they were bringing in the *Chevalier d'El-
 bieux* ; Motion had brought him to himself. My
 Husband's Surgeon, who never leaves him, on ac-
 count of an Apoplexy of which he is in Danger,
 has probed the Wound ; he thinks it dangerous,
 but says however, he may get the better of it.

The *Valet de Chambre* belonging to M. *Gripart*
 was killed, and his Master is so full of Contusions,
 he will not be able to stir these six Months ; the
 Postillion lies dangerously ill ; in short, dear Child,
 my House is become an Hospital. As we are
 very much beloved upon our Estate, we have de-
 sired it might be a Secret: it was not talk'd of
 this Morning, but I much apprehend I shall hear
 dismal News at my Return. I ran hither in a hurry
 to prepare you, that if it should happen that this
 Story comes out, you may be upon your Guard,
 not to let it be suspected you are the Cause of
 these tragical Events. You must affect a great deal
 of Unconcern ; without that, you are lost yourself ;
 and will involve us all in the same Fate. Such,
 Jenny, such are the Effects of your cruel Charms.
 I wish to God you had been less beautiful, you had
 then inspired less Love ; had I too hearken'd to
Madem. d'Elbieux, we had avoided a deal of Chagrin:

This last Stroke of *Madame de G* — 's was
 a thousand Daggers in my Heart ; I was in such
 a Consternation as to remain motionless, without
 being able to utter one Word : my Tears, as well as
 Voice,

Voice, stuck in their Passage, and I should have fainted away, had not a Nun who came in, supported me ; it was her for whom I had conceiv'd so great an Affection ; she came from the Superior to make her Excuse for not returning. This amiable young Woman, alarmed at the Condition in which she saw me, took me in her Arms with a thousand tender Caresses. *Madame de G——*, moved with these Marks of Amity, recommended me to her Care. ' Do not leave her (says she) she is in trouble, ' there is nobody more capable than yourself to ' give her Consolation ; her Father will have her be ' a Nun, but she has a Reluctancy to it, and this is ' the reason why she is so much dejected.' " Ah " my God! (cried this charming young Woman) why " will they render her so unhappy? Ah Madam ! " have Pity on the poor Child." ' I can stay no ' longer, (reply'd *Madame de G——*) Business calls ' me away, and I am waited for ; assure her, when she ' comes to herself again, that I shall always look on ' her as my Daughter, and that she shall soon hear ' from me.' Saying this, she went away.

Notwithstanding my Fainting, I heard every Word ; my Patroness was no sooner gone, but I found myself extreamly out of Order.

' Take Courage, my Child, says young *Saint Agnes* to me (for that was the Nun's Name) I sincerely pity you : Endeavour to bear up, and let ' us get to a convenient place : Be not dejected, ' pluck up a good Heart, I will set you an Example, ' in me you shall find a true Friend.' With these Words she gave me her Arm, and conducted me to my Chamber, where she immediately obliged me to go to Bed. I lay a long time without uttering one single Word, or making any other Answer, but squeezing her most tenderly by the Hand. ' Well, ' my good Girl (says she) sitting down upon my Bed, ' how do you find yourself?' " Alas ! (replied I bursting at length into Tears) " how do I find my-
" self?

“ self? the unhappiest of Creatures! there is a fatal Destiny attends my Actions, the most cruel Events succeed one after another. Certainly (says I lifting my Eyes towards Heaven) “ never “ Wretch was over-whelm’d with so many Mis-
“ fortunes.

“ If it be true (replied *Saint Agnes*, folding me in her Arms) “ that the Consolation of those that “ suffer, depends on their finding Companions more “ to be pitied than themselves, you would soon be “ reliev’d. Behold my dear Child, behold in me, the “ most unfortunate of Persons. Were even your Afflictions greater than they are, they could not be “ compared to mine: you, at least, are at liberty, but “ I am doubly engaged; under this Veil I carry a “ wounded Heart pierced with a thousand Darts; “ deplorable Victim of Caprice, I drag on a Life of “ Wretchedness, by so much the more insupportable, “ as I am obliged by Decency, Honour, and the Interest of my Relations, to stifle all Resentments. “ What do I say? I have not yet had the Comfort “ of a Friend to whom I might unbosom my Secrets and my Troubles. You are the only one to “ whom I have said so much, and for whom I have “ so tender a Concern. Let us blend our Misfortunes; “ make me your Confident, you are mine already; “ we shall reap equal Benefit from our mutual Afflictions. Shall it be so my dear *Jenny*?” “ Ah! (replied I with great Ardency) “ what Comfort it is for “ me in my present Condition, to find so much Compassion in a Place that is so disagreeable!” “ How “ kindly I take your Sentiments! (said *St. Agnes* :) “ Your aversion to the Cloister is so conformable to mine, you deserve on that Title alone to be let into “ the Secret of my Affairs. I am going to lay open “ my Heart to you; you shall judge how highly I “ value your Friendship, since, as soon as I know you, I “ deliver myself entirely up to you: we have still almost an Hour to ourselves without Interruption, I
“ am

‘ am persuaded my Story will in some measure mitigate your Sufferings.

‘ I shall touch but slightly on my Birth, altho’ there was something very particular in it. I am of *Pont-a-Mousson* in *Lorraine*, Daughter of one of the principal Persons of that Town. My Mother was extremely handsome, and married to a Man of Quality, who generally resided at an Estate not far from that Place; she was five and twenty when I was born, and for some Reasons, which I shall mention hereafter, she conceal’d her Pregnancy, and was privately brought to Bed. I was brought up under the Notion of being a Gardener’s Daughter who lived four or five Leagues off. The first Years of my Childhood were spent in mean Employments, such as suited with the Profession of my adopted Father. The Jealousy of my two Sisters, as I took them to be, rendering me continually the Object of their Hatred, was the Reason why, out of mere Pity, they charged me with the Care of tending the Sheep: The Hardships with which I was constantly oppress’d, made this Employment very supportable, and I blessed my Stars for the Alteration.

‘ The Lord of the Village where I liv’d, was named *M. Melicourt*; he was Counsellor in the Parliament of *M——*, and he came down to his Estate every Year during the Vacation. He had a Son, who was in his Studies, that never failed to accompany him thither. This young Gentleman was very handsome, well shaped, and graver than those of his Age: instead of employing himself in Hunting, or other Pastimes, he spent part of it in Reading; his only Recreation was walking in the Fields near the Village in the Cool of the Evening. I met him almost every Day with a Book in his Hand: as often as he passed by me, and that was not seldom, he took off his Hat. At that time I was near fourteen; lively, and liked
‘ young

• young *Melicourt* extreamly. Notwithstanding I al-
 • ways look'd down on the Ground when we met,
 • yet I should have been mightily vex'd to have been
 • depriv'd of the Pleasure of meeting him.

• One Day, when I had drove my Sheep near a
 • Warren a little Way from *Trese* (for that is the
 • Name of the Village) I spy'd young *Melicourt* a-
 • sleep on the Grass, under a Beech Tree : I was
 • not sorry for the Accident ; my Heart had long
 • wish'd for an Opportunity of gazing on him with-
 • out bringing my Modesty in question. Tho' I was
 • unacquainted with the Effects of Love, yet I plain-
 • ly felt an Inclination prevailing in my Soul ; but in
 • spite of my low Education, I had so much Com-
 • mand over my self, as not to give a Loose to it.

• This favourable Conjuncture encouraged me ; I
 • was all alone, he fast asleep ; I advanced towards him
 • step by step, stopping sometimes for fear of waking
 • him. In my Hand I had a small Stiek, with which
 • I mov'd the Leaves, to try if his Sleep was sound :
 • it was needless, for the Youth gave me all the Rea-
 • son in the World to think he enjoyed a most pro-
 • found Repose. Thus encouraged, I drew very near
 • him, my Heart in my Mouth for Fear. *Melicourt*
 • is of a brown Complexion, charming Eyes, sweet
 • Countenance, very fine Hair, curl'd and negligent-
 • ly tyed up with a Ribbon ; in the Attitude, in
 • which he lay, his Face was entirely seen, on which
 • there sat so much Serenity and Comeliness, that one
 • could not behold it without Delight ; my tender
 • Heart was so sensibly affected, that its Captivity was
 • compleated by this rash Scrutiny. There lay on the
 • Ground a Book, and it came into my Head to se-
 • cure it. My Father, who was a School-Master at
 • *Trese*, had taught me to read : I was curious to know
 • what I could make of this Book. After I had put it
 • into my Pocket, I purpos'd to retire, lest I should
 • be suspected of the Theft ; but I had not Force to
 • move ; some secret Power withheld me. Fatal
 • Curiosity

' Curiosity to young Persons, which often entangles
 ' them against their Will! If I retir'd a Step or two,
 ' it was only to return with greater Eagerness: *Meli-*
 ' *court* was a Loadstone, from which I could not se-
 ' parate; however, I was withdrawing myself on his
 ' stirring, as if he had been going to awake, when
 ' a Wasp came and settled on his Face. I stoop'd
 ' immediately, too much interested not to stretch out
 ' my Arm and drive it off; but it was done so auk-
 ' wardly, or rather in such great Confusion, that in
 ' endeavouring to remove this dangerous Insect, I
 ' gave *Melicourt* a great Slap in the Face. He bounc'd
 ' up in a sudden Surprise, and mutter'd some Words
 ' which I did not understand, I was so frighten'd. On
 ' my endeavouring to run away, he snatch'd hold of
 ' my Gown, and with a Smile that quite charm'd
 ' my Heart, Tell me, he said, my pretty Maid, what
 ' in the Name of God have I done to you, that you
 ' should disturb my Rest? Alas! Sir, answer'd I
 ' all in amaze, I ask your Pardon, my intention was
 ' not to hurt you; being in search of a stray'd Sheep,
 ' I happened, in passing by, to see a Wasp just go-
 ' ing to sting you; I immediately ran up to prevent
 ' it, and the Hurry I was in might occasion the
 ' Hurt you complain of. Whilst I was making, with
 ' a dissembled Innocence, this Apology, the Youth ex-
 ' amined me with all the Attention imaginable, and
 ' express'd a Wonder that seem'd to flatter my Va-
 ' nity. When I had done speaking he would have
 ' thrown his Arms about my Neck to thank me, as
 ' he call'd it, for the Service I had done him. Cover-
 ' ed with Blushes, I avoided his intended Kindness.
 ' Dear Creature, he cry'd, be not angry; can you be
 ' displeased with the Sallies of my Gratitude? pri-
 ' thee stay; I will be more reserved, if you think
 ' me to blame for yielding to the Transports your
 ' Charms have rais'd in my Breast; you are the
 ' first that has been able to inspire them. Taking
 ' me by the Hand, Good God, says he, how hand-
 ' some

‘ some you are ! the only one to whom I ever said
 ‘ so much before, because you alone have appear’d
 ‘ so in my Eyes.

‘ I pretended not to understand this Discourse. But
 ‘ I do assure you, my dear Child, young as I was,
 ‘ I easily comprehended it savour’d too much of
 ‘ Flattery ; and notwithstanding my Affection for
 ‘ this young Man, I retired. Ah ! don’t run away,
 ‘ cried *Melicourt*, endeavouring to stop me ; the
 ‘ Sun is not set, why will you deprive me of the
 ‘ Pleasure of your Company ? Cruel Creature !
 ‘ continued he, seeing me at some Distance, better
 ‘ for me to have been stung by the Wasp ! the Smart
 ‘ it would have caused had been soon over ; where-
 ‘ as the Wound, made by the Dart from your Eyes,
 ‘ will never be healed.

‘ Whilst he was thus talking, I came up with my
 ‘ Flock ; *Melicourt* followed me at some Distance ;
 ‘ but whilst I saw him come one Way, I went ano-
 ‘ ther, under pretence of keeping my Flock together.
 ‘ He soon discovered my Roguery, and stood still
 ‘ with his Arms across, looking on me with an Air
 ‘ that I believe had a great deal of meaning in it. I
 ‘ seem’d not to mind him, and went on to the Village,
 ‘ and often looking back, brought home an Impres-
 ‘ sion that still lives in my Mind. You see what
 ‘ giddy Girls expose themselves to thro’ Curiosity.

‘ I will not entertain you, my dear Friend, (con-
 ‘ tinued the Nun) ‘ with all the Opportunities we had
 ‘ of meeting and conversing together. Young *Meli-
 ‘ court* had a tender honest Heart, and I, prepossess-
 ‘ ed in his Favour, was not long before I own’d to
 ‘ him the Progress he had made in my Affections :
 ‘ He was overjoyed at it, and in spite of my mean
 ‘ Birth, he vowed to be mine for ever. Oh what
 ‘ flattering Joys ! what happy Days ! But, alas !
 ‘ the Vacation was expired, and he must go away.
 ‘ Bath’d in Tears we bid a mutual farewell, with-
 ‘ out any other Comfort but the Hopes of seeing

each other again. For my part, though he promised a speedy Return, I was inconsolable for three Months. I utter'd my mournful Sorrows to my poor Sheep, I trusted none but them ; but their peaceable Silence did not ease my distracted Breast.

Returning home one Evening, more fatigued with the Pangs of my Heart than with my Day's Work, I saw running towards me a Daughter of the Person who passed for my Mother ; she seem'd in a great Hurry, and, by the Signs she made, had earnest Business with me ; I made haste to meet her. So *Minette*, says she, (for that was the Name I went by, because they thought me sly) what will you give me for my good News ? don't be surprized, some body is come you'll be glad to see. At this I could not help blushing, I immediately thought it was *Melicourt* she meant, or, as a guilty Conscience needs no Accuser, that our Amour was discover'd ; I did not dare ask my Sister any Questions. Sure you have very little Curiosity, says she, and embraced me, which was very unusual for her to do. Methinks of late you have been very indifferent as to every thing. Well, to punish you, I have a great Mind not to tell you that there is come a fine great Lady in a Coach to our House, who ask'd for Mother, and went into a Room all alone with her ; nor that, being curious, I contrived slyly to hear all their Conversation. Marry, I know it all. I won't tell you neither, that it seems you are not our Sister, and that the Lady claims you as her own Daughter. How now ! cried I, struck with this Discourse (which would not have surprized me so much, if I had read as many Romances then as I have since) what do you mean by all this ? By pretending to keep me in Ignorance, you tell me strange things, and which I can hardly believe ; I know very well you want to laugh at me. For what can I think of all this Story ? You may be in the right, answer'd my Sister very maliciously ;

maliciously; however I suppose there is something in it, for I heard them telling Money, and they say People take Care how they part with that. The Girl had scarce done talking, when up comes another of my Sisters with the same Emotion, crying out to me to make haste home, and leave her to tend the Sheep, my Mother having order'd it so. I obey'd, and came my ways. I was scarce got in, when my Mother, or rather she I look'd upon to be such, took off my Handkerchief, and shew'd a Mark that I have on my Neck, to a fine Lady there present. 'Tis certainly her, says the Lady, not that I should have doubted it though you had not shewn me this; her Face speaks it. Then directing her Discourse to me, My dear Child, will you come and live with me? says she in a very gracious Manner. I have your Mother's Consent: I'll take Care of you, and it will be an Ease to her. Your Ladyship is mighty good, replies the Gardener's Wife; *Minette* will go along with you with all her Heart; she is very tractable and good natured. Your Goodness will excuse her if she does not answer as she should, she has not been used to fine Folks. The Lady not much minding what she said, got up and whisper'd something in her Ear: I was order'd to go and put on my holyday Gown in all haste, not to make People stay for me. I obey'd quite dejected, and could not reconcile what my Sister had told me with what I had just heard. I burst into Tears, as I was putting on my Clothes. Alas! I shall never see my dear Shepherd (for so I called *Melicourt* at our endearing Interviews) he will forget me, and I shall be undone. And what will become of you, my poor dear little Sheep? shall not I make much of you once more before I go? All these little Reflections increased my Fears: they recommended me to the Lady and to my Mother, being construed as the Effects of a tender Heart. I embrac'd, with the utmost Affection, the

Parents

‘ Parents I was going to leave ; it was a moving
 ‘ Sight, and I believe our Grief was mutual.

‘ I was no sooner on the Road, and alone with
 ‘ this strange Lady, but I began to revolve in my
 ‘ Mind all my Sister had said to me ; the Manner
 ‘ in which I was treated did not agree with what
 ‘ she had flatter’d me withal. The Lady seem’d
 ‘ very thoughtful and abstracted ; she did not so
 ‘ much as speak to me, but seem’d taken up with
 ‘ some very serious Matter. As simple as I was,
 ‘ I could not help saying to myself, sure if she were
 ‘ my Mother what should hinder her, now we are
 ‘ alone, from embracing me as a Daughter : I was
 ‘ tempted twenty Times at all hazards to throw my-
 ‘ self about her Neck. We had not gone two Leagues,
 ‘ before a genteel Man on Horseback rode up to
 ‘ the Coach-Door, and in a familiar Manner saluted
 ‘ the Lady ; he look’d very stedfastly on me all
 ‘ the rest of the Journey, ask’d me several Questi-
 ‘ ons, often saying I was very pretty.

‘ This brought us to the Castle, where we alighted.
 ‘ I went with the Gentleman and the Lady into
 ‘ an Apartment, where they seem’d to be expected
 ‘ to Supper ; the Cloth was ready laid, and they
 ‘ sat down to Table. My Supper was brought me
 ‘ to the Fire-side, where the Lady had placed me ;
 ‘ their Eyes were continually upon me. Notwith-
 ‘ standing the Perplexity I was in, there was a
 ‘ *je ne sçai quoi* that encouraged me, and made me
 ‘ find a Pleasure in looking at them in my turn ;
 ‘ the Lady often crying, let me tell you this will be
 ‘ no slovenly Girl when once she comes to have
 ‘ some good Clothes on. The Gentleman was entire-
 ‘ ly of her Opinion ; he made me stand up to confi-
 ‘ der my Shape, and had the Curiosity even to look
 ‘ on the Mark on my Neck. I was ashamed and
 ‘ would not let him : there is no harm, *Minette*, you
 ‘ need not be so reserved to that Gentleman, says the
 ‘ Lady, whatever you are to others. As soon as ever

H

he

' he saw the Mark, he seem'd extreamly satisfied,
 ' and embraced me with all the Goodness imagina-
 ' ble. All this put me so much out of Countenance,
 ' that I could not swallow one Morsel, altho' Intrea-
 ' ties were not wanting. When they thought I had
 ' supp'd, a Waiting-Woman, whom I heard 'em
 ' call Mrs. *Bretigny*, was ordered to conduct me into
 ' a little Closet that joined to the Room. She bid
 ' me go to Bed; and offered to help me to undress,
 ' caressing me very much: I did whatever she bid
 ' me. As soon as I was got into a little Bed that
 ' was prepared for me, she went out of the Room,
 ' and shut a glass Door after her.

' I was too much disturbed with all I had seen
 ' that Day, to fall asleep immediately. I could not
 ' help thinking of what my Sister had told me,
 ' and had not forgot the very Stratagem she made
 ' use of to satisfy her Curiosity. One is more in-
 ' clined to follow bad Example than good; accord-
 ' ingly I got up as softly as possible in order to
 ' hearken: I just lifted up the Corner of the silk
 ' Curtain that was over the glass Door; the Gen-
 ' tleman and Lady were still at the Table, they
 ' spoke so low that I could not hear what they said,
 ' but could easily see by their Motions they were
 ' on some earnest Business. The Waiting-Woman
 ' had got into my Place, and seem'd to be of the
 ' Consultation.

' I began to despair of satisfying my Curiosity,
 ' and was going to Bed, when the Lady unexpected-
 ' ly raised her Voice. After all, my Friend, says
 ' she, what Risk do we run, and where's the great
 ' Harm for People to know, that instead of being
 ' in the Islands, where you were supposed to be,
 ' you lay hid all the while somewhere near my
 ' House? My Reputation won't suffer by that; the
 ' concealing my Pregnancy and this Child, the
 ' World will know, was to favour your suppos'd
 ' Absence; but since your Affair, thank God, is made
 up,

up, I see no reason why we should not own this
 Child. Bless me, *Madam*, replied my Father (for
 I could not doubt but it was him) besides giving
 the Publick a Handle to talk, you fall into another
 Difficulty you don't think of; your eldest Daugh-
 ter is married to one of the most selfish Men in
 France; what will he say when you declare the
 Birth of *Minette*, tho' you let him, as you cer-
 tainly must, into the whole Secret of this Adven-
 ture? He will not believe a Word on't, and will
 look on the Child as supposititious, on purpose to
 be a Joint-Heirefs with his Wife; he'll prosecute
 you; the World is malicious, and the Court will
 be appris'd of my Non-compliance: You know
 very well, when I had the Misfortune to kill the
 Count of *D*—in a Duel; his Family was prevail'd
 upon to have the Proceedings against me stopp'd,
 on Condition that I departed the Kingdom, the
 contrary of which we must prove, and consequent-
 ly will make me liable to a fresh Indictment. The
 repealing my Banishment (which is now brought
 about by the Death of him that was my greatest
 Enemy in this Affair) depends, as to its Validity,
 upon my having perform'd the Conditions impos'd
 on me. Only reflect that this will spoil all, and,
 in order to prove the Birth of this Child, which
 your Son-in-Law will assuredly oppose for the
 Reasons I have just now assign'd, you must make
 it appear, I repeat it again, that I staid in the
 Kingdom, and did not comply with the precise
 Orders of the Court. These are my Motives, adds
 my Father; can you on your Side assign better?
 My Mother would not give it up: the meaning
 of all this is, says she in a great Passion, that this
 poor Infant, who is your lawful Daughter, must
 be deprived of her Birth-right, to which she will
 one Day be so justly entitled, and throughout her
 whole Life will remain unacquainted with the
 Condition to which she was born. I allow, says

‘ my Father, her Situation is very unhappy : times
 ‘ may alter ; but, at present, how can we reconcile
 ‘ these Matters ? There is no great Difficulty in that,
 ‘ cried the Waiting-Woman interrupting ‘em, who
 ‘ not being sensible of the Force of maternal Affection,
 ‘ could not be expected so naturally to consult
 ‘ my Interests ; Miss is young ; she takes herself to
 ‘ be far different from what she really is ; clap her in-
 ‘ to a Convent, and make a Nun of her ; truly she
 ‘ may think herself well off so : when she is pro-
 ‘ fess’d, let her know that she is your Daughter, nay
 ‘ you may publish it if you please. Pray what can
 ‘ your Son-in-Law object to that ? The Advice is
 ‘ not amiss, answered my Mother, I’ll think of it.
 ‘ My Father said not a Word, but it was easy to
 ‘ know by the Manner in which he sat musing, he
 ‘ did not much like the Scheme ; Silence ensued, and
 ‘ thinking all was over I return’d to my Bed, where
 ‘ I dropt asleep in the midst of a thousand perplex-
 ‘ ing Thoughts.

‘ Early next Morning *Mademoiselle Bretigny* came
 ‘ to call me ; she tried on several Gowns that had
 ‘ been my Sister’s, some of them fitted me very well.
 ‘ I was dress’d in an Instant suitably to my Birth ;
 ‘ and from thence I went into my Mother’s Cham-
 ‘ ber. *Minette*, says she, calling me to her Bedside,
 ‘ hearken well to what I am going to say. Your Mo-
 ‘ ther was formerly my Servant, I love her, and for
 ‘ that Reason I promised to take one of her Daugh-
 ‘ ters ; I have pitched upon you, because I liked
 ‘ you ; my Intention is to place you in a Monastery
 ‘ for Education ; you are old enough, and have
 ‘ Sense to know what is for your Good ; if they
 ‘ knew you was but a Country Girl, they might not
 ‘ shew you all that Regard I desire, in the House
 ‘ where I am going to place you ; if it should hap-
 ‘ pen you have a mind to be a Nun, they would not
 ‘ admit you on account of your Birth ; therefore
 ‘ it is now come into my Head to make you pass
 for

‘ for my Niece just come from *Provence* ; I have
 ‘ bid *Bretigny* instruct you to this Purpose, she shall
 ‘ go with you this very Day to *M—*, where you
 ‘ shall have Clothes made ; then you shall come to
 ‘ me again, where you shall stay till you have got
 ‘ rid of your Country Fashions, that you may enter
 ‘ the Convent without disgracing the Name you bear.

‘ Whilst my Mother was thus talking to me, I
 ‘ looked at her very earnestly ; I could not help be-
 ‘ ing mov’d : My Father was gone, and left me alone
 ‘ with her ; I burst into a Flood of Tears ; there is
 ‘ no getting the better of Nature, it will recur on all
 ‘ Occasions : My Mother was an Instance of it ; she
 ‘ could not contain herself, but caress’d me with the
 ‘ utmost Affection ; unless *Bretigny* had come in, she
 ‘ would have betrayed all. What are you about, Ma-
 ‘ dam ? says the waiting Woman as she entered the
 ‘ Room ; there wants nothing here but my Master.
 ‘ Prithee take her away, says my Mother, I cannot
 ‘ bear it any longer. At these Words my Tears re-
 ‘ doubled ; and now I began to act the Part of a
 ‘ Daughter by shewing my Obedience ; *Bretigny*
 ‘ taking me by the Hand put me into a Chaise, and
 ‘ we went away.

‘ In vain did she try to make me speak, my
 ‘ Heart was too full ; I scarce could get down one
 ‘ Mouthful at Dinner. That Night we got to *M—* ;
 ‘ the first Thing she did at the Inn, was to send
 ‘ for the Tradesmen, to bespeak what was necessary
 ‘ for me, which they promised should be ready in
 ‘ two Days.

‘ The next Morning *Bretigny* having a great
 ‘ deal of Business, went out in the Town, but took
 ‘ care to lock me into my Room ; I went to the
 ‘ Window, quite taken up with all that had hap-
 ‘ pen’d ; *Melicourt* was not forgot. I was just then
 ‘ musing on the beginning of our Amour, when I
 ‘ cast my Eyes on a young Man, who pass’d under
 ‘ the Window ; methought I should know him, I

' look'd again ; guess my Astonishment, when I
 ' saw it was my Shepherd himself ! Clapping my
 ' Hands for Joy, I call'd out to him : He look'd
 ' up, and, for all the Alteration of my fine Clothes,
 ' knew me again. Bless me ! cries he, 'tis *Minette* !
 ' He staid only to say that, and came running to
 ' the Chamber-Door. *Minette, Minette*, says he thro'
 ' the Key-hole, let in your unfortunate Shepherd ;
 ' what Transports ! what Joy ! who could have dreamt
 ' of you here ? Is it on my account ? how comes it
 ' you are no longer a Shepherdess ? Open the Door
 ' quickly. The poor Boy ask'd me a hundred Questions
 ' at a time. I let him know I was lock'd in,
 ' that I had a thousand things to say, but that it
 ' was impossible for me to speak to him thro' the
 ' Door, when every Moment we were liable to be sur-
 ' prised. He ask'd me how I came to be lock'd up :
 ' I satisfied him as well as I could ; we agreed in
 ' a hurry, that he should lie hid in some part of the
 ' House, and that as soon as *Bretigny* came in, I
 ' was to endeavour to get loose and come and talk
 ' with him : He went away, but promised me that
 ' notwithstanding his School-hours, to which he was
 ' still unfortunately confin'd, he wou'd not quit the
 ' House, till he had assured me of the Sincerity of
 ' his Passion : We agreed upon a Signal, and as it
 ' was a publick House, he took the Opportunity
 ' of calling for a Breakfast.

' If he had stay'd a Moment longer *Bretigny* ; had
 ' found him. The Pleasure I had conceived at the
 ' Sight of my Lover, was easily seen in my Coun-
 ' tenance, she immediately took notice of it. There's
 ' my good Girl, cried she, and embrac'd me : I love
 ' to see you so pleasant and gay, it makes you as
 ' pretty again ; with a great deal more of the
 ' same kind. I answered her very chearfully, as
 ' there is nothing like a contented Mind. *Bretigny*
 ' was soon call'd away about Business, of which she
 ' had a great deal upon her Hands. Love is very
 instructive ;

‘ instructive ; in order to compass my Design, I
 ‘ saunter’d from one Room to another, backwards
 ‘ and forwards, as if I did not know what to do
 ‘ with myself.

‘ The Deceit pass’d, and *Bretigny* did not observe
 ‘ me : As soon as I saw the Coast clear, I gave the
 ‘ Signal to *Melicourt*, who watch’d me ; he came in-
 ‘ stantly to the Foot of the Stairs ; I pointed with
 ‘ my Finger to a Room, he step’d into it, and it
 ‘ was not long before I join’d him.

‘ I am apprehensive, fair Lady, says the Nun fix-
 ‘ ing her Eyes upon me, lest I should give you a
 ‘ bad Opinion of me : Don’t you think it a little
 ‘ too bold in me, to have taken these Steps at the
 ‘ Age I then was ? But Love and my want of E-
 ‘ ducation may serve to excuse me ; I thought there
 ‘ could be no Harm in this Meeting. As soon as
 ‘ *Melicourt* saw me, he threw himself at my Feet,
 ‘ I will not repeat our Conversation, it was very
 ‘ affectionate ; an Account of all that had hap-
 ‘ pen’d to me, my Birth, the private Project of
 ‘ my Parents, nothing was forgot ; I loved too
 ‘ much to hide any thing from my Shepherd. The
 ‘ Alteration, says he, that has happen’d in your
 ‘ Affairs, charming *Minette*, does not in the least
 ‘ augment the Respect I have for you : Your Ele-
 ‘ vation is so far from pleasing me, that it clashes
 ‘ with the Purity of my Intentions ; I delighted
 ‘ myself with the Thoughts of one day making my
 ‘ Shepherdess’s Fortune ; and may I depend upon
 ‘ her loving her Shepherd as well as she did before ?
 ‘ I encourag’d him as much as I could ; ’twas Love
 ‘ that spoke, always eloquent : But when *Melicourt*
 ‘ heard where I was going, and the Designs they
 ‘ had against me, he burst into sorrowful Com-
 ‘ plaints. Alas ! how wretched am I, says he, not
 ‘ to be my own Master ! I would frustrate all these
 ‘ Proceedings : Must you go then, dear *Minette* ?
 ‘ Shall I never see you again ? must I lose you for
 H 4 ever ?

ever ? In pronouncing these Words he cried most
 bitterly. Alas ! answered I, pierced to the Soul,
 I cannot cease loving you. Young, and obliged to
 Silence, dependent of all the World, Tears and
 Sorrow is all I have to defend myself with. This
 mournful Entertainment was interrupted by *Bre-*
tigny's calling me. I had forgot myself, leaving
 him in Haste, I had but just Time to squeeze
 poor *Melicourt's* Hand, and came in with great
 Precipitation wiping my Eyes. You have been
 crying, says the waiting Woman ; that is not well
 done ; you shall not be left alone again in haste ;
 come near the Fire, and let us see no more on't :
 I'll hear how you can read ; that will pass away
 the Time agreeably. She gave me the Lives of
 the Saints, to prepare me betimes for the Life
 I lead at present (it happen'd to be the Life of
 Saint *Agnes*) I read it aloud ; but (from my
 Heart's being taken up another Way) all this Mar-
 tyr said, with a tender Devotion, I appropriated
 to the present Disposition of my Soul. The Read-
 ing had such an Effect upon my Mind, that I
 began again to shed Tears in such Abundance, I
 could not go on.

Bretigny took things quite in another Light ; she
 said she was glad to see I had so much Religion,
 and took occasion of making me a fine Exhorta-
 tion on the Subject. When this Sermon was
 over we went to Supper, and I waited impatient-
 ly for Bed-time ; as soon as I found myself at
 Liberty, I call'd to Mind all *Melicourt* had said
 to me ; the more I thought of him, the greater
 Aversion I had to a Monastery. I could not but
 wish things would take such a turn as to make
 me happy with my Shepherd. I dwelt with
 Pleasure on these Ideas, 'twas all my Comfort.
 Nothing flatters young People more than the
 Thoughts of Matrimony: How comes it they
 are so much indulged in it ? A Child can scarce
 speak,

' speak, when they ask Miss, if she is almost
 ' married yet: Little Master is call'd her little
 ' Husband. Parents are apt to idolize their own
 ' Offspring, they make these Matters the Subject of
 ' their Diversions, and are always talking of them.
 ' Would they not do much better to be more re-
 ' serv'd, especially before young People, who in
 ' Proportion as they grow up, grow more knowing
 ' as to all the Objects around them? Future Pro-
 ' spects, the more they please us, the deeper Im-
 ' pressions they make. How wretched are they;
 ' from whose Breasts such deep-rooted Ideas must
 ' be torn away! But to return to our History:

' The next Morning my Clothes were brought
 ' home: I found so great an Alteration in myself
 ' when I was dress'd, I seem'd another Creature;
 ' even my very way of Thinking was alter'd. Why
 ' should different Situations elevate or depress our
 ' Sentiments? A great deal of my past Life recur-
 ' red to me, that appeared very contemptible.
 ' *Bretigny* interrupted this Discussion; as soon as
 ' she had finished all her Affairs, the Chaise was at
 ' the Door, and we went away. I look'd round
 ' for *Melicourt*, I thought he ought not to omit this
 ' Occasion of seeing me, and I was truly morti-
 ' fied not to discover him.

' We had scarce got four Leagues on our Journey;
 ' when coming into a narrow Road, I saw a Pil-
 ' grim walking by the side of the Chaise, who often
 ' fixed his Eyes on me; I was so taken up with
 ' Sorrow for having been deprived of the Sight
 ' of my Lover, that I took no Notice of him.
 ' Look, Miss *Minette*, says she, at this poor young
 ' Man, how he is forced to walk in these bad
 ' Ways! He has something agreeable in his Face,
 ' perhaps the Perfections of his Mind may answer
 ' those of his Body. How unjust is Fortune! is it
 ' not frightful that at his Age he should suffer so
 ' much Hardship, whilst there are People with-

' out half his Merit, who wallow in Riches. I was
 ' looking at this Pilgrim whilst she was thus talking
 ' to me; imagine my Surprise, it was *Melicourt*;
 ' I knew him, notwithstanding his Disguise. It was
 ' very lucky for me that *Bretigny*, who had taken
 ' a great Liking to my Lover, put her Head
 ' out to bid him take Care of the Wheel, otherwise
 ' she would have discovered the Confusion I was in:
 ' my Eyes had met those of *Melicourt*, which made
 ' me blush and look down, but I smiled in my Heart.
 ' I was sorry however to see him walking thus in
 ' the Mire. He seem'd very chearful, and taking
 ' the Opportunity of *Bretigny's* Civility, fell into
 ' Discourse with her; he said, he had been per-
 ' forming a Pilgrimage, and that he was two hun-
 ' dred Leagues from Home. The Waiting Woman
 ' bless'd herself at this, and told him, he ought to
 ' rest himself. *Melicourt*, who perceiv'd he had gain'd
 ' the good Will of this Woman, endeavour'd to
 ' please her. He had learnt from the Postillion, with
 ' whom he had been talking, that she managed e-
 ' very thing in the Family; he thought he could
 ' more easily attain his Ends, and secure her in his
 ' Interest by amusing her. to this Purpose he told
 ' her extraordinary Stories, just as they came into
 ' his Head, I believe, with which she seem'd en-
 ' charmed. We were now come to the Place where
 ' we dined. *Bretigny* made the Pilgrim sit down
 ' to Table with us; telling me, I should never be
 ' haughty to the Poor, and that one was oblig'd
 ' to assist 'em, especially on the Road; you may
 ' imagine I did not contradict her.

' If ever you have been in Love, my pretty
 ' Miss, judge of the Pleasure I felt in the Enjoyment
 ' of my Lover's Company, who gave me such evi-
 ' dent Marks of his Tendernefs; I will own to you
 ' frankly, all my Cares ceas'd. How great soever
 ' my Shepherd's Joy might be, he possess'd him-
 ' self very well, and with great Address made me
 ' sensible

' sensible, that tho' he made his Court to *Mademoi-*
 ' *selle Bretigny*, it was for my Sake. It was comi-
 ' cal enough to observe him hesitating every Mi-
 ' nute, and to see the good Waiting-Woman helping
 ' him out in his Story. She carried her Affection so
 ' far for the Pilgrim as to propose to him to ride be-
 ' hind our Chaise, lest he should fatigue himself
 ' with walking; and I believe, if there had been
 ' Room in our Vehicle, she would have incommoded
 ' herself to receive him. Love, Love, no Age nor
 ' Condition is secure from thy Darts!

' Whilst *Bretigny* was gone to pay the Reckoning,
 ' *Melicourt* took that Opportunity to speak to me;
 ' he said a hundred endearing things. I am sensible,
 ' said I, of the Marks you give me of your Passion,
 ' it griev'd me to see you on Foot whilst I am at my
 ' Ease; but, dear Shepherd, tell me what all this
 ' signifies? we must part, had we not better do it
 ' now? Ah! charming *Minette*, says *Melicourt* in a
 ' very sorrowful Tone, must I then die? do you
 ' know that my Life depends on the Happiness of
 ' seeing you, and that I value nothing so much in the
 ' whole World? To bid me go, and leave you!
 ' O Heavens, what a cool Indifference this is! what
 ' can I think? you no longer love me. In uttering
 ' these Words, Tears came into his Eyes. Mov'd as
 ' I was, Reason came to my Assistance: Hide your
 ' Tears, says I stifling my own; Alas! I love you,
 ' it is but too true; but if I am dear to you, and
 ' that you will not leave me, take care *Mademoiselle*
 ' *Bretigny*, who is coming in, perceives nothing of it,
 ' if she does we are lost, she would suspect some-
 ' thing; endeavour to please her, her Interest is
 ' considerable; she seems prejudiced in your Favour,
 ' and if I am not mistaken, you are not indifferent to
 ' her, that will facilitate our seeing one another;
 ' I do assure you, my dear Shepherd (continued I,
 ' giving him my Hand) that Thought is not at all
 ' disagreeable. As he was going to answer me,

Bretigny came in, to tell me we must go: she had contrived it with the Postillion, that the Pilgrim should be seated behind the Chaise at his Ease; each of us took our Place, and in this manner reached our Journey's End.

The Castle which we enter'd, did not seem to be like that which we went from; this was much larger and better furnish'd, whereas the other, belonging likewise to my Father, had been inhabited only since he was oblig'd to be conceal'd. My Mother received me very affectionately, and, as *Bretigny* had instructed me, I called her Aunt, to which I had much ado to bring myself, knowing how false it was.

Melicourt was not neglected: *Bretigny* had been talking with him as we came out of the Chaise, and finding that he was qualified to serve in the Capacity of a Steward, she promised him she would procure him that Place; in the mean-time he must be content to be under him who was then in that Office, which could not last long, being extremely old and infirm. *Melicourt* received joyfully these Marks of the Waiting-Woman's Regard. The Part she has in my Story, is too considerable to neglect giving you her Portraiture.

She was five and forty, and looked well for her Age: I cannot tell if she had been handsome in her Youth, at least she had no Remains of having been so: her Complexion, much upon the Wainscot; blue-Eyes, round and a little spotted; her Eye-Brows but thinly sown, and were scarce perceptible; they withdrew themselves with such an Antipathy from her Eyes, that she appear'd always in a Fright. Her Mouth was well enough, had it not been for a Wart upon her upper Lip. One could not say that a Down cover'd her Chin, but she had a strong bristly Beard she could never destroy. She had a picked Chin, which naturally presented itself as a Handle; the rest was as usual,

and

' and like other People, except flat Cheeks raised up
 ' by two strutting Bones near the Eyes: Her Voice
 ' was hoarse, the last Syllables generally terminating
 ' in a false Treble; her Fore-head so little, that her
 ' Head cloaths, always ruffled, hung over her Eye-
 ' Brows. She would have been pretty well shaped,
 ' only she was larger in the Waist than about her
 ' Shoulders, which made an excellent Shape the
 ' wrong way.

' Her Humour was agreeable enough, remark-
 ' able from her Childhood for a tender Heart; but
 ' the Infidelity of several Lovers had given her a
 ' Disgust to the conjugal State. The Youth, or
 ' rather the engaging Behaviour of *Melicourt* remov'd
 ' these Disgusts, and rekindled her dying Flames.
 ' She took his Compliments to be sincere; and her
 ' Heart going now as fast as it had been slow in
 ' determining before, took the Resolution, as she
 ' was rich, of making *Melicourt's* Fortune; and
 ' things were so disposed, that without an unfore-
 ' seen Incident, this would have produced a most ex-
 ' traordinary Adventure. All this while I received
 ' daily Lessons for the regulating my Conduct. Three
 ' Weeks were now passed, since I had been at the
 ' Castle; the time drew near when I was to go to
 ' the Monastery; *Melicourt* and I often bewail'd the
 ' hard Fate that was going to part us. Love, that
 ' extended his Dominion in our Hearts, had en-
 ' lighten'd our Minds; we carried ourselves in such
 ' a Manner that nobody in the Family suspected
 ' us; but of what use were all these Precautions?
 ' We were going to be separated. However, *Bre-*
 ' *stigny's* Passion for *Melicourt* put the most ridicu-
 ' lous Stratagem that ever was employ'd, into my
 ' Lover's Head for securing our Happiness. Dear
 ' *Minette* (says he to me one Day in the Garden,
 ' where we often met one another) I adore you, you
 ' cannot doubt it; tho' they conceal your Birth,
 ' it is not the less certain; you cannot judge me ca-
 ' pable

' pable of imposing on you in regard to mine : so
 ' that things are pretty equal, and can be no Obstacle
 ' to our Union ; in the mean time they are sacrific-
 ' ing you, and you cannot be ignorant they design
 ' to engage you to take the Vows : Reflect only
 ' how miserable you will be, if that should hap-
 ' pen ; you would infallibly languish out your
 ' Life : Take Courage, the Time presses, let us seize
 ' this Interval to ascertain our Felicity. What can
 ' happen from it, tho' we should be discovered ?
 ' Says I, quite struck, what do you mean ? Let us
 ' beware that nobody suspects our Correspondence,
 ' unless you will ruin me : I have told you the Rea-
 ' sons that obliged---I know that (replies *Melicourt*
 ' hastily ;) but if once you go into the Convent, I
 ' shall never see you again, you will be compell'd to
 ' become a Nun, and there will be an End of all my
 ' Hopes. Alas ! cried I, how shall I prevent it ?
 ' Dare but do what I tell you, continues *Melicourt* ;
 ' *Bretigny* has been pressing me this fortnight to mar-
 ' ry her ; at first I opposed it, but I have since
 ' thought I could take that Opportunity to unite us.
 ' What's that, ungrateful Man ? cried I, misunder-
 ' standing what he said ; can you forget your Oaths,
 ' who you are, and betray me to that Degree ? Ah !
 ' why do you reproach me ? says my Lover ; is it
 ' to forget you, to seek the Means of uniting us for
 ' ever ? Adieu, here comes somebody, continues he,
 ' I will give you an Account of my Project as soon
 ' as I can ; if you love me as sincerely as you have
 ' given me Room to flatter myself, we shall easily
 ' surmount all Obstacles.

' We were obliged to part, he slipt into one of
 ' the Allies, and seeing my Mother come I went to
 ' meet her : altho' she had arm'd herself against her
 ' natural Tendernefs for me, she gave me continual
 ' Marks of it under the Name of Niece.

' In the mean while my Father return'd from
 ' Court : His Arrival decided my Lot ; they declar-
 ' ed

ed to me, that in eight Days I should go into a
 ' Convent. Though I had no Reason to expect
 ' otherwise, I was not prepared for this Stroke;
 ' from that Time my Aversion to the Cloister
 ' grew very manifest. I had not seen *Melicourt*
 ' of three Days, I thought I had a thousand things
 ' to say to him. I went into the Garden to try
 ' to walk away my Uneasiness, with Grief painted
 ' on my Face.

' I was just going in again, when I saw at a
 ' Distance *Melicourt* coming up to me singing; I
 ' took it heniously ill of him. You are very hap-
 ' py for your Part, says I when he was come near
 ' me, to rejoyce whilst I cry; I believe you
 ' intend it me as a Favour, that I may leave the
 ' World with less Regret. Fie! charming *Minette*,
 ' says he putting on a sorrowful Countenance, how
 ' cruel is your Reproach, and how little do you
 ' know me! If I have appeared easy, 'tis because
 ' it now depends on you to unite us with indissolu-
 ' ble Bonds; the Day is fixed, the Priest is ready;
 ' *Bretigny*, that Woman in other things so dis-
 ' creet, has engaged him; he is her Cousin, a *Pre-*
 ' ceptor, about two Leagues off, the Man owes every
 ' thing to her: She has explain'd the whole Matter
 ' to him, and he will do every thing she desires;
 ' she will have the Ceremony perform'd in the
 ' Night, and will keep it secret till she be gone from
 ' hence. I have pretended to agree to all this, in-
 ' tending thereby to engage us two more than ever.
 ' The *Preceptor* is to be here to Night, he knows
 ' me, I have seen him several times on this Affair.
 ' There is no distinguishing Objects in the Night-
 ' time. Instead of performing the Ceremony at
 ' two o'clock, I will advance the time, and you
 ' and I will be in the Chapel at Twelve; the bad
 ' Light, and the Head-dress you'll have on co-
 ' vering your Face, will befriend the Project. In
 ' fine, when we are join'd, we shall do very well
 ' for

for the rest. I could not help laughing at this
 pleasant Contrivance ; but it gave way to serious
 and pressing Thoughts, that occur'd to me. The
 Stratagem is practieable, replied I ; but where
 would be the Use of it, if it did succeed ? By
 the little Knowledge I have of the World, I plain-
 ly see such a Marriage is not according to Form ;
 but suppose it should be, since I shall be forced to
 hide it, shall I go the less to the Convent ? For
 my Departure is unalterably fixed since my Fa-
 ther's Return ; perhaps they have fresh Reasons
 for burying me alive in a Cloister. 'Tis for this
 Reason, replies *Melicourt*, that we must lay hold
 of this Opportunity. We will fly, the wide
 World lies before us. Are you not sensible of the
 Cruelty they shew in your Regard ? (continued
Melicourt to influence me, seeing me fluctuating)
 the shameful Sacrifice they are a going to make of
 your Liberty, your Birth-right and Fortune, of
 which they will frustrate you under the most
 frivolous Pretences ? Is not at all this sufficient to
 alarm you ? Ah ! dear *Minette*, young as I am,
 these things strike me with Horror. I know the
 Respect and Obedience we owe our Parents ; but
 it is not fordid in such a Case to seek for the
 Means of putting them in mind, that they that
 gave us Birth ; ——— but no more of this. I
 agree with you, that we shall be removed from one
 another : If you once enter the Cloister, who can
 rescue you from thence ? In what manner, said I,
 will this Marriage prevent it ? to run away is
 what I can never bring myself to : If you de-
 clare this Match I am undone ; if you conceal it,
 it will be the same thing to me ? Pray how do
 you propose to come off with Mrs. *Bretigny* ? I
 suppose you intend to marry her. I could not
 help laughing at these last Words ; my Lover did
 so too, notwithstanding his serious Face. Youth
 will assert its Privileges. Good God, my dear
Minette,

• *Minette*, says he putting on his Air of Importance
 • again, you are mighty prudent ; you overwhelm
 • me with Difficulties which I did not foresee. It
 • is what we must think of for all that, says I :
 • at present all I can say to you is, that I will suf-
 • fer the last Extremity before I will become a Nun :
 • I have an invincible Repugnance to it, and I will
 • lay any thing in the World you are the Cause
 • of it. O very well, continued *Melicourt*, I stand
 • to my first Proposal ; I may possibly improve it,
 • but be sure you hold yourself in Readiness, I will
 • come and fetch you when it is time. My Lo-
 • ver quitted me in pronouncing these Words, and I
 • return'd to my Mother's Apartment in a terrible
 • Agitation: However, I behaved myself so as not to
 • let her perceive it. I was taking up my Work, but
 • she called me. Draw near the Fire, Niece, says
 • she, I want to speak to you. I did so, not sus-
 • pecting what she had to say to me ; in this Dis-
 • course, all the Objections vanish'd, I had form'd
 • from my low Education, against the Project of the
 • Night, and to which I had before this a most
 • insurmountable Repugnance.

• You know very well, *Minette*, says my Mother,
 • who you are ; from the time I first saw you, I
 • had Compassion on your Condition, it is on that
 • Account I have preferr'd you. You kept Sheep,
 • you was at all times expos'd to the Extremity of
 • Heats and Colds ; own to me how many hundred
 • times you lamented this your Life, and see what
 • I have done: In order that you might be the
 • more consider'd, I take you to my House, where
 • you pass for my Niece : You seem to deserve my
 • Regard, I must try to compleat your Happiness.
 • I am sending you to a Nunnery, pray to the
 • Lord to keep you there, the World is full of
 • Trouble ; those that are born to be the happiest
 • in it, groan under its Disappointments ; every
 • Step we make chagrins us ; if you had more Ex-
 • perience,

perience, I would convince you of it by a hundred Examples before your own Eyes. Marriage for People of your Sort, is a Source of Troubles, not to mention the Risk of falling into bad Hands ; besides the Dangers and Misfortunes attending it, the Detail of which is shocking. Look therefore on the Cloister whither you are going, as a safe Port against all the Storms of this Life, and where you'll be securely sheltered from all these Rocks. If the Grate has a frightful Aspect, Custom will render it pleasant and easy ; it is in Retirement we truly enjoy ourselves. Pleasure is resign'd with great Difficulty, by those who have had an early Acquaintance with it ; (luckily for you, 'tis not your Case) but a very little Reflection gets the better of the Dislikes of the Children of this World. When the Occasions are removed, they disappear of course. You will not resemble those religious Persons, detach'd from the World indeed, yet who not only carry the Remembrance of it in their Heart, but even look on it in their Parlour, as thro' a Window, from whence they never retire but with constant Regret for having embraced that state of Life. For your Part, dear *Minette*, it will not be your Case ; the Simplicity of your Heart will make you find a thousand Charms : taken up with the Thoughts of your Salvation, in a tranquil Life and a thousand innocent Amusements, you will pass away your Days with Serenity and Peace of Mind : I will come sometimes to partake of and envy your Happiness.

These last Words seem'd to soften my Mother ; her Eyes were full, she strove to hide her Tears by turning away and covering her Face. I was too much moved, to dispute any Part of Nature's Right over me. Ah dear Mother ! cried I, throwing myself at her Feet, what have I done that you should make me a Sacrifice ? She embraced me ; these Words escaped me, and my Passion got the better

‘ better of the Rule I had imposed on myself, never
 ‘ to betray my Secret.

‘ My Mother however understood but half the
 ‘ import of these Words. The time was favourable;
 ‘ Ah! why did I not take hold of it? Quite pos-
 ‘ sessed with my Ignorance on this Subject, and
 ‘ sustain’d by the aforesaid Reasons, she began again.
 ‘ You are in the right, continued she, my dear *Mi-*
 ‘ *nette*, to call me Mother, yes, you are in the right,
 ‘ I repeat it; you will know, one Day, when you
 ‘ are a Nun, that I am really so. This Word *Nun*
 ‘ pierced my Heart, and such Cruelty towards me
 ‘ suspended the Sentiments I had for my Mother.
 ‘ I thought no more but how I should snatch myself
 ‘ from the State they design’d for me. Policy took
 ‘ the Place of filial Tenderness; I constrain’d my-
 ‘ self, and kept up the Conversation with so much
 ‘ Calmness, that ’twas impossible to know by my
 ‘ Countenance what pass’d in my Heart.

‘ People coming in upon Business, I took the Op-
 ‘ portunity to go and find *Melicourt*. I went back-
 ‘ wards and forwards, my Enquiry was in vain.
 ‘ Into the Garden, into the back Court, I ask’d for
 ‘ him every where, nobody had seen him: My Heart
 ‘ trembled, it presaged something. Fatal Prognos-
 ‘ tick! I went out of the Castle and came into a Lane
 ‘ that leads to the Village; I thought at the End of
 ‘ this Lane I should find my Lover. Alas! do we
 ‘ carry in our Hearts the Tokens of what is to come?
 ‘ Ah, Madam what do I see (forgive my Tears) a
 ‘ Chaise and four Men, who seize *Melicourt*; he sees
 ‘ me, he cries out, he resists, vain Efforts, he is al-
 ‘ ready at a great Distance!

‘ This Sight had so startled me, that I stood im-
 ‘ moveable; as long as the Chaise detain’d my Eyes
 ‘ I remain’d in that Posture, as soon as it was gone
 ‘ I wept bitterly; happily for me that I was alone,
 ‘ no body heard my Lamentations. I came in like
 ‘ one distracted; Supper was ready, the Bell had rung,
 ‘ they

' they were looking for me. The first I met was
 ' *Bretigny*, she had a Joy in her Face that soon va-
 ' nished when I told her what had happened. Oh!
 ' Heaven, cried she quite furious; what is it you say?
 ' I am in Despair. You shall know the Reason a-
 ' nother time; go and sit down to Supper, I'll run
 ' to the Village and know what's the Matter: No,
 ' stay, you are all in Tears, poor Child, good na-
 ' tur'd Thing! come along with me, they will be
 ' asking what ails you: On this, away she runs;
 ' we came to the Inn where this Scene was transact-
 ' ed. The Respect they had for *Bretigny*, whom
 ' they looked upon as the Mistress, made 'em an-
 ' swer immediately to her Questions, and they gave
 ' us this Account.

' Four Days ago, says the Landlord, a Gentleman
 ' came here in the Evening, with three more Men;
 ' he pass'd for a recruiting Officer; his first Questi-
 ' ons were, who lived at the Castle, and what
 ' living therewas there. You know Madam, con-
 ' tinued the Landlord, it is my Business to please
 ' all the World; I satisfied him, the Captain spent
 ' his Money very freely; but what surpris'd me
 ' was, that he eat with his Men, and instead of run-
 ' ning about like those that recruit, and are upon
 ' the Watch for young Fellows, he kept close.
 ' One of his Comrades went out from time to time,
 ' and as soon as he came in, spoke to him private-
 ' ly. This Humour was carried on till this Day,
 ' without my troubling myself about it, because
 ' he paid me very well.

' About an Hour ago, Madam, this pretended
 ' Captain warming himself at the Kitchen Fire,
 ' said aloud to one of his Servants; go and tell
 ' that young Man, who you see coming out of that
 ' House, there is one here would speak a Word
 ' with him. Mr. *Brunet* (for it was by that Name
 ' *Melicourt* went at the Castle) came in a Minute.
 ' The poor Lad little thought of what was prepar-
 ' ing

ing for him. Before he enter'd the Inn, the Officer whisper'd in my Ear : You are going to see a little Burtle, Landlord, says he, can you guess who that young Man is that I have sent for? No truly, answered I surpris'd, I know him, he does Business for our Lord, and every body gives him a good Word. What, is there any thing bad against him? we all love him. I believe you, says the Officer, and 'tis because he is beloved elsewhere we are going to take him away. I give you warning, in case he should pretend to resist, to be quiet: he is Son to M. de—— Counsellor in the Parliament of M——; he is a loose one, and went away without saying a Word; we have been in search of him ever since; only for M. de R—— Lord of *Bise*, who knew this young Man carrying a Letter to a Preceptor, and had often seen him at his Father's, we should not have known where he was.*

The *Valet de Chambre*, for such he was, had scarce pronounced these Words, but the young Man came; he instantly knew his Father's Servant, and turn'd as pale as Death. Come Sir, says the *Valet de Chambre*, take Courage, there is no harm, I'm glad we have found you; you must along with us, your Father expects you. During this Discourse the poor Boy would have escaped; but seeing himself collar'd, fought like a Dragon, tho' the number overpower'd him, and in spite of all his Efforts, they put him into a Chaise ready for that Purpose. They have scarce been gone a Moment.

Bretigny was so astonished at this News, that she went away without answering one single Word. As soon as we were got by ourselves, she squeez'd me by the Hand, and began to cry bitterly; I joined in Chorus very sincerely. This poor Woman embraced me with Affection, imagining my Tears to be the Effect of my Compassion. She gave me my Lesson, as we went along, what I was to say when we

‘ we came to the Castle, lest when they should know
 ‘ this Adventure, it should appear, that we had any
 ‘ sort of Concern in it.

‘ Three Days after this cruel Accident, spent, as
 ‘ you may well believe, in Tears, my Mother brought
 ‘ me hither: I was received with a great deal of
 ‘ Kindness and Friendship. No Artifice was left un-
 ‘ tryed to induce me to take the Veil. The sorrow-
 ‘ ful Air I had not yet laid aside, into the Cause of
 ‘ which they did not penetrate, gave room without
 ‘ doubt to think, I had no Relish for the Cloister:
 ‘ this was too contrary to the Interests of the House,
 ‘ by reason of the Portion they expected with me,
 ‘ not to use their utmost Efforts to make me change
 ‘ my Mind. Liberty is a charming Thing: I was
 ‘ entirely left to myself; not being suspected of any
 ‘ Intrigue. I went when I would into the Parlour,
 ‘ they never followed me, nor hearken’d after what I
 ‘ said. *Bretigny* would often come to cry with me;
 ‘ she told me she intended to go to *M——* to get some
 ‘ Tidings of her belov’d Pilgrim. Alas! little did
 ‘ she know with what Impatience I sigh’d to hear
 ‘ from the dear Man.

‘ One Day as I was walking by myself in the
 ‘ Garden with a Book, that precious Book I men-
 ‘ tioned in the Beginning of my Story, and which I
 ‘ so much valued because it belonged to my Lover,
 ‘ the Nun who waited at the Turn, came and told
 ‘ me, there was an Officer, who call’d himself my
 ‘ Relation, waited for me in the Parlour: This
 ‘ News startled me; I did not know who this
 ‘ could be, unless it were somebody who came
 ‘ from my Lover. I flew to the Parlour; scarce
 ‘ was I entered, when the Sound of a well-known
 ‘ and much-belov’d Voice, swift as Thought reach’d
 ‘ my Heart. Is it you then, said I to him, is it
 ‘ you?—— I had not Power to say any more.
 ‘ Drawing near, I gave him my Hand thro’ the
 ‘ Grate, he took it; he moisten’d it with his Tears;
 ‘ he

‘ he hurt me, he knelt down, he cried, he talk’d,
 ‘ and all this without my being at all sensible of
 ‘ the matter.

The Nun was at this Part of the Story, when
 somebody came and interrupted her, to tell us
 they were in the Refectory; we got up and a-
 greed to return to my Chamber after Dinner
 was over.

I will not describe to you the modest, quiet
 manner, in which thirty of these holy Women
 devoutly made their Meal. I was taken up with
 weightier Cares, and if I had been obliged to
 give you an Account of a pious Lecture that
 was then made, it would have very much puzzled
 me. The Superior rang a Bell that was over her
 Head, every Body rose from the Table, Grace was
 said: *Saint Agnes* and I returned to my Chamber,
 where she resumed her Story, which may be seen in
 the Fourth Part.

End of Part III.



PART

PART IV.

‘ **A**S soon as I was recovered from the Disorder,
 ‘ into which the sight of my Lover had
 ‘ thrown me, I wanted to know to what lucky
 ‘ Accident I ow’d so charming a Pleasure, and
 ‘ after what manner he had made his Escape from
 ‘ his Father’s House. Could you one moment doubt,
 ‘ cried he, so much in Love as I am, that I should
 ‘ not find an Opportunity of returning to you, sup-
 ‘ posing even things had not taken the fortunate
 ‘ turn, they now have? Nothing can ever shake
 ‘ my Constancy; if you continue in the same Senti-
 ‘ ments—— Can you doubt it, ungrateful Man?
 ‘ says I: The Tears I have shed in your Absence,
 ‘ and the Alteration you may easily perceive in me,
 ‘ are but too sure Proofs. *Melicourt*, transported
 ‘ with this Acknowledgment, at which however he
 ‘ ought not to have been much surpris’d, express’d
 ‘ his Sentiments for me in the tenderest manner. I
 ‘ inquired into the most minute Circumstances of
 ‘ what had befallen him, ever since the Moment he
 ‘ was forced from me. I began, by imparting to
 ‘ him the present Situation of my Affairs. We
 ‘ shall put an end to them, replied he, if you will
 ‘ enter into the lawful Measures I shall propose to
 ‘ you; but, in order to prepare you for it, I must
 ‘ give you an exact Detail of all that has happen’d
 ‘ to me since I saw you.

‘ You have no room to doubt, lovely *Minette*,
 ‘ continued *Melicourt*, of the Anguish that seized
 ‘ my Soul, when I saw myself taken. I wearied
 ‘ all those that had a hand in carrying me off.
 ‘ The *Valet de Chambre* cursed a thousand times the
 ‘ Commission he had undertaken: in reality, he
 ‘ had enough to do; and if it had not been for
 ‘ the

the Precaution they took, and the constant Watch they kept over me, I should have abandoned myself to all the Excess of my Passion. In this Condition I arrived at my Father's House; they gave him an Account of all my Extravagances, of my refusing to take any Sustenance. On this Consideration he changed the Conduct he had proposed to himself in my regard, and, instead of the Chastisement he intended for me, treated me with great Lenity; but nothing would appease me: Is there any Consolation for a Person truly in Love? All this Complaisance was to no purpose, I was determined not to eat till I was at liberty, tho' all possible Endeavours were employ'd to compell me to it. I persevered in this Frenzy, and after lying four Days in continual Transports of Passion, on the seventh I was seized with a Fever.

Here I interrupted *Melicourt*, to let him know how sensible I was of these Proofs of his Love: He was touched with the Marks of my Tenderness, and thus resumed his Discourse.

When my Father found the thing to be serious, (for he always imagined that underhand they brought me Victuals) he came to me, the better to clear up his Doubts. The Condition in which he found me, startled him extremely; nothing less than my Life was at stake. This was evident, and he was very sensibly affected. Taking me by the Hand, he awaken'd me from the Dosing into which the Violence of my Illness had thrown me, and gave me his Word of Honour, if I would admit of some Assistance for the Re-establishment of my Health, he would leave me quite at liberty to go where I pleased. I could depend upon his Word; his favourable Promises induced me, in my turn, to be govern'd and become all Obedience. In order to give him the first Proofs of it, I took some Broth before him; the House rung with Joy at this Change in me; my Mother ceased to cry,

I

whose

whose continual Tears could never induce my Father to comply with what I desired : she came to my Bedside, and embraced me with the most lively Transports, confirming to me what my Father had said, and added on her Side all that could contribute to my entire Satisfaction. But all her Tenderness had like to have been to no purpose ; the many Days I had been without taking any thing, had so inflamed my Habit of Body, and ruined my Stomach, it would retain nothing, and I lay two Days at the Point of Death.

The Extremity to which I was reduced, soon put an End to the Joy they had conceived for my Recovery ; Tears and Apprehensions succeeded in its Place ; my Mother never went from my Bedside : However, thro' their great Care and Assiduity I recover'd by Degrees, and a Fortnight after they judged me out of Danger.

When I found myself in a Condition to talk, my Mother behaved herself in such a manner as to gain my Confidence, by tenderly complying with me on all Occasions. I made her acquainted with the Situation my Heart was in, and you are sensible, dear *Minette*, that could not be without betraying your Secret, for which I ask you a Million of Pardons ; but I thought it a lawful Indiscretion in order to forward the Point I had proposed to myself. My Mother heard your History with Astonishment ; she went directly and told it my Father, whose Surprize was still greater ; he would be satisfied of all these Particulars from my own Mouth, I made him Master of the whole Affair you had imparted to me, as well as I could : he promised to take it into his serious Consideration ; he said you had Equity on your Side, and if there could be the least Proof of your Birth, he gave his Consent to our Union, and that he would afford me his Assistance for the accomplishing my Designs.

Ima-

‘ Imagine my Joy, adorable *Minette*, upon this
 ‘ Promise coming from such a worthy Father,
 ‘ whose Weight and Authority were sure Warrants
 ‘ of its Success. I would have thrown myself at
 ‘ his Feet, he withheld me and prevented it; the
 ‘ ardent Desire I had of seeing you again, and
 ‘ bringing you these good Tidings, soon restored
 ‘ me to a perfect State of Health.

‘ In the mean time my Father, who had not
 ‘ forgot his Promise, did not permit me to languish;
 ‘ he told me the Law was on your Side, O charming
 ‘ *Minette*, and that the Proofs which I had alledg’d
 ‘ were sufficient for you to be loudly proclaimed
 ‘ the Daughter of *Monsieur de* — ; that all we had
 ‘ to fear, was, that being in the Power of your Pa-
 ‘ rents, nobody would care to espouse your In-
 ‘ terest. I asked him his Advice thereon, and his
 ‘ Answer was, that it was not proper for him to
 ‘ advise on the like Occasion, but were he in my
 ‘ Place, she should pursue it with the utmost Vigour
 ‘ and Resolution. These Words were as so many
 ‘ Oracles to me, and I knew how to expound them.
 ‘ I gain’d a Chaplain to my Interest, who had been
 ‘ formerly my Tutor; I communicated to him my
 ‘ Designs, hinting at the same time to him the
 ‘ tacit Consent my Father had expressed to me; ac-
 ‘ quainting him likewise of how much Consequence
 ‘ it was to expedite this Affair. This Man, who had
 ‘ the Care of my Education, and who knows, per-
 ‘ haps better than I, the Views of him who gave me
 ‘ Life, has promised me his Assistance, and has all
 ‘ the kind Dispositions in my Regard I can desire.
 ‘ Having taking these Measures, I came away im-
 ‘ mediately: judge of my Despair, upon missing
 ‘ you at the Place where I had left you; I spent
 ‘ three Days in Pursuit of you, till I found you
 ‘ here.

‘ At present it is your turn, my dear *Minette*, to
 ‘ give me a Proof of the Affection, with which you
 ‘ have

‘ have so often flattered me; If you love me sincerely, you’ll not hesitate one Moment to make your Escape, and go along with me; you shall plight your Faith to me, and I will do the same to you on my Side; from thence I will conduct you to my Father’s, who will instruct us in taking the proper Measures our present Circumstances require; you’ll find a second Mother more affectionate, and more indulgent than her who has abandoned you to your ill Stars; in a Word, O *Minette*, you will compleat my Happiness.

‘ At this Place *Melicourt* stopp’d, and fixed his Eyes tenderly on me, expecting my Answer: I remained thoughtful for a long while, an extreme Perplexity agitated my Mind; what Torments one suffers on such Occasions! I was doubtful, and could not determine with myself: my Lover easily perceived my Incertitude; he continued to lay before me the most moving and most powerful Reasons: the better to persuade me, he recalled to my Remembrance the Situation in which I was placed by my Parents slender Regard, so different from what my Birth and the Ties of Blood required: he did not forget to make me sensible that I was a Victim, they were sacrificing to a sordid Interest they had then in View; in one Word, that I was lost if I did not take a vigorous Resolution; that I should be obliged very shortly to take the Veil, that my Profession would ensue, and that once done, there was no longer any Hopes. He said a great deal more, equally convincing, making me clearly see the Barbarity there was, in rendering me unhappy for the Sake of a Sister, who ought to be no dearer than myself; this determin’d me. Retire, my Shepherd, said I to him, I fear they will mistrust so long a Conversation; be here again to-morrow at this Time; I promise you an Answer, and I fancy you will not be dissatisfied with it.

‘ I return’d

' I return'd to the House in an Agitation easily to
 ' be conceived : The Aversion I had to the Cloister
 ' inclined me joyfully to embrace the honourable
 ' Means propos'd to me for quitting it ; but on the
 ' other Side, I judg'd the Step so dangerous, I could
 ' not come to a Resolution. Notwithstanding my low
 ' Education, Blood supplied its Deficiency, and my
 ' Birth assert'd its Rights. I thought it was offending
 ' in Point of Honour and Decency, to quit a Convent,
 ' where I was placed, to follow a young Man blind-
 ' ed perhaps by his Passion. The Remainder of that
 ' Day, and the Night following, I pass'd in cruel In-
 ' certitude. At last Love, and the Hatred of a Con-
 ' vent carried the Day. I believ'd myself excusable
 ' as to those who had given me Life, since they not
 ' only disclaim'd me for their Daughter, but treated
 ' me with unparallel'd Severity. After weighing these
 ' Considerations, I inclin'd to the Side that call'd
 ' me to Happiness; the Advantages that were pro-
 ' pos'd, appear'd to me to be solid ; I had a Father
 ' and Mother who refus'd to let me call 'em by that
 ' Name, I found others who embraced that Title
 ' without any Merit on my Side ; - I took no Notice
 ' to myself that it was the Husband-alone prevail'd ;
 ' be it as it will, I entirely deliver'd myself up to these
 ' pleasing Ideas, and thought of nothing but by what
 ' Means I could get out of the fatal Convent with the
 ' greatest Privacy.

' What cannot Love effect ? Difficult as it was to
 ' make my Escape without being discover'd, this
 ' did not perplex me ; an Expedient occur'd present-
 ' ly, and seem'd to promise Success. I had taken a
 ' Fancy to the Portress, she was merry and good na-
 ' tur'd, and her Employment engag'd her in various
 ' Affairs ; I seldom quitt'd her, and enjoy'd the Com-
 ' pany of all those who went backwards and forwards
 ' to the Turn, as well as the News that was stirring ;
 ' I often took an Opportunity of answering for the
 ' Portress, and to be with her when she open'd the

Gates, as often as the Affairs of the House required it.

The Keys of the Inclosure were hung up in the Parlour, the Gate opened upon the outward Portress's Room; it often happen'd that I was alone at the Door; I was perfectly well acquainted with all the Ways about the House, and it was upon this Idea I form'd my Measures.

Melicourt was punctual to his Appointment, I communicated my Thoughts to him; he hesitated upon the Apprehension he had, of my being surpriz'd in the Execution of my Designs, in which Case we should never have the like Opportunity again, or else I should run a Risk of being once more removed by my Parents. In his Opinion 'twas better to wait till Night-time. I convinced him how difficult that would be; for as soon as Night came, according to the Rule of the House the Portress brought the Keys of the Inclosure into the Superior's Chamber. I bid him be of good Courage, and shew'd him, that provided he had his Chaise in Readiness at some Distance from the Convent-Gate, and he could depend upon his Horses, it would be easy for me to jump into the Vehicle; and being once got into the Village, there would be no Danger of our being stopped, altho' they were to see me in the very Instant of my Flight; that the only critical Moment was the opening the Gate; but since I was once determin'd, I should take my Measures so justly and in so favourable a time as not to be surprized in the Fact. *Melicourt* agreed with me on the Feasibleness of this Enterprize, he was charm'd with it; having settled what was to be done, we parted, and from that Instant he held himself in Readiness: I never could get a favourable Minute, and according to our Agreement the Affair was put off till the next Day.

I pass'd that Night in the most racking Anxiety of Mind, nor ever went to Bed: what seem'd to me

so

' so easy in Speculation, appeared much more difficult
 ' in Practice: What comforted me was, that I was
 ' not in the least suspected; and as I generally rose
 ' late, I was resolv'd to execute my Design whilst
 ' they were at *Matins*. Mother Portress was accus-
 ' tom'd never to miss being present, and 'twas her Prac-
 ' tice before she went, to put the Key of the first Door
 ' into the Turn which belong'd to the outward Portress,
 ' that they might be able to do the Business of the
 ' House. I lost the Door of my Cell on Jar, by which
 ' Mother Portress was oblig'd to pass; I heard her
 ' by the jingling of her Keys, and knew her Step; I
 ' staid till she had done her Business and was gone to
 ' Choir; as soon as I thought she was there, I ran to
 ' the Parlour. You may judge of my Joy when I spied
 ' the Keys, I seiz'd 'em and open'd the Door of the
 ' Inclosure: I had the Presence of Mind to shut it af-
 ' ter me, and carry away the Keys that I might have
 ' time to join my Lover, having all the Reason in the
 ' World to apprehend being discovered by an old
 ' Portress, who happened to be up, and who had
 ' asked twice *who's there*, and rang her Bell, uneasy
 ' without Doubt, not hearing any body answer.

' My Prudence in locking the Door was what saved
 ' me; otherwise I should infallibly have been brought
 ' back again, on account of my being so long before
 ' I could get open the Street-door, which had a very
 ' difficult Lock: The Nuns were run up to a Window,
 ' saw my Design, and cried out for Assistance: happily
 ' for me 'twas early in the Morning, and nobody pas-
 ' sing by at that time. *Melicourt* upon the Watch, as
 ' you may imagine, ran up with a Footman to the
 ' Door, and used all his Efforts to force it open; see-
 ' ing him so near I recovered my Spirits, and having
 ' bethought myself of making Use of another Key in
 ' order to have the greater Force in turning that
 ' which was in the Lock, it open'd all at once: I
 ' scream'd for Joy, and threw myself into *Melicourt's*
 ' Arms, not without trembling however from Head to

Foot. The Nuns, desperately enraged at my Flight, continued their Cries, and we could hear them at a Distance from the Village. We went Post that whole Day without stopping, and lay in a *French Village*, where we were out of Danger of being taken. The Chaplain whom *Melicourt* mention'd to me waited for us in this Place; and suitable to the Design, he had given Notice to the Curate, that he intended to say Mass the next Morning at break of Day. Under this Pretext he married us, in presence of four Peasants who were Witnesses, and signed a Marriage-Certificate (ready for that Purpose) not suspecting the least Contrivance. After this, we set out with mutual Satisfaction; for my Part I was extremely pleas'd to follow a Husband I lov'd, and glad to reconcile my Inclination with my Duty.

The *Valet de Chambre*, who was on Horseback, went before to *M——*, where he appriz'd *Monsieur* and *Madame de Melicourt* with what had happen'd. The kind Reception I found, made me easily forget the small Regard my real Parents shew'd me; it was nothing but *Daughter* and *dear Daughter* at every Word; the whole House adored me, and I had all the reason imaginable to bless my Lot: but alas! (how cruel are the Turns of Fortune!) this proved but a short Calm, that was soon to be followed by a dreadful Storm. Ah! I cannot reflect on it without being seiz'd with Horror. *Monsieur de Melicourt*, who wish'd nevertheless it might be made appear who I was, finding considerable Advantages in my Alliance, by reason of the large Estate that devolv'd to me, in case it come to be confirm'd, he having but a small one, regulated my Affairs, and from the Instructions I had given him, drew up his Remonstrance, corroborated with undeniable Testimonies. He had been with the Gardener and his Wife, at whose House I had been brought up as their Daughter: in order not to alarm these poor People, he pretended he came from *Madame de ——*, and the more easily

‘ easily to impose upon them, gave them some Money,
 ‘ as an extraordinary Reward for the Care they had
 ‘ taken of me. During the Conversation he had with
 ‘ them on this Subject, two indifferent Witnesses, very
 ‘ creditable Persons, were prepared and placed for
 ‘ that Purpose. My pretended Parents, who mistrusted
 ‘ nothing, and look’d on *Monsieur de Melicourt* as a
 ‘ Steward to *Monsieur* and *Madame de* — made no
 ‘ Mystery of an Affair with which he seem’d so well
 ‘ acquainted; in fine, he was perfectly satisfied with
 ‘ his Journey. But his Nicety in doing every thing
 ‘ according to Form, ruin’d us; he threw off the
 ‘ Mask, as soon as he had got what he desired out of
 ‘ these People, he forgot his Character of Steward, and
 ‘ assumed the Commissioner, oblig’d ’em to sign an
 ‘ Acknowledgment purporting that I was none of
 ‘ their Daughter, but the Daughter of *Madame de* —
 ‘ The Gardener, upon this, as well as his Wife, guess’d
 ‘ he had been pumping the Secret out of them; and
 ‘ fearing lest my Mother should express her Resent-
 ‘ ment against them for it, they were no sooner at Li-
 ‘ berty but they ran to acquaint her: The Uncertain-
 ‘ ty my Father was in on account of my Flight, and
 ‘ who was underhand making strict Enquiry after
 ‘ me, cleared up on the Gardener’s Relation; he soon
 ‘ learn’d the Sequel of the Adventure and the Name
 ‘ of my Protectors. The Business appeared to him of
 ‘ too much Moment to admit of any Delay; he im-
 ‘ mediately took Post and went to Court, to prevent
 ‘ any ill Consequences that might arise from it.

‘ In the mean time my Husband’s Father, having
 ‘ settled my Affairs, sent me with his Son to an E-
 ‘ state at two Leagues distance from him; as he
 ‘ thought proper to conceal our Marriage and not de-
 ‘ clare it till he was oblig’d, he apprehended the Town
 ‘ was too publick. Since he espous’d my Interest, ’tis
 ‘ not for me to determine whether he pitch’d upon
 ‘ wrong Methods; but, if I may judge of it from the
 ‘ Consequences, he could not have acted more cru-elly;

‘ perhaps a different Conduct in him might have rescued both *Melicourt* and myself from so hard a Fate. But what do I say? where is the Place that is out of the Reach of Sovereign Power?

‘ One Night as we lay quietly asleep, we were wakened by our Servants, who came rushing into our Chamber all in Tears; Ah! (said they) with what Misfortunes are we threatned? the Castle is fill’d with Marshal-Men, and he that heads them says, he is come in the King’s Name. Whilst they were saying this, in came two *Exempts*; both of them signified their Orders to us. My dear Husband would have defended himself, but alas! what could he do against twenty Men? For my Part, I did nothing but scream most dreadfully, bemoan myself and him, but nothing could mollify these Barbarians; they forced us asunder. I don’t know what they did with my Husband: they brought me hither, where the first thing I saw was my Father and Mother; Rage in his Countenance, and her Eyes drowned in Tears: Well Hussy, says my Father sternly to me, does it become you to conspire against those who have raised you from Nothing? to have Recourse to Calumny for setting yourself at Liberty, and getting a Husband? You have but two things to resolve on, sorry Wretch, either to take the Habit to-morrow, or perish. Saying this, he held up his Hand at me: mind what I say to you; if in two Days you don’t ask to be receiv’d a Nun; or if, as you have already done, you pretend to prate, expect no longer to find in me a Protector but an Executioner. With these Words, he led me to the Door of the Inclosure, whisper’d the Abbess, and retired.

‘ I won’t repeat to you all the Vexations and Reproaches I had to suffer from the Superior: enraged at me for the Trick I had play’d her, in running away from her House, she was incessantly tormenting me, and for ever telling me, the best thing

‘ thing for me was blind Obedience ; that *Mon-*
‘ *seur de G* — had no Mercy, and that as soon as
‘ I had taken the Veil, it behoved me to behave
‘ in such a manner as to forget my former Life.
‘ I passed that Night and the Day following in
‘ Affliction, and on the third I entred into my
‘ Noviceship.

‘ I cannot tell, my dear Miss (continued *Saint*
‘ *Agnes*, for that was the Name of this amiable
‘ Person) what has happen’d since that Time, nor
‘ what is become of *Melicourt* ; all I know for
‘ certain, to my Sorrow, is, that at the Expiration
‘ of the Year, my Father (whom I ought not to
‘ call by that Name, on account of his Barbarity)
‘ came here that very Day, and sending for me
‘ shut himself up with me alone, and told me in such
‘ a Tone, that I still shudder at the Remembrance
‘ of it, if I did not make my Profession the next
‘ Day, or the Day after, he would come and fetch
‘ me away, having taken most assured means of
‘ severely revenging himself on me for my Dis-
‘ obedience.

‘ In fine, what shall I say to you more ? this
‘ cruel Sacrifice has bound me for ever, I languish
‘ and I sigh : they use me with more Kindness, ’tis
‘ true, because they think all is over ; but what
‘ Satisfaction can be made me ? who can give me
‘ an Equivalent for the Torments I endure ? Though
‘ I hide it from them, I bear in my Heart my
‘ first Engagement. Shocking State ! my Profession
‘ condemns these Regrets, I am miserable for the
‘ rest of my Days, and live in a horrible Doubt
‘ of my eternal Salvation.’ On uttering these
‘ Words, the sorrowful *St. Agnes* wept most bitterly.
‘ Spouse of my Heart (she cried) still let me pro-
‘ nounce that Name so solemnly acquired at the
‘ Foot of the Altar ! Ah ! nothing shall ever efface
‘ thy dear Image from my Soul.’ Sighs intercepted
‘ her Speech. I was most sensibly struck with this

Sight, the Circumstances I was then in. made it affect me the more, and partake of her Trouble; I did my utmost to comfort her, and gave her such Marks of my Friendship, as to prevail with her at least to mitigate her Sorrow.

I was too much convinced of the Sincerity of the tender Confidence *St. Agnes* placed in me, not to manifest it to her, which I did by disclosing my Heart, hiding from her no Part of my History. She was pleas'd with these Marks of my sincere Attachment, and pitied my Sufferings: "But these may change, lovely *Jenny*, (continued she;) 'You have the Pleasure of Hopes left you still: that is not my Case; in my present Situation, all is lost in this World for me: Death, that puts an End to other People's Troubles, opens me the Door to everlasting Punishments. Which Duty must I comply with? am I a Wife, or a religious Woman? what do I say? I am both at the same Time?' "Why did not you (says I) plead your Mariage to *Monsieur de G*— when he would oblige you to become a Nun?" "Did I not? (replied *St. Agnes*) 'he knew it very well. What Name do you think he gave our Marriage? No better than Folly and Madness.' "You ought at least (replied I) to have protested against your Profession as invalid, by reason of the Constraint you were under." "Ah! how could I? (answer'd this poor Girl;) 'all the Time of my Noviceship I never was trusted out of Sight: Of what Ute would it have proved to me, after my Profession, to rebell, but to have excited their greater Severity against me?"

The Cruelty of *St. Agnes's* Lot appear'd very plain to me: her Misfortunes so united me to her, and we became so intimate, as scarce ever to leave each other: our mutual Confidence prov'd of great Consolation to me; but I was soon depriv'd of this Relief, and I shortly experienc'd that Fortune was not weary of persecuting me. Not-

Notwithstanding one ought not have any Faith in a thousand little Superstitions, that are apt to creep into young People's Minds, yet I. could not help being struck with a Dream I had at that Time, and which has prov'd the Presage of what since befell me.

One of the Boarders, call'd *Renneville*, the youngest of seven Sisters, whose Mother had married a young Man of no Fortune in second Marriage, could not bring herself to the usual Way of living in those religious Houses: on this Consideration, from her mortal Aversion to the Monastery, she had taken it into her Head that she was not to stay there. Her Inclination for Marriage carried her Imagination into the wide World, and being of a very lively Temper, she had Recourse to Practices, which an ignorant Curiosity has devised for prying into Futurity.

St. Agnes and I were mightily diverted with the Girl's Company, she generally making one in our little Parties of Pleasure: without reposing an entire Confidence in her, we were very intimate, particularly as to our Aversion to the Cloister; our Discourse frequently ran upon the Means, though very chimerical ones, of obtaining our Liberty, and scarce a Day passed but *Renneville* amused us with some new Discovery relating to it. Though Cards were expressly forbid, she was Mistress of a Pack, which she consulted daily, and, would fain persuade us, inform'd her of what was to happen. Besides this, she imagined herself Mistress of some Secrets with regard to Dreams, by which she could draw sure Conclusions concerning Futurity: Though *St. Agnes* and I were above such nonsensical Follies, nevertheless we often amused ourselves at her Expence; every Morning she was sure to tell us what Dream she had the preceding Night; then she obliged us to tell ours, all which she immediately explain'd according

according to her Rules : but when we had a mind to vex her, which was as often as we were tired of her Company, it was sufficient to declare, we did not believe a Word she said : nothing to her could be more mortifying.

One Evening as *St. Agnes* and I were musing by my Fire-side, *de Renneville* entered the Room with an Air that would have suited the most joyful Tidings ; ‘ Now at least, (cried she embracing us) you will no longer say I am mad ; here is an infallible Secret to know our several Fortunes by ‘ Dreams ; how glad am I ! ’ continued she clapping her Hands for Joy. Her Transport set us a laughing. ‘ Nay, its no jesting Matter (added she) ‘ when you know the Method, you’ll be overjoy’d, ‘ I’ll lay a Wager. Here, (says she pulling a Book out of her Pocket) ‘ here it is ; ay and in ‘ Print too ; I’ll leave you to judge now if there ‘ can be any Doubt of it.’ I open’d the Book, and found it to be a *Treatise of Dreams and their Significations, with the Art of procuring them.* There were several Methods laid down : I shall relate one, which, to oblige her, we were forced to employ.

It was required to be twice twenty four Hours without any Supper, and the third Day not to eat any Dinner, taking no other Nourishment at Night than a Cake made with half a Pound of Flour without any Salt, and, instead of Butter, work’d up with the Grease of a black Hen, and Rain Water.

The black Hen made a deep Impression on *de Renneville*, infomuch that she warranted the Secret infallible : a Trial we were to make, and we three, on different Days, feign’d some Indisposition or other, to be excused from appearing in the Refectory. *St. Agnes* was first initiated in the Mystery, and had, as she assured us the next Morning, a very extraordinary Dream : ‘ There’s for you ! ’ (cried *de Renneville*, addressing herself to me.)

“ Very

“Very well (answered I) but let us hear the rest. *De Renneville* look'd very simply, when *St. Agnes* added, that indeed she had dream'd very strongly all Night long ; but when she wak'd, she could not recollect a single Circumstance. This would have cured me of any Curiosity, but there was no Quiet till I had consented to try the Experiment. *St. Agnes* was blamed for having drank twice after the Cake, whereas according to what was expressly specified, it ought to have been but once : Care was taken that I complied to a Tittle with the Directions.

I did not usually dream ; nevertheless, whether my Imagination was more than commonly agitated, as I am apt to believe, or that the Secret really had its Effect, that very Night I had a Dream which I shall never forget as long as I live. It was so uniform and so very particular, that I can't forbear relating it. Reason convinces me, that it was entirely accidental ; nevertheless it tallied very exactly with what has since happened.

Methought I had left the Monastery, and was got into a troublesome Road full of Thorns and Briars ; the Difficulty I found in advancing, made me look eagerly about for a better Way. A Path, which appear'd at some Distance thro' the Opening of a Hedge, made me very desirous to reach it, tho' all my Endeavours were in vain, for the farther I advanced, the more I found myself entangled ; but still I was not discouraged, the Hopes of arriving at the Path making me slight all Obstacles ; nevertheless, I could not have surmounted them, had not a Stranger pointed out a Passage which brought me directly to him. I had no sooner arrived, but he began to lead the Way, looking back from time to time, and smiling upon me : he was dressed in black, with a Countenance so pleasing, that I followed him with great Confidence,

We

We had walk'd thus about a Mile, when we came to a large Stream dividing the Path in two; there was no coming to the other Side without passing the Water, from doing which, my natural Apprehension of that Element prevented me.

But this was no Hinderance to the Stranger, who seem'd to walk on the Water's Surface, and, reaching the farther Side, invited me to follow his Example; but the Fear of being drowned still prevailed. I went up the Bank in hopes to find it passable above, but to my great Surprise found it wider and wider. Upon this I return'd, and began to think of venturing over, to which the Stranger intreated me with the most alluring Gestures, when I heard a Voice in the Air crying out, *Jane, Jane, take Care; if you pass the Torrent, you'll be devoured by a Monster.* Looking up, I saw in a Cloud which was flying away, a Woman with a Majestick Countenance, seated as it were on the Stern of a Ship, adorn'd with several Streamers waving in the Wind, on which appeared the following Words, *Without Virtue, no one can arrive at their Port.* But in a Moment the whole Pageant was lost in the Clouds.

I cast a melancholy Look on the Stream; the Stranger redoubled his Importunities for me to follow him; but, reflecting on what I had seen and heard, I return'd very hastily the Way I came. I was curious, thro' Apprehension of being persued, to look behind me: but what a Surprise! what a Change! the Stranger was become a hideous Monster; in full Pursuit to devour me! Fear gave me unusual Speed.

Being now at a considerable Distance, and, as I imagined, out of Danger, I once more look'd back towards the fatal Place; instead of the Stream, there appear'd a black thick Mist, sending forth a pestiferous Vapour; thro' the Clouds every Moment darted out sudden Flashes of lightning, followed by incessant Bursts of Thunder, in-

fo-

so much that I fled with the utmost Precipitancy from so terrifying a Scene.

As I advanced, I found the Path gradually enlarged itself; it brought me to a delightful Meadow, enamell'd with a thousand beautiful Flowers, the Point of View terminating in a magnificent Palace, whose Structure appear'd to be in the grand Taste. Heaven be prais'd, said I to myself, here at least my Troubles will end; this Palace is certainly inhabited, and I may possibly gain Admittance; with this Hope I advanced towards the Building, but was infinitely surpris'd in arriving at it, to find no Gate, tho' I look'd earnestly on all Sides. Night came on, the furious Monster, I had so lately seen, alarm'd me cruelly; I shall certainly be devour'd, said I to myself: upon this Reflection I burst into Tears.

Whilst I was sinking under this Perplexity there came and fawn'd upon me a Lamb, whose Fleece surpass'd the new-fallen Snow; little Garlands of Flowers were tied about him with curious Ribbons. He play'd round me so prettily, that I could not forbear returning his Caresses, which seem'd very pleasing to him; but I was not a little surpris'd to hear him speak to me in the following Manner: *Follow me, Jenny; I'll conduct you to a Palace where Happiness attends you.* Alas! answer'd I, my pretty Lamb, how can that be? (thinking he meant that which was before us.) I sought a long time in vain to find the Door: *Follow me,* continued the Lamb, *I'll shew you one presently.* I complied, but was uneasy to find we pass'd by the Palace I had admir'd so much.

A Pile of Buildings, which I had not observed, was at a small Distance, but as frightful as the other was charming; its Walls were black and hideous; the Entrance enormously wide, through which Crowds of People were continually hurrying in, but few or none, at least that I could discern,
ever.

ever return'd. Struck at what I saw, I stopped short. The Lamb renew'd his Caresses to engage me to advance ; I answered to what he alledged to prevail on me, that we had passed by the Palace, where I desir'd to be introduced.

Finding he could not succeed he rose up an End, saying, *Since fair Means will not prevail, thou shalt know what I am.* In an Instant his Fleece was changed into a rough sad-colour'd Hair, his Eyes rolling with Fury. Let any one imagine the Terror which seized me, when I beheld the same Monster who had persued me before! He flew at me, and my Out-cries echoed on all Sides.

I was on the Point of falling a Prey to him, when a shrill distinct Voice put a Stop to his Fury : *Hold, fatal Enemy,* it said, *Jane refus'd of her own Accord to enter thy Palace, thou hast no farther Power : begone, O Vice ; this Trial suffices, for the future my Palace shall be her Refuge.* These Words pronounced, the same Deity I had seen before in the Air, appear'd again, covering her Face that she might not behold so horrid a Monster. Giving me her Hand, she led me to the so much wish'd-for Palace : we enter'd by a steep and narrow Stair-case, which I had not discovered, and which brought us to a spacious Temple, inspiring Joy and Content into all that enter'd. In it was placed the Throne of Virtue, surrounded by a small, though select and noble Attendance. Notwithstanding the solid Pleasures which reign'd in this happy Abode, something methought was wanting to compleat my Happiness. But, pleasing Delusion ! all my Vows were soon accomplish'd : Wisdom, who it seem'd directed the Ceremonies, conducted me to the Altar : Heavens ! what do I see there ? the *Marquess* ! our Hands are united ; my Soul, unable to bear such an Extasy, dies away. I started out of my Sleep.

This

This Dream made such an Impression on my Mind, that I spent two Hours in reflecting on it. *Saint Agnes* and *de Renneville* surprised me in my Meditation : “ I’ll lay a Wager, (cried the latter) “ you have dream’d of something, and have not “ forgot it.” As I was unwilling to make her acquainted with what had passed, I pretended the same Excuse which *St. Agnes* had made, that I could remember nothing of it. “ You are a couple of “ Dissemblers, (says *de Renneville*) I see plainly ; “ the Secret is a good one, and you have found “ the Benefit of it ; but you are for keeping it to “ yourselves. Well (says she with an Air of Scorn) “ I’ll try it myself, and, to be even with you, “ will be as reserved as you are.” Saying this she left us, and as she was oftentimes insupportable, her Company was not at all desir’d.

As soon as we were alone, I acquainted *St. Agnes* with my Dream ; she was surprised, and told me it portended something : ‘ You will be involved in ‘ Difficulties, (continued she) but Happiness attends ‘ you at last. Alas ! how far different is my unhappy Fate ! no Hope left, nothing but continual ‘ Afflictions to be expected !’ I endeavoured to divert the dear Creature, seeing her Eyes full of Tears, and in order to it made her write down my Dream. We both of us frequently employed ourselves in writing our Adventures, which serv’d at least to amuse us.

One Morning whilst *St. Agnes* and I were reasoning on the unhappy Condition of a young Woman who falls a Sacrifice to the Interest or Caprice of her Parents, *de Renneville* put a Stop to our Reflections, by coming to tell us, that a young Lady, who seem’d to be overwhelm’d with Sorrow, was just arrived : “ You’ll find she is some unfortunate Victim (continued *de Renneville*) one may “ read as much in her very Countenance.” *St. Agnes* as well as I, was too much affected with what we had

had been talking of, to mind the News de *Renneville* brought us; for my Part, I little imagined how deeply I was like to be concern'd.

De Renneville, who never staid long in a Place, finding we were not disposed to chat with her, presently left us: We resumed our Subject, and *St. Agnes* more dispirited than usual, own'd very frankly she could bear up no longer against her Misfortunes. I took this Opportunity to advise her, that if that was the Case, it was high Time to take some Measures for putting an End to them; that something should be ready drawn up, which, when an Opportunity offer'd, should be sent to *Monsieur de Melicourt*, who had already exerted himself in her Behalf. This Advice gave her new Life, she desir'd me to write a Memorial of what had pass'd: To this she subjoined a Protestation against her Vows; a fortunate Precaution, as it afterwards prov'd, tho' I then little thought of being employed in the Affair, or that we were on the Point of being separated from each other.

Just as *St. Agnes* had made up the Packet, the Bell rung to go to the Refectory: We made all the Hastè possible, having been frequently reprimanded for coming too late. I went as usual to the Pensioner's Table; the young Lady whom *Renneville* had mentioned, was sitting there. She rose out of Civility when I came; but Heavens! who should I see? let any one judge of my Surprise and Astonishment. My Heart fell a beating; the Moment I discover'd one I had no Reason to be fond of; in a Word, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*.

I turn'd pale at the Rencontre, a general Trembling seiz'd me, and I fell back into a Chair, every one running to my Assistance, Nuns and Pensioners without exception, as I was much beloved, *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* herself among the rest, not having discover'd who I was. The Moment she look'd me in the Face, she recollected herself:

herself: ' Good God ! (cried she) what do I see ?
 ' it's *Jenny* ! who would have thought it ! Ah ! it's
 ' no wonder my Brother breathes his last : ' Saying
 this she ran from me as if she was distracted, crying
 all the Way that I was a wicked Creature, and the
 Occasion of her Brother's being assassinated ; in
 fine, she filled the whole House with her Tears
 and Lamentations.

But before I proceed, it will not be improper to
 touch upon the Occasion which brought *Mademoi-
 selle d'Elbieux* to the Monastery where I was placed.

A Servant belonging to the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*,
 who was present at the Rencontre, took Post and
 acquainted the *Countess* with what had happen'd.
 Struck with the desperate Condition her Son was
 in, she resolv'd to set out with her Daughter in a
 Chaise to come and tend him. But as Misfortune
 generally follows Misfortune, she had no sooner left
 her own House, but a Messenger arriv'd from *Paris*,
 sent express by her Husband, who was under Con-
 finement on Account of a Quarrel with a Person
 of Quality, directing her to repair instantly to *Paris*
 in order to solicit his Discharge. The *Countess* was
 overwhelm'd with this second Disaster, divided as
 she was between her Duty to the *Count* and ten-
 der Regard for her Son. In her own Inclinations
 the Son would have had the Preference ; but the
 Imputation of not being upon very good Terms
 with her Husband (and which would have been con-
 firm'd on such an urgent Occasion) determin'd her to
 take the Road for *Paris*. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*
 was of the same Opinion ; but her Tender-
 ness for the *Chevalier* made her tell the *Countess*,
 that he ought not to be abandoned whilst his Life
 was in such imminent Danger, and therefore obtained
 her Consent to go to *Madame de G——*, whither
 the *Countess* could not possibly carry her (though
 she would very gladly have done it) without losing
 an entire Day by going so far out of the Road ;
 whereas

whereas by her Husband's Orders she was obliged to reach *Paris* that Night. Whilst these Things were settling in such a manner that they might not interfere one with another, the *Countess* bethought herself of having been a Pensioner in the Monastery where I actually was, and which lying in her Road to *Paris*, was a convenient Place to set down her Daughter, who from thence might go in another Chaise to *Madame de G* ——'s Castle, which she knew was but a few Miles distant.

The Train of Misfortunes which pursued me order'd it so, that when the *Countess* arrived, there was no Chaise to be had for her Daughter; the Abbess thought of an Expédient, which was to send a Messenger to *Madame de G* —— for one, and in the mean Time *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* was to stay at the Monastery. In such Cases the Strangers usually dine in a Parlour, but my ill-fated Destiny inclined her to dine in the Refectory, where we met. There are in Life, often effected by mere Chance, Occurrences so very singular, that one is apt to attribute them to premeditated Design; in reality, nothing could be more extraordinary than what happen'd to me at this Juncture. Though there was nothing surprising in the *Count's* being confined, every Day producing Adventures of that Nature, yet I could never satisfy myself as to this Incident, especially when it so nearly concern'd me not to be discover'd. But to return to our History.

Mademoiselle d'Elbieux's Outcries drew some of the Nuns after her to know the Occasion. Her Resentment against me exerted itself very severely; she gave them my History (not forgetting what I came from) setting off every Circumstance in the strongest Colours Malice could possibly invent; and all this before the Abbess and several of the Nuns. The Abbess, piqued at her being imposed
on,

on, assured *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, that since it was so, she would send me away very shortly.

A Chaise being brought the next Morning. *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* went away; for my Part, that Day and the following Night were spent in the most perplexing Agitations. The amiable *S. Agnes*, terrified at the continual Faintings which seiz'd me, employ'd all the Care the tenderest Friendship could devise in my Behalf: 'Take Courage, my Dear, (said she) 'you will one Day surmount these Difficulties, I undertake to foretell; in the mean Time, Patience and Policy must not be wanting. 'If you suffer yourself to be thus cast down, the whole Monastery will believe all the wicked Creature has advanced. She exceeds by far the Character you gave of her: nevertheless, you have this Comfort, you are generally beloved, and consequently she will find very little Credit. "Ah my dear Friend, (replied I) Calumny bears a great Sway, and easily leaves a Mark: but that is not the worst I dread; sooner or later, what she has alledged will be remember'd; and when I reflect on the Consequences that may naturally follow, I give myself for lost. When *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux* arrives at *Madame de G——*'s her Tears and just Resentment will entirely destroy the little Interest I have left with my Patroness, as every thing makes against me. The Letters she formerly wrote, which I have mentioned to you, left too deep an Impression on *Madame de G——*'s Mind, to say nothing of what has happen'd since; her abrupt Manner of leaving me, the little Notice she takes of me at present, are they not fatal Indications that I am not mistaken? Yes, (continued I bursting into Tears) "and to compleat my Misery, I shall perhaps be torn from you. "This very Monastery once so hateful, thro' the Friendship with which you are pleas'd to honour
" me,

“ me, is become the dearest Object of my Wishes.” *Saint Agnes* plainly shew’d by her Tears and Caresses, how much she was affected with what I said, when a Person came to acquaint me that the Abbess called for me. “ Ah! (cried I) here begins my “ new Train of Misfortunes.” I follow’d the Nun who came for me, *St. Agnes* making a Sign that she would wait for me in her Cell. I came to the Abbess’s Chamber under terrible Apprehensions; she was surrounded by several Nuns, who talk’d to her with great Vehemence. I no sooner appear’d but a general Silence follow’d: ‘ Come-hither, Miss; (cried the Abbess) ‘ pray inform me, as to besure you ‘ can, what Reason *Madame de G* —— could have ‘ for deceiving me, and passing you upon me for ‘ her Niece. Had she thought fit to have trusted ‘ me with the Secret, it might have been of Service to you; especially as I am sensible of the ‘ Obligations I have to that Lady, which I am ‘ not ashamed to acknowledge, as all here present ‘ can witness. In all appearance you are much in ‘ Favour with her; her adopting a Country Girl ‘ for a Niece, is certainly a convincing Proof. You ‘ seem a little confounded; but, take Courage, you ‘ come too well recommended to have the least Reason to apprehend any ill Usage from me: Nevertheless, tell the Truth; for that alone can entitle ‘ you to an Abode here. Consider, whether you ‘ had best interest me in your Behalf, or provide for ‘ yourself.’

This Harangue from a reverend Person went so far as to draw Tears, but gave me no Encouragement to speak my Mind; as it lasted a considerable while, through her want of Breath, I had sufficient time to reflect how I should behave; I concluded not to explain myself till I had heard from *Madame de G* ——, who, it was natural to imagine, upon *Mademoiselle d’ Elbieux*’s Arrival, would come to a Resolution, and either send a Messenger or write to me.

me. Upon this I answer'd; "that I knew *Made-*
moiselle d'Elbieux, and the little Favour I could
 "expect at her Hands; but as to the Airs she had
 "been pleas'd to give herself, and the Character she
 "had bestow'd on me, it was a Mystery I could not
 "pretend to unravel: that I had nothing more to
 "say, but was ready to return, if it should be re-
 "quir'd." The Abbess, surpris'd to see me so reso-
 lute, whisper'd one of the Nuns, and then made a
 Sign for me to retire, which I did, making a low
 Curtesy, and repair'd to my Cell, where I found *St.*
Agnes waiting for me in great Anxiety.

She was all in Tears, and it was my Turn to
 comfort her; the Apprehension that I should be sent
 away, and the Fear of losing so intimate a Friend,
 alarm'd her cruelly. And indeed, what can be a
 greater Consolation, than to share our Grievs with
 one who affectionately interests themselves in our
 Behalf? The remaining Part of the Day was spent
 in melancholy Reflections, and we did not part till
 very late that Night.

Notwithstanding the Trouble of Mind I lay un-
 der, I was on the Point of falling asleep, when
 I heard my Door open; I trembled every Joint;
 not being able to divine who could come to me at
 that Hour. "Are you awake, dear *Jenny*?" said *St.*
Agnes coming up to me. "Good God! (replied I)
 "how you frighten'd me!" "I'll lay a Wager (said she
 smiling) you expected somebody else. A Lover for
 'Example, at this critical Juncture, would have been
 'natural enough; but in our History it would have
 'been a difficult Matter, especially as the Men of
 'these Days are less enterprising than in the Age of
 'Knight Errantry.' Saying this she sat down upon
 the Bed, dress'd in her Night-Cloaths, and, as *White*
 became her particularly well, she look'd charm-
 ingly handsome; I could not forbear complimenting
 her upon it. "Alas! (says she) how can you mind
 'such things?" (A convincing Proof that we Wo-

men, tho' engaged in the most serious Affairs, are ever prone to Trifles.) 'Would it not have been more natural for you to have asked the Reason of my disturbing you at such an unseasonable Hour?' "Good God (I replied) as if I could be disturb'd by one that is so dear! ——— But you seem to have Letters in your Hand, have you receiv'd any lately?" 'Alas! from whom? (answer'd *Saint Agnes*) "these are what we wrote together: for I was no sooner in Bed, but I reflected on all that had passed to day, and from thence concluded that in all probability your Stay may be short. Imagine the Trouble this must necessarily give me; however, a little Self-interest interfer'd; I immediately resolv'd, lest I should be prevented by your sudden Departure, to come and beg, that if I am so unfortunate as to lose you, these Letters may be taken care of, as soon as your own Affairs will admit.' "I shall not wait for that (I replied.) My dear Friend, if we must part, your Business shall have the Preference. I know too well by fatal Experience the Torture of Incertitude, to abandon you to it. It was my Duty to have prevented you on this Occasion; let the Vexation I have undergone, plead my Excuse, I'll make amends hereafter." *Saint Agnes* took me in her Arms, fully satisfied with what I had promised. We passed great Part of the Night in talking of our Affairs, and taking proper Measures that the Letters might be safely delivered, and the Answers return'd. I set down in Writing the Names of the Persons and Places; after which, being much fatigued with watching, *Saint Agnes* retired, and I fell asleep.

I was two Days under the greatest Uneasiness in not having any News; on the third Day *Madame de G* ——— wrote to my Superior to put me into the Hands of the Bearer of her Letter; she took no farther Notice of any thing, but that she would shortly see her. I happen'd to be with the Superior when the

the Express arrived; she shook her Head at this Letter, saying, 'This is very mysterious indeed! Go your Ways, Miss (says she to me) and pack up your things; whilst I return an Answer to *Madame de G* ——. ' *Saint Agnes* being then present would have follow'd me; but she was order'd to stay where she was. It was apprehended, undoubtedly, lest this Nun should take Occasion of my Departure, to give me some Commission; but it proved too late: so true it is, that we should not defer Business to the last Hour.

I went to my Cell much disturbed, as may be imagined, and had soon taken Order about my Departure; from thence I returned to the Lady Abbess, to take my Leave, which she received with great Indifference. It was not so with the rest of the Community and Pensioners; they each of them embraced me, and gave me Marks of their Friendship. When it came to *Saint Agnes's* Turn, she fell a crying bitterly. My Separation from this dear Friend drew Tears from me, as I squeez'd her Hand. Till then, I had not seen the Person who came to fetch me away; at last she appeared, and to my Comfort it was *Christina*, Woman to *Madame de G* ——, who, as I mentioned in the second Part, loved me so well. In spite of my Trouble, I was pleas'd to see her. "Ah, dear *Christina*!" (said I to her getting into the Chaise) "what am I to hear next? has your Lady any Regard left for me?" "I have a great deal to tell you," replied the Maid, mightily taken with the Careless I bestow'd on her;) "you shall hear it as soon as we get out of the Village. God bless me!" (cried she) how you are changed!" "Truly (replied I) "no great Wonder; I have not had a quiet Moment since I came to this Convent, and Distress is no Friend to Beauty; but what is most extraordinary, if a small Matter casts me down, the slightest Satisfaction sets me up again.

As soon as we were got into the open Country I reminded *Christina* of her Promise : Alas ! (replied she) ‘ I wish I had nothing to tell you ; but ‘ I love you too well, dear *Jenny*, to hide any thing ‘ from you ; I’ll lay a Wager you can’t guess on ‘ whose Account you are taken from this Monastery.’ ‘ *Madame de G——*’s replied I ; ‘ *Mis d’ Elbieux ?*’ ‘ No, (says she) the *Chevalier* himself, who now lies ‘ at the Point of Death : Touch’d with a Sense of all ‘ the Misfortunes he has brought on you, he desires ‘ to see you, with Tears in his Eyes ; and knowing ‘ the Aversion his Sister has for you, he made her ‘ promise to receive you kindly. This young Lady ‘ at first was outrageous against you ; *Madame de G——* was afraid to speak in your behalf, so much ‘ was she transported with Passion : however she ‘ seems something appeased ever since her Brother has ‘ declar’d his Intentions to her, tho’ tis easily perceiv’d she only hides the Rancour of her Mind.’ ‘ I ‘ know her (replied I) and will be on my Guard : but ‘ what do they say besides ? what will they do with ‘ me ? why am I sent for ? what has happen’d in ‘ my Absence ?’ ‘ You may easily imagine the *Marques* has not forgot you. (said *Christina* looking steadily on me) ‘ and you will be glad to hear ‘ something of him ; however, that is what I am ‘ forbid positively : But that would be too cruel ; ‘ as I know your Discretion, I’ll proceed to give ‘ you the Satisfaction you desire.

‘ That very Day that *Madame de G——* came ‘ back from the Monastery you have just now quitted, ‘ she receiv’d a Letter from the *Marques*, who desir’d ‘ in the most tender and respectful Manner to hear ‘ how you did ; adding, that he hoped in time to ‘ make her his Acknowledgments for the Protection ‘ she was pleas’d to grant you. The *Valet de Chambre*, who had Orders from his Master to see you, ‘ and perhaps to deliver you some Letters, had but ‘ just time to receive his Answer from my Lady ‘ before

‘ before he return’d, because she much apprehended
 ‘ lest the *Marquess* should not be made sensible soon
 ‘ enough, that the Affair was talk’d of, having all
 ‘ the Reason in the World to dread the *Valet’s* being
 ‘ seiz’d every Moment.

‘ These Fears of *Madame de G*—— were but too
 ‘ true ; that very Night at Twelve there came an
 ‘ *Exempt*, bearing *Letters de Cachet*, to arrest the
 ‘ *Marquess*, the *Chevalier d’ Elbieux*, you, my dear
 ‘ Child, and all those that had any Concern in
 ‘ this unlucky Affair. The Castle and the Village
 ‘ underwent the strictest Scrutiny imaginable ; they
 ‘ rummaged the most private Places, so confident
 ‘ was the *Exempt* of finding what he sought for.
 ‘ He would have taken away the *Chevalier d’ El-*
 ‘ *bieux* ; but, on the Attestations of the Physicians
 ‘ and Surgeons, that removing him might cost his
 ‘ Life, he drew up a verbal Process, left him in
 ‘ Custody of proper Officers, and return’d to give
 ‘ an account of his Proceedings. *Monsieur de G*——
 ‘ set out at the same time, and having made Interest
 ‘ by his Friends, and giving Satisfaction to the Fa-
 ‘ milies concern’d, the Affair took a favourable Turn,
 ‘ and the Officers were remanded. But tho’ the
 ‘ *Marquess* be connived at by a particular Favour as
 ‘ well as the *Chevalier*, notwithstanding the first of
 ‘ these is commanded not to appear again till farther
 ‘ Orders, yet all this won’t screen you ; the Court
 ‘ being inform’d that you are the Cause of this
 ‘ Duel, has ordered you to be arrested and confin’d.
 ‘ Ah my God ! (cried I) I am lost ! ’tis to secure
 ‘ me then that I am brought from the Monastery.”
 ‘ No (continued *Christina*) fear nothing ; the Search
 ‘ is over, and they imagine you are at a great Dis-
 ‘ tance. While you are with my Lady, you may
 ‘ be easy ; I won’t tell you her Design, you shall
 ‘ know it from her own Mouth.

‘ All that I can tell you for certain is, that I have
 ‘ heard my Lady say, but for your Lover’s Father ;

‘ your Name would not have been brought in Ques-
 ‘ tion in all this Affair ; he even insisted on your be-
 ‘ ing arrested. Alarm’d at your Escape, and suspecting
 ‘ *Madame de G*—— of being your Friend, he wrote
 ‘ her a thundering Letter about you, wherein he com-
 ‘ plains bitterly that she was the Cause, by protect-
 ‘ ing you, of the *Rencontre* which endanger’d his
 ‘ Son’s Life : He peremptorily demands that you be
 ‘ admitted a Nun.’ “ And *Madame* (cried I hastily,
 interrupting her) “ what said she ? ‘ I don’t know
 (continued *Christina*) ‘ she has not communicated her
 ‘ Thoughts to me on that Subject ; but there is no
 ‘ Danger of her leaving you, she loves you too well.
 ‘ If you did but know how earnestly she recommend-
 ‘ ed to me to draw up the Glasses of the Chaise, and
 ‘ to hide you when any one came by, you would be
 ‘ quite easy ; her great Regard should satisfy and
 ‘ convince you, that without a tender Concern, she
 ‘ could never be so sollicitous about such Trifles.’

Christina said a great deal more to encourage me,
 but in vain. I gave myself up to Grief, and re-
 gretted a thousand times my native Village. Where’s
 my Father, Mother, Sister and Relations ? Alas !
 how happy were my Days when I dwelt in the
 peaceful Cottage ! Tho’ my Pleasures were but sim-
 ple, my Cares were inconsiderable : Shall I never
 live to see that blessed time again ?

At last we arrived at the Village ; *Christina* sat
 on my Lap as we came in, and took all possible
 Precautions to hide me : The Postillion, who had
 his Orders, set us down in the inner Court of the
 Castle, from thence they conducted me into the
 Lady’s Closet : Word was sent of my Arrival ;
 whilst I waited for her, such a Palpitation of the
 Heart, and Oppression of Spirits seiz’d me, as is
 not to be expressed.

‘ You are come then, my poor *Jenny*, (said this
 Lady to me as she entered, raising me up ;) ‘ In
 ‘ truth your Lot is very unfortunate ; I wish with
 ‘ all

' all my Heart I had never known you. You are
 ' a good Girl, and have not deserved, nor brought
 ' upon yourself these unhappy Adventures ; but you
 ' are not less miserable. I am extremely perplexed
 ' to know what to do with you. *Christina* has told
 ' you, without doubt, all that has passed, and how
 ' pressing *Monsieur le Marquis de L. V.* is with me
 ' to have you deliver'd into his Hands. I don't know
 ' which way to determine. *Monsieur de G——* on the
 ' other Hand wishes I would surrender you to that
 ' Nobleman, who engages his Word, as he writes
 ' to me, that not only no Harm shall come to you,
 ' but that he will give positive Orders to treat you
 ' gently : Notwithstanding his Promises, my Friend-
 ' ship for you with-holds me. What is best to be
 ' done ? " Ah Madam, (cried I, falling at her Feet)
 ' pity your poor *Jenny*, if you abandon me I must
 ' die in Despair. Admit I were to depend on the
 ' Word of the *Marquis*, notwithstanding the Rea-
 ' sons he has to be dissatisfied with me, have not I
 ' great room to dread fresh Adventures ? You know
 ' his Son, and what he is capable of doing. No soon-
 ' er will he know the Place where his Father has
 ' confined me, but he will move Heaven and Earth to
 ' see me or steal me away : Ah, Madam save me
 ' from these new Disasters. I do conjure you, aban-
 ' don me first to my evil Fate, and permit me to retire.
 ' Even this very Night I'll hide myself from the
 ' World ; happy should I be, could I but forget
 ' myself ! " ' We'll think of it (says *Madame de G——*
 ' musing) ' in the mean time stay here ; I will step
 ' to the *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, and know if he is
 ' disposed to see you : He has done nothing these
 ' 24 Hours but call for you. His Sister, of whom
 ' *Christina* has undoubtedly spoke to you, did her
 ' utmost to restrain him from that Eagerness ; her
 ' Opposition had like to have proved fatal to him,
 ' he was taken with a fainting Fit, and *Mademoiselle*
 ' *d' Elbieux*, who loves him tenderly, grieved to have

‘ been the Cause of it, asked his Pardon with Tears
 ‘ in her Eyes, and promised him that for his sake
 ‘ she should be your Friend, and that she would
 ‘ receive you kindly. The unfortunate *Chevalier*
 ‘ seeing this Alteration, embraced her, saying, that
 ‘ all the World should be satisfied, as soon as he
 ‘ had spoke to you. He sent for a Notary, who,
 ‘ as they say, has drawn up his Will. The poor
 ‘ young Man is very ill; the Surgeon affirms he
 ‘ can never get the better of it without a Miracle,
 ‘ his Fever having no Intermiſſion. Adieu, *Jenny*
 (says *Madame de G——* as she was going away)
 ‘ you shall hear from me presently, be easy; who
 ‘ knows but God may have pity on you?

Madame de G—— was scarce gone out of the
 Closet, when Miss *d’Elbieux* appear’d with a Candle
 in her Hand; she grew pale at the Sight of me:
 I believe I did not yield to her in that Respect,
 however she was more couragious than I, and ad-
 vanc’d first: My Legs failed under me, thro’ a ge-
 neral Tremor which seized me: “Can you for-
 “ give, my dear *Jenny*, (says this young Lady
 embracing me,) “all the Trouble I have brought
 “ upon you? You have too much Sense to wish me
 “ any Harm for it; the Fears I was always un-
 “ der for what has now come to pass, occasioned
 “ my Dislike, but the Condition my Brother is
 “ now in, together with his Intreaties, has extin-
 “ guish’d it: Come then, your Presence may
 “ perhaps contribute to his Recovery. Alas! I much
 “ fear they dissemble the Danger he is really in of
 “ losing his Life.” I answer’d only with my Tears,
Mademoiselle d’Elbieux’s Behaviour moving me to
 Compassion. Candour is always liable to be im-
 posed on by Appearances. I followed her to her
 Brother’s Apartment, where she was no sooner ar-
 rived, but she cried out, “Here is my Friend
 “ *Jenny*; pray God the Sight of her may restore
 “ you to me!” A faint Voice replied, ‘Where
 ‘ is

‘ is she ? let me see her, (continued the *Chevalier*)
 ‘ and I die content!’ Drawing near him, not
 without some Apprehension, he stretched out his
 Hand to mine ; the agonizing Voice and Death in
 his Countenance affected me very much.

‘ I no longer regret any thing in this Life, (cried
 he) ‘ since I see you once more, *Jenny*. Can you
 ‘ forgive me all the Vexations my Folly has occa-
 ‘ sion’d ? will my Death be sufficient to atone for
 ‘ them ? O Heaven ! convince this Girl of my Re-
 ‘ morse for my criminal Passion towards her ! If I
 ‘ could but live to make you a Witness of God’s
 ‘ Grace in my Regard, by shewing the Horror I
 ‘ have for presuming to assault your Innocence !
 ‘ Instead of that frantick Love, receive now the
 ‘ Assurance of a most sincere and tender Friend-
 ‘ ship : Whether I live or die, I shall never alter.
 ‘ Present my Service to the *Marquess*, whenever
 ‘ you see him, and assure him that I repent of
 ‘ having given him so much Uneasiness ; I will
 ‘ make amends for it, by what I shall do for you.
 ‘ Do you rightly understand me, *Jenny* ? (cried he)
 which he repeated twice over ; ‘ Do you promise
 (continued he) to pray to God to pardon me ? your
 ‘ Innocence will obtain Mercy for me.’ Pronounc-
 ing these Words he lifted up his Eyes, and pray-
 ed most devoutly ; then turning to his *Valet de*
Chambre, called for what he had bid him lock up.
 The *Chevalier* receiving a small Pacquet seal’d, pre-
 sented me with it : ‘ This (says he) is the least I
 ‘ could do for you, ’tis a Bond for twenty thou-
 ‘ sand Livres, left me by an Uncle, and conse-
 ‘ quently cannot injure my Family. *Miss d’EL-*
bieux has been acquainted with it, and not only
 ‘ thinks it proper, but has even promised to love
 ‘ you and make an Addition to it ; Is not that true,
 ‘ dear Sister ? (cried he, stretching forth his Hand.)
 ‘ Your Love for me is too great ever to be in-
 ‘ different to my Memory.

The poor *Chevalier*, who forced Tears from all about him, seem'd to shew a Glimpse of Joy at the Kiss his Sister gave me, in Compliance with what he said : He concluded by saying, ' I am satisfied, ' this is all I desired of Heaven, in order to shew my ' Gratitude. I now turn all my Thoughts to the ' obtaining of God's Mercy.' Saying this he took my Hand, and squeez'd it, weak as he was, then he embraced his Sister, who was bath'd in Tears. His Confessor was brought in, after he had first return'd thanks to *Madame de G* — for all her Kindness, and made an obliging Sign of Respect to all that were present.

We were eight Days in Suspense for the *Chevalier d'Elbieux's* Life ; sometimes there were Hopes, sometimes he was given over : on the ninth Day the Surgeon declar'd, that if the Fever left him he was out of Danger ; and at Night it did so. This News was received with Joy, in which I shared with every body else on the Occasion. *Miss d'Elbieux*, changed as much as possible in my regard, profess'd a great Friendship for me, and declared publicly, that if her Brother recovered this time, she should be obliged to me alone, after God, for it. I answer'd these Civilities with all the Affection possible ; who would have thought she deceived me, and that she was forming Designs against me, the blackest you can imagine between the most mortal Enemies ?

The *Chevalier d'Elbieux*, who had obtained new Life and Health, resumed also the Sentiments of Honour and Probity : he shewed himself entirely free from the Passion he had conceived for me ; but there hung on him a deep Melancholy, and he seem'd full of some important Design : I could not help being secretly struck at this serious Air of his, and began again to fear lest he was meditating some new Enterprize. Where, by Experience, we have Reason to mistrust, we are apt to misconstrue every thing

thing : however, I was mistaken ; far different and more important Cares took up the *Chevalier d'Elbieux's* Thoughts. Who would have imagined it ? Great God, how ought we to revere thy Decrees ! One Morning *Madame de G*——sent for me to her Room ; she had a Letter in her Hand, and Tears in her Eyes : the Sight struck me. “ More ill “ News ? ” (cried I.) ‘ No my dear Child, answered this amiable Lady ; ‘ read, and you’ll know whether ‘ I have reason to be moved, and whether you could ‘ have foreseen any more than I, such an Event.’ I took the Letter and read as follows.

*A Letter from the Chevalier d'Elbieux,
to Madame de G——*

PARDON me, Madam, if I went away without most humbly taking my Leave of you, and acknowledging the Favours with which you honoured me during my Stay at your House. I write to my Sister to perform these Obligations for me, my Sense of which no Words can express : If ever I obtain Mercy in the Sight of God, you shall not be forgot in my Prayers.

Knowing, thro’ fatal Experience, this Life to be subject to nothing but Passions and Disappointments, and fully convinced that the things of most Importance, to which we sacrifice all that is dear to us, are in the Sight of God, but Trifles often hurtful to our Salvation ; that we must all die, and one Day render an Account of all our Actions ; frightened at my disorderly Life, and fearing, that if I enter’d again into the World, I might relapse into my former dangerous Habits, I have taken a Resolution of quitting it, and retiring amongst the Capuchins, where I shall be out of the Occasions of Sin. I have long resisted the inward Impulses of a celestial Vocation to quit the World : God has at length been so gracious to determine me, by shewing to me the gaping Jaws of Death, and only preserving me from it, that I might have time to re-

collect myself, and to atone for my Sins. Excited by this Mercy, I fly where he calls, and avoid every thing that may shake my Resolution. I recommend to my Sister the innocent Object of my past Follies, that she may prevail on Jenny to forget all the Vexations I have occasion'd: I take you to be that good and generous Person, who will, I flatter myself, assist her in it. I am, Madam, with respect, Your, &c.

The Chevalier d'ELBIEUX.

This Letter made as great an Impression on me as on *Madame de G——*, forcing Tears from me. That Instant enter'd Miss *d'Elbieux* like a mad Woman, and seeing me, said the most disagreeable Things on the Subject of her Brother's retiring, crying out, I was the Cause of all the Misfortunes of her Family, but that she would be revenged. *Madame de G——* check'd her, by recalling to her Mind her Brother's Intentions: these moving Remonstrances softned this young Lady, she reflected a while, then came and embraced me, and ask'd my Pardon, excusing her Violence by the Loss of a Brother, whom she adored. I received these Excuses with Respect, and answer'd in the civilest Manner. Candor takes all the World to be like itself, estranged as it is from the Arts of Diffimulation. Not long after I learn'd by Experience, that when a Woman has once taken an Aversion to a Person, she rarely changes her Mind.

Miss *d'Elbieux* was the first to desire *Madame de G——* to keep me at her House, till I should determine how to dispose of myself: That Lady as well as myself, not suspecting her black Designs, plac'd an entire Confidence in the Friendship with which this Lady seem'd to honour us: She left us two Days after, to join her Mother, who wrote to acquaint her with the Enlargement of the Count *d'Elbieux*, and to rejoice with her on the *Chevalier's*.

Receve;

Recovery, of whose Retreat they had not yet heard. Miss *d'Elbieux* gave the tenderest Marks of her Esteem, as she got into her Chaise, and embraced me most affectionately; this was the last Kiss I received from her, 'twas the Forerunner of the Blow she was going to strike.

Two Days after her Departure *Madame de G* — received a Letter from her, in which I was not forgot, but earnestly recommended: this new Kindness effac'd all Remembrance of her former Proceedings.

I received the next Morning much more acceptable Letters; *Dubois* was the Bearer; 'twas one continued Series of the warmest Sentiments: That faithful Lover the *Marquess*, acquainted me that he was then in *Lorraine*, that he mis'd being taken only by two Days; that they gave him hopes of returning shortly to *Paris*, but this News was no otherwise agreeable to him, than as he expected to see me there; after this he communicated to me a Letter of his Father's, wherein he engages him to take a Tour into *Germany*, in order to forget, as he term'd it, his late Adventures. There was not any sort of Mention made of me, which disturb'd my Lover, as he observed to me, considering his Father's Character, of whom he had a great Mistrust. He intreated me to give him a full Detail of my present Situation, desiring me at the same time not to afflict myself, and that not only my Interest, but my Tranquillity should be the constant Object of all his Care and Attention.

These were joyful Tidings to me, and a Cessation of my Troubles ensued. It is natural for those who are accusom'd to Affliction, to seize the first Interval and smallest Glimpse of Hope to solace themselves, moved by the Repugnance the Weakness of human Nature has to Suffering. I wrote the *Marquess* a long Letter, and told him every thing that had happen'd to me; *Dubois* assur'd me he would have my Letter in two Days, and

that he expected it with the utmost Impatience ; that he was tired to Death, altho' they used their Endeavours in the Town where he was, to amuse him agreeably. A secret Inquietude, which got the better of me, made me question the *Valet de Chambre* upon what he had let drop ; he told me, the Town where the *Marquess* resided was full of beautiful Women, a great Number of whom thought the *Marquess* a pretty Gentleman. I cannot rightly say if it was Jealousy or too much Niceness, I certainly had a mind *Dubois* should describe these handsome *Lorrainers*, whose Beauty he had extoll'd : I made him sit down whilst I was at my Toilette, and he gave me the following Account.

‘ They call the Town (said he) where we are
‘ at present *Pont-a-Mousson*, situated in a delightful
‘ Country, and where, as is usual in most other great
‘ Towns, there is no Regret for the Pleasures of *Paris* ; the Quality are extremely polite, and the
‘ Town’s People mighty affable. The easy Behaviour of the Women is remarkable, and their
‘ Appearance is as genteel as at *Paris*. Amongst
‘ those who distinguish themselves by their Beauty
‘ and Carriage I will name you *Madame de Gombervault* ; she has light-colour’d Hair, and is extremely fair, with a Sweetness of Temper exceeding captivating. Her Husband is Captain of his
‘ R. Highness’s Guards, and acquits himself well in
‘ doing the Honours of his House. The *Marquess* has
‘ din’d there, as well as at *Madame le Baronne d’Atel*,
‘ a brown Beauty of lively and elevated Parts. Her
‘ Husband is *Chamberlain* to the Prince, who unites
‘ a great Share of Probity with an Inclination he
‘ has of obliging all Foreigners of Distinction who
‘ arrive in that Town. He is extremely curious
‘ in his Books, and the *Marquess* has all the Reason
‘ in the World to be satisfied with this Gentleman’s
‘ Behaviour. The third Family, where he is also
‘ perfectly well receiv’d, is that of *Madame le President* :

‘ *sidente de Landres* ; this is a very amiable Lady,
 ‘ and spends her Estate very elegantly and chearfully ;
 ‘ she is always one of the first to promote Pleasure
 ‘ and Mirth. Her Husband, *President of Vitry-le-*
 ‘ *Francoise*, is one of the most accomplish’d Gen-
 ‘ tlemen I know.

‘ They are very agreeable People at the *Provost’s*
 ‘ of the Town ; his Wife is fond of Dancing, for
 ‘ which Reason there are frequent Balls at her
 ‘ House. She has two very handsome Daughters ;
 ‘ the Eldest is married to an *Exempt* of the Guards,
 ‘ whose Name is *Saint-alu*, a great Musician, and
 ‘ a Perfect Master of the Viol. There is but one
 ‘ thing laid to his Charge, that is, he is jealous ;
 ‘ but he ought to be forgiven, because his Wife
 ‘ is of a Turn to inspire Love. As the *Marquess* is
 ‘ frequently at his House, on account of the Musick,
 ‘ of which he is passionately fond, People take it
 ‘ into their Heads he has a fancy for the young
 ‘ Wife.

Dubois was going on when I interrupted him ;
 a sudden Uneasiness seiz’d me, and I thought he
 conceal’d something : “ You pass very slightly (said
 I) “ over *Madame de Saint-alu* ; tell me sincerely
 “ if your Master, to pass away the Time, never
 “ makes Love to her ?” “ Ah ! ah ! (cried *Dubois*
 smiling) “ I believe Miss, God forgive me, you are
 ‘ jealous. “ Who I ? not at all (said I blushing,) it
 “ would very ill become me, nor do I presume to
 “ controul the *Marquess*.” I pronounced these
 Words with Tears in my Eyes, quickly turning my
 self away. *Dubois* who perceiv’d it, and was very
 much devoted to me, knowing the secret Intentions
 of his Master, and how much it would displease
 him should he give me the least Disquiet, eased
 me of my Alarms, which I had not Power to
 hide from him, by giving me an exact Detail
 of the Life his Master led. As he saw this ap-
 pear’d me, he resum’d his Discourse, and told me a
 number

number of pretty Adventures that had happen'd at *Pont-a-Mousson*, which may find a Place perhaps in the Course of these Memoirs.

We were in one of the most pleasant of them caus'd by Jealousy, at which I was laughing very heartily, when *Madame de G* — came and interrupted us: she gave *Dubois* a Letter for his Master, who waited for nothing but this Dispatch; he took Leave of us and went away Post.

I felt a vast Satisfaction in having wrote to the *Marquess*; it was the first Letter he receiv'd from me, wherein the Sentiments of my Heart were clearly expressed. Nothing gives greater Relief than the unbosoming one's self, especially when one is not so much confin'd to the Forms of *Decorum* and Modesty. I never should have been able to have said so much by Word of Mouth, as I ventur'd to do by my Pen. He has since own'd to me, my Letter overwhelm'd him with Joy. I imagine, from my own Experience, when Love is built on Esteem and Virtue, that the Sweets it affords surpass a hundred times those that arise from a Hurry of the Passions, at least I have heard so from those who have experienced both. But to return; Every Body has his Taste, and I think that ought not to be disputed.

In the mean time, as I grew up, my Reason augmented with my Years; this furnish'd me with a Steadiness which supported me against the dreadful Apprehensions of what was to come. *Madame de G* — who had a great deal of Wit, and Knowledge of the World, gave a polite Turn to my Education; the sincere Attachment she perceiv'd I had to her, so prepossess'd her in my Favour, that she would pass whole Days in my Company. These frequent Conversations had clear'd up my Understanding. Without living in the World, I had learnt all its Ways from the various Histories she plac'd before my Eyes, and the daily Transactions

actions that pass'd. When I was alone, I examin'd with Care, all that had been said, and had Penetration enough to draw this Conclusion in general, that each Season of our Lives draws after it its necessary Dependencies; from hence I was persuaded that in a Succession of Things, Life passes away, and that present Evils are to be supported by the Consideration that they either give Way to, or are reliev'd by, fresh Events making us forget the pass'd; in fine, upon these Principles I drove on the Time, if I may be allow'd the Expression, in Hopes that sooner or later I should accomplish what I desired; and this End, this Point, I will own it without a Blush, was to see myself one Day united to my Lover.

I will not venture to say, that People have a Prescience of what is to happen to them: as a Woman, 'tis not allow'd me to discuss the Point, nor would my Sentiment be of any Weight; all I know for certain is, that having staid pretty late one Night with *Madame de G——*, I went, to my Chamber extremely uneasy, which was not usual: I had all the Difficulty imaginable in going to Rest, tho' this was scarce ever the Case. Not knowing how to account for my want of Sleep, I began to read the *Marquess's* Letters, hoping that might sooth me: but whether they brought my Afflictions fresh to my Memory, or that the Stile of a Lover is no Promoter to Sleep in young People, I was not able to close my Eyes; however I put out my Candle, and went to Bed. The Crowing of the Cocks, who proclaim'd the Approach of Day, made me wish for some Rest; but, vain Attempt! 'twas to no purpose to shut my Eyes, or change my Posture; I was no sooner settled on one Side, but I tossed to the other. These perpetual Agitations tormented me to that Degree, that I resolv'd to rise and light my Candle; in short I was just getting up, when I heard
a Knock

a Knock at my Door: I started up thro' Fright; 'twas then but Dawn of Day, and they were never used to disturb me at that Hour. My Door was strongly bolted; for ever since the Design of taking me away, I was very exact in these Precautions: however they redoubled their Blows; I ask'd in a fearful Voice what they wanted? It was *Madame de G——* that answer'd, and bid me open the Door, but in such a Tone, that chill'd my Blood. I thought she was not alone, and that a Man was talking with her; I snatch'd up my Gown in my Arm, and the Door being opened I saw a Gentleman enter accompanied by *Madame de G——*; his Mouth was open'd to speak, but after having fixed his Eyes on me, he turn'd towards my Protectress: 'Truly Madam (cried he) 'I did not think to disturb so pretty a Lady; I am no longer surpris'd at the Apprehension *Monsieur le Marquis de L. V.* is under: the Cunning and Intrigue of this lovely Girl, may chance to cost his Son many a Jaunt.' During this Discourse, *Madame de G——* had flung herself upon the Bed, where I lay, in a terrible Fright. "Ah! Jenny, how unhappy am I (said she to me) to have known you now, and to lose you so soon!" This Discourse overwhelm'd my agonizing Soul. "Just Heaven! (cried I in Tears) what is it you say to me, Madam? Ah, 'I will never leave you, I'll sooner die;' and threw myself into her Arms. The Stranger drawing near in a polite Manner, 'I am mortified, my charming young Lady, (said he) to give you this Trouble; and much more for the Orders I have for an Arrest. You will find nevertheless, with the Help of that Understanding this Lady says you possess, and of which I make no Doubt, some Reason not to be dejected. *Monsieur le Marquis* on obtaining a *Lettre de Cachet* to put you into a Monastery ought to have made use of those Persons who are appointed for that Purpose; but he intrusted me

with

' with his Design and his Motives ; a secret Inclination made me desire this Commission, more out
 ' of Curiosity, I own to you, than any Design of
 ' displeasing you : I will add a third Motive, and
 ' I will not dissemble before this Lady, being
 ' thoroughly convinc'd from the Friendship she
 ' professes for you, that she may be trusted ; I
 ' am a Friend and humble Servant of my Cousin,
 ' your Lover : notwithstanding his Reserve and
 ' want of Confidence in me, I knew the whole
 ' Affair, as soon as it broke out ; and as I under-
 ' stood the Intention of the *Marquess's* Father, I
 ' pretended to approve them, to be able the better
 ' to manage his Resentment : so that, Miss, you
 ' have nothing to fear ; all the Hurt you'll have is
 ' to be separated from *Madame de G——*, and much
 ' happier Days will obliterate the Remembrance of
 ' the present. I must confess, your Tears and Con-
 ' dition greatly move me, and I would not for the
 ' World have enter'd so far into this Affair.

Monsieur de St. Fal (that was the Stranger's Name)
 sigh'd when he spoke these Words. *Madame de G——*
 endeavoured from the Concern he shew'd, to
 engage him to return without me ; and to say for
 his Excuse, that I had made my Escape two Days
 before his Arrival. ' It is not practicable Madam,
 (replied he) ' my Uncle knows perfectly well that
 , Miss is here at your House ; a Person you know,
 ' whom I must not name, has a Spy in pay here at
 ' this Time, who, in case *Mademoiselle* had gone
 from your House, was to have followed her and
 ' informed where she went. You see, Ladies, I
 ' speak sincerely, you cannot be long in judging
 ' from whence the Blow comes.' " Ah the wick-
 " ed Creature! (cried I) 'tis the false Miss *d'Elbieux*,
 " who carefs'd me at the Time she was contriving
 " my Ruin." *Madame de G——*, who was not so
 nearly concern'd as I, had no Suspicion of her.
 Upon what I said she turn'd her Eyes towards *M.*

de St. Fal, one Glance of his convinced her of the
 Mischievousness of this Wretch : Shrugging up her
 Shoulders, she took me in her Arms, protesting she
 never would abandon me. ‘ I cannot oppose the
 ‘ King’s Orders, (said she) nothing less should tear
 ‘ you from my Arms. The Letter your Lover’s
 ‘ Father writes, is filled with Apologies for the Vio-
 ‘ lence which he is obliged to use to prevent (he
 ‘ says) ‘ fatal Consequences. ’Tis in Consideration
 ‘ to me, continued she, that he has sent his Ne-
 ‘ phew, instead of an *Exempt*, knowing (he says)
 ‘ how much I esteem you : On this Account he
 ‘ assures me you shall be treated with the utmost
 ‘ Tendernefs; wherefore, my dear Girl, take Cou-
 ‘ rage, submit to Necessity, and behave yourself
 ‘ always with Prudence, God will bless you, and
 ‘ will make you triumph over Fortune and all these
 ‘ unlucky Accidents.’ She made a Sign to *Monsieur*
de St. Fal to retire for a Moment ; and this charm-
 ing Lady to animate me, took the most effectual
 Way by telling me ‘ that it was on the like Occa-
 ‘ sions I ought to manifest myself worthy of the
 ‘ Sentiments the *Marquess* had for me, and shew an
 ‘ Elevation of Mind above my Birth, which would
 ‘ reflect a Confusion on Nature and Fortune for
 ‘ having been mistaken in bringing me into the
 ‘ World ; besides, *Jenny*, consider, the more you
 ‘ suffer, the more you will endear yourself to your
 ‘ Lover. I say no more, you understand me ; we
 ‘ must wait God’s Pleasure to accomplish the rest.’
 This Exhortation made an Impression ; I found
 it conformable to what passed in my own Breast :
 “ Yes (says I getting up and preparing to depart)
 “ the *Marquess* shall acknowledge this Sacrifice I
 “ make him.” I stifled my Tears and immediately
 resum’d a serene Countenance : I appeared quite a-
 nother Person to *M. de St. Fal*, who enter’d a Mo-
 ment after ; he was surpris’d and charm’d to see
 it. I behaved with all the Civilities his Age and
 Rank

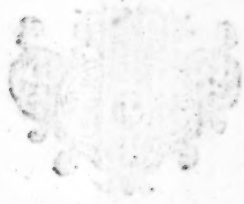
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Rank requir'd, acquainting him I was ready to obey the Orders he bore, beseeching him to assure *M. le Marquis* at his Return, that I had a Respect for every Thing that came from him, his Severity not excepted. *M. de St. Fal* several times applauded my good Sense and Resolution. When all was ready, I embraced my much-lov'd Protectress with the greatest Fondness. It was in vain to pretend to refrain, this Farewel was attended with my Tears ; and I had the same Proofs of her Sincerity : In giving me the last *Adieu*, she slid her Purse into my Hand, without the *Count's* perceiving it. As I was getting into the Chaise, poor *Christina* broke out into loud Lamentations.

End of Part IV.



PART



29. 4. 1941

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P A R T V.

WHILE we were on the Road, which was two Days longer than necessary, for a Reason I shall mention hereafter, *M. de St. Fal* behav'd with as much Respect and Complaisance as if I had been a Person of the greatest Quality: I must except indeed the first Day, which seem'd no very favourable Omen of what was to come. They had represent'd me to him in such a malicious Light, that he concluded, as I had no Education, he should have an easy Conquest, and from thence assum'd a very familiar Air, but was much surpriz'd to find himself taken up with a Resolution and Politeness he little expected. In order to intimidate me, he set out with making me sensible of the Power with which he was vested, and the great Distance Fortune had put between us. Under a Pretence of giving Advice, to prevent my being miserable the rest of my Days, he counsell'd me, as a Friend, to abate something of my Haughtiness, and suit my behaviour to my Rank, the most natural Method, as he frankly own'd, I could possibly take. To make this notable Harangue the more pathetic, my Charms, and the Effect they had on him, were not forgot; to say nothing of those familiar Appellations of *Dear Child, Pretty Girl, &c.* He added, how great a Pity it would be, for one, so handsome and genteel, to be buried alive; hinting from time to time, that no Favour was to be expected from the old *Marquess*, who, as *St Fal* confess'd, was much incens'd against me, and consequently if I was once secured in the Place his Orders directed, I must bid an eternal *Adieu* to the Pleasures of Life; for that either by fair or other Means I should be compell'd to become a Nun. From Threats he made an artful Transi-

Transition to Motives of a more alluring Nature, inviting me to approve of, and comply with his Passion; and, as he suppos'd I could not refuse him, he assured me that not only he would secure me from falling into the Hands of the old *Marquess*, but even make me perfectly happy.

Without vouchsafing any Answer to such Proposals, I only desired, with an Air which put him out of Countenance, that he would not trouble me with any more Discourse of such a Nature, but content himself with executing the Commission he had undertaken; for that he might be assured, neither the Misfortunes with which I was threatened, nor the deluding Baits set before me, should ever prevail upon me to deviate from the Plan I had laid down, of a steady Adherence to the Principles of Virtue and Honour. The *Count* rallied me upon the Oddness of my Behaviour, as he was pleased to term it; display'd, tho' to no purpose, a more modish System of Morality, and several times seem'd inclin'd to be very free with me. I had the Address, in a polite Manner, to defeat his Attacks, and make him sensible how unworthy a Part he acted for a well-bred Man, in endeavouring, by the Power and Authority Chance had put into his Hands, to seduce a young Creature, left without any Defence but what her Tears and Weakness could afford; I made it a Point wherein Worth and Honour were highly interested, and touch'd him nicely concerning the Rank and Behaviour of a Man of Quality; in fine, Virtue supplied me with so much Eloquence on the Occasion, that this young Nobleman, dangerous as he was, and who that very Evening could not prevail on himself to leave my Bed-chamber, at last retired cover'd with Confusion, for having drawn upon himself so many Remonstrances, the Solidity of which he could not but acknowledge, begging of me to forget the Vexation he had occasion'd, for which he promised to make an ample Satisfaction by a far
different

different Conduct for the future. I accepted of his Excuses in a proper manner, and went to Bed cruelly disturbed, as well with what had happened, as what was still to come.

The next Day *St. Fal* changed his Battery ; quite another Man, behaving with all the Politeness imaginable, in which I thought proper not to be behind hand. He took up several amusing Subjects, to divert me, as he said, on my Journey. His Conversation was easy, and plainly shewed he had seen a great deal of the World, and did not want Wit : He was surprised to find I had some share of it myself, looking upon me in the main as a mere Country Girl ; but he ought to have known, that nothing is more apt to take a right Turn, than a young Person, who has the Happiness to fall into proper Hands. Besides, my Misfortunes had enlightened my Understanding, and taught me to make proper Reflections ; to say nothing of the Friendship with which *Madame de G* ——— had honoured me, a Lady of noble Sentiments, and exceedingly well bred, and who had taken a Pleasure in forming me, so that I entirely possess'd myself, whatever was the Subject of the Conversation. A thorough Knowledge of the World, 'tis true, can only be acquired by Experience ; but where there is a tolerable Capacity, and a Desire of being instructed, in a little time a considerable Progress may be made.

Part of the third Day passed without a Word from the *Court* : he view'd me frequently with a kind of Satisfaction, which often ended with a Sigh. This Behaviour very much alarm'd me, lest he should fall in Love, and prove another *Chevalier d'Elbieux* ; I turn'd pale at the very Thought, alone as I was, no Friend near, and abandon'd by the whole World. Sometimes I had thoughts of endeavouring to make my Escape ; but whither should I go ? What Part of the Country was I in ? A powerful Family, in whose Hands I was, violent-
L ly

ly incensed against me ; besides, with Shame I own it, I no longer had the Courage I was formerly possess'd of ; I was grown weak and tender, by being bred a fine Lady, and had lost that Roughness which boldly faces any Danger ; a thousand Apprehensions concurred to alarm me, and made such an Impression, that the *Count* plainly perceived it. ' Have you a Mind to stop, *Jenny* ? said the *Count* : ' by your Countenance I am afraid you are ill. ' Does the Journey fatigue you too much ? You ' seem buried in Thought, and under some Uneasiness : I hope you don't remember what pass'd ' when I had the Misfortune to incur your Displeasure ? Let me entreat it as a Favour, that you ' deal sincerely with one who is ready to do every ' thing that can possibly contribute to make you ' easy, and will seek all Occasions of making amends for the Affronts he offer'd, led into a ' Mistake by an unjust Prejudice, which the Knowledge of your distinguish'd Merit has entirely ' banished.'

This Apology, the cruel Reflections which then perplexed me, the Apprehension of what was to come, the new Convent indeed with which I was threatned, all put together, melted me into Tears. ' This is too much (cried the *Count de St. Fal*, moved at my Condition) ' your Grief overwhelms me, I ' cannot bear it any longer. Notwithstanding a thousand Reasons for the contrary, a prevailing Motive ' attaches me, Miss, to your Interest ; so far even ' as not to comply with the Injunctions which first ' brought us acquainted. I cannot be so void of ' Compassion as to execute my Commission, which ' from what I said the other day, I easily guess has ' given you this Disturbance ; but, make yourself ' easy, whatever may be expected from me, I cannot bear to do any thing which forces Tears from ' the finest Eyes I e'er beheld. You shall be convinced how great an Effect your Charms have

' on all those who approach you. Don't blush at
 ' the Acknowledgment I make, it pleads an Ex-
 ' cuse for my Cousin's Passion, whose Happiness I
 ' envy, and profess myself his Rival; but be assur-
 ' ed, I will not in the least employ the Opportu-
 ' nity Fortune has put into my Hands, either to di-
 ' minish your Inclinations for the *Marquess*, much
 ' less to constrain you to make any Return for the
 ' Vivacity of those Sentiments, with which you
 ' have inspired me. You sigh (continued the *Count*,
 taking me by the Hand) ' do you doubt of my
 ' Sincerity? Put it immediately to a Trial, and
 ' you will know how far I am to be depended
 ' upon.' *St. Fal.* stopped here, and seem'd to ex-
 pect my Answer. Whatever Reason he gave to be-
 lieve he had an Inclination for me, I was equally
 alarmed, and the more Discretion it seem'd accom-
 pany'd with, I look'd upon it the more dangerous;
 I knew not what to say, and my Eyes, fixed on
 the Ground, discover'd my Perplexity. What means
 ' this Silence, Miss?' continued *St. Fal*; ' is it a
 ' Mark of your Distrust? do you think me capa-
 ' ble of imposing upon you? If these are your Sen-
 ' timents, I plainly see I must now pay for the
 ' Indifference in which I have hitherto lived, and
 ' shall severely repent the Rashness I have been
 ' guilty of, in thus exposing my Liberty. Ought
 ' I not to have foreseen this, and have concluded
 ' from my Cousin's Passion, to whose Delicacy in
 ' Affairs of this Nature I am no Stranger, that you
 ' were certainly a very accomplished Person? Ne-
 ' vertheless, whatever Injustice you may shew in
 ' my Regard, or Treatment I may receive at your
 ' Hands, I must not regret my having undertak-
 ' en this Commission, since it furnishes me with
 ' an Opportunity of serving you. You shall know
 ' very shortly (continued he) pretty *Jenny*, that to
 ' say and to do is the same thing with me.' Say-
 ing this, the *Count* put his Head out of the Chaise.

and ordered one of the Servants who rode by, to direct his Postillion to take the first Road that led to *Versailles*. The Servant, surpris'd at this, replied, that *Monsieur le Marquess's* Orders were directly contrary, and that——‘ Do as you are bid, (cried the *Count* interrupting him) ‘ and leave the ‘ rest to me.’ Accordingly the Servant retired, and we soon struck out of the great Road.

This Counter-Order surpris'd me, but, to speak the Truth, gave me no manner of Uneasiness; the Place he mentioned, I knew to be the King's Residence, which naturally recalled the dear Remembrance, so interesting and so remarkable, of my meeting his Majesty at *Fontainebleau*, the Accident which afforded me the first Knowledge of my Lover. Affected with these Ideas, my Imagination dispatch'd a great deal in a little Time, uniting several things with much Vivacity; the Place where I was going was to be the Abode of the *Marquess*, and thither he might very possibly soon return. These endearing Reflections quickly dispell'd the lowering Clouds my present Situation had gathered. How easily do Lovers revive! The Heart catches eagerly at the most remote Hopes that have any Connection with the Object beloved. The *Count* was too quick-sighted not to discover this Alteration, but was far from attributing it to the true Cause; he imagined it was only owing to his Promise of not confining me in a Monastery; upon this he repeated it, and added, ‘ I should be entirely ‘ my own Mistress, and be convinced by Experience, that tho' he should not be so happy as to ‘ gain my Esteem, he would at least merit it by ‘ his Services and Complaisance.

I was on the point of returning a polite Answer to these fresh Assurances of his favourable Disposition in my Regard, when entering the Village where we were to dine, we saw a Croud of People gather'd about a young Female *Pilgrim*, carrying, or rather dragging

dragging an enormous Cross; " Good God ! cried I, " how I pity that young Creature, and commiserate " her unhappy Condition ! Cannot you inform one, (said I to the Landlady, as I was getting out of the Chaise) " what can be the strict Obligation this *Pilgrim* must be under to travel thus ? " 'Tis what " no body can account for (replied the Person I spoke to;) " all I know of the Matter is, that several of " the Inhabitants having given her Charity, she immediately distributed it to the Poor about her, which " occasion'd the Acclamations you still hear, and " shows that she is no ordinary Person. My Husband " had the same Curiosity, Miss, as you have, and " endeavour'd to discover the Mystery ; but all the " Account he brought was, that she said she was doing Penance, and performing a Vow ; that if she " should suffer a great deal more, it would not be a " sufficient Atonement for her Sins ; and that before she left the Village, we should be acquainted " with her History.

All this only served to encrease my Curiosity, and I told the *Count de St. Fal*, and I went in much dissatisfied, at not being able to learn any thing farther.

Being left alone in the Room where the Cloth was laid, I imagined the *Count* was gone to the Stable according to his Custom ; drawing near the Fire, I found my Vexation (which now could be no Novelty) redoubling upon me : If dear *S. Agnes* were but with me, said I to myself, I could talk over all my Misfortunes. Certainly nothing can be more insupportable, than on some Occasions to be abandon'd to one's self.

Nevertheless, the calling of *St. Agnes* to mind, occasion'd a Reproach to myself, for being so slow in serving her. 'Tis true, from the time I parted from her, I had been so narrowly watch'd on all Occasions by *Mademoiselle d'Elbieux*, (as *Christina* inform'd me) that I had not the least Opportunity

of acquitting myself of the Service I owed my Friend: I might indeed have left her Letters and Directions with *Christina* at my coming away; but as it was of the greatest Consequence not to hazard their being lost, and that the whole Affair should be vigorously pursued, I made a Scruple of entrusting the Commission into the Hands of one, who, if Occasion required, could not act but in Subordination to another. Such were the Motives which hitherto tied up my Hands; but as we are never so sensible of other People's Misfortunes, as when we sink under the Weight of our own, so these few Reflections placed in such a strong Light *St. Agnes's* Grief for my Absence, and what tedious Hours Expectation necessarily counts, that I resolved, cost what it would, to perform my Promise, and send by the first Opportunity which offer'd, an Express to deliver her Letters into her Lover's own Hand, or, in his Absence, to his Father. The thing seem'd the more feasible, by reason of the Money *Madame de G——* had given me, and which I had quite forgot, till this Design of serving *St. Agnes* reminded me of it. I had a Curiosity to see what my generous Protectress had done for me, and found it amounted to twenty-five *Louis d'Ors*; but how was I transported in opening a little Box, to find *Madame de G——*'s Picture! I hugg'd it to me, and at this Moment whilst I am writing these *Memoirs*, my Heart is moved at the Remembrance of what then passed. Yes, generous Lady, I'll be ever mindful of your Goodness, and the Friendship with which you honoured me; the Loss I have of you is always fresh in my Memory, and if any thing is wanting to complete my Happiness, it is the being for ever deprived of you. 'Tis generally said, that Women seldom bear an entire Friendship to one another; but I am an Exception from this Rule, and though I should live to

to be extremely old, the Memory of *Madame de G---* will be ever dear.

The Picture, I mentioned, was still in my Hand, with my Eyes and Heart fixed on it, when I was surpris'd by the *Count* leading in the *Pilgrim*. 'Here, Miss (said he) is the lovely Person whose Condition excited your Compassion and Curiosity; I have engaged her to take up her Quarters here, and she has promised me to relate her Story to you. It happens very luckily, that this young Gentlewoman knows my Name, being related to an intimate Acquaintance of my Mother's. I am no Stranger to the Adventures of this pretty Creature, they have been much talk'd of in my Country, tho' in a manner, as she informs me, very different from the Truth.

I had rose from my Seat when the beautiful *Pilgrim* entered the Room, and had embraced her very tenderly; but, what the *Count* related, redoubled my Civilities to her, which she return'd in a polite Manner, becoming a well-bred Person. When Dinner-time came, she was about to retire, but I press'd her so earnestly to dine with us, that she consented to it, on Condition of being left entirely to her own Management in point of eating. At the same Time, she begged leave to step to the Kitchen, and I took that Opportunity to thank the *Count de St. Fal* for obliging me with the Company of the *Pilgrim*. It will be time enough, Miss (replied he) to make your Acknowledgments, when I have been so happy as to be really serviceable to you; the least Hint will always suffice to make me immediately execute your Commands.' The *Pilgrim* coming into the Room, hinder'd me from making a proper Reply. While *St. Fal* was speaking to her, I examined with great Attention her whole Person; she was a smart, brown Woman, with large lively black Eyes, about twenty two; an engaging Aspect, tho' with a particular melancholy Cast; she had on a

Waistcoat of very fine Cotton, with other Apparel suitable, excepting a coarse red Mantelet over her Shoulders, adorned with Shells; a Rush Hat, cock'd Boatways, and lined with yellow Taffety, which seem'd more design'd to set her off, than for Use; tall and well made, with an easy Carriage. The Tan on her Face shew'd she had been some Time expos'd to the Inclemencies of the Weather; but when her Gloves were off, the Fineness of her Complexion was very conspicuous.

Whilst I made this Scrutiny, a few Sighs forced their Way; as often as we compassionate the Sufferings of others, if we have any Reason to complain ourselves, we greedily appropriate the greatest Part of our Pity. I was much affected with this young Person's Conversation, frequently interrupted by her Sighs and Complaints against the Severity of her Fate, which was seldom mentioned without Tears. This was abundantly sufficient to make me follow her Example. I comforted her, and took her in my Arms with as much Familiarity as if we had been long acquainted: These Tokens of my Tenderness mitigated her Sorrow, and were requited with equal Proofs of her Affection to me.

Dinner being brought in, put an End to our Conversation, which was melancholy enough, and after some little Ceremony we sat down to Table, when *St. Fal* and I saw, to our great Surprise, some coarse Bread and Water placed before the *Pilgrim*. This made us very pressing to engage her to eat some Soup with us, but in vain, she desiring to be excused, on account that if she complied with our Request, her Penance, by a Law she had imposed on herself, must last eight Days longer; otherwise the current Day was the last, being on the Morrow to change her Way of Life to something more conformable to the rest of the World. These Reasons prevailed, and we left her to follow her own Method. When Dinner was done, which, notwithstanding *St. Fal's* Endeavours

Endeavours to divert and make me eat heartily, was not long, the pretty *Pilgrim* prevented us on the Subject of her History, saying nevertheless, that if we were straitned for some time, she would cut off the circumstantial Part, and give us what was most material in few Words. *St. Fal*, who seem'd more attentive than ever to find out what was agreeable to me, discovered that such a Mangling of the Story would deprive me of a great deal of Pleasure; upon which he immediately replied, ' that my Journey ' was not of such Consequence, as to deprive me so ' soon of such an amiable Companion; adding, ' with a Smile, that he believed it would not be very ' disagreeable, if he should entreat me to stay till ' next Day, which he thought necessary to prevent ' a too great Fatigue.' I bow'd to him, as an Acknowledgment of his Complaisance.

The *Pilgrim* seeing us disposed to hear her, said, before she entered upon her Story, that she was overjoyed at what was concluded on, as well as at the Pleasure of my Acquaintance; not being to go herself till the Day following, for that she expected a Chaise to meet her over Night, in which she intended to reach her Journey's End.

When the Cloth was taken away, and we left to ourselves, the young *Pilgrim* began her History in the following Manner:

' I am the Daughter of a very rich Physician ' of *Montpellier*, whose Repute was so great, that he ' was often sent for a hundred Leagues off.' 'Tis true, ' in the Cures he performed, an unusual Success ' seem'd to attend him, scarce one Patient in thirty miscarrying under his Hands, which contributed ' very much to the great Vogue he was in to his ' last Breath.

' At the proper Age I received an Education ' suitable to the Fortune design'd for me; the best ' Masters were employed: the Facility with ' which I took my Learning, occasioned a fa-

‘ yourable Opinion of my Parts ; and the Charms
 ‘ People fancied they saw in me, or rather my
 ‘ great Fortune, soon drew a Croud of very confi-
 ‘ derable Admirers.

‘ The Desire my Father had, being already ad-
 ‘ vanced in Years, to see me married, an Earnest-
 ‘ ness of which he often expressed when we were
 ‘ amongst ourselves, occasioned my being continu-
 ‘ ally importuned to make a Choice ; but the An-
 ‘ tipathy I had to Matrimony was so great, that I
 ‘ could not bear to hear it mentioned. Every Day
 ‘ furnished so many Instances of faithless Men, and
 ‘ their Brutality to their Wives, when become their
 ‘ Masters by the most submissive Addresses ; that I
 ‘ could not prevail with myself to encrease the
 ‘ Number of such unfortunate Wretches. These
 ‘ Prejudices were so strongly fixed in my Mind, that
 ‘ one Day I openly declared to my Father, who
 ‘ was using all his Authority with me to accept of
 ‘ one whose Pretensions he favoured, that if he per-
 ‘ sisted in constraining my Inclinations, either a Mo-
 ‘ nastery or Death itself should free me from such Im-
 ‘ portunities. This Protestation was followed by a
 ‘ Torrent of Tears ; and as he perfectly doated on
 ‘ me, it prevailed with him to promise that I should
 ‘ be left entirely at my own Disposal.

‘ I was now turn’d of sixteen ; I had not only
 ‘ made a considerable Progress in those Arts which
 ‘ are usually learn’d, but even in Physick, which my
 ‘ Father taught me, and found a Pleasure in making
 ‘ me a considerable Proficient. Charmed with the
 ‘ Disposition I shew’d for it, and the Ease with
 ‘ which I surmounted all the Difficulties of that
 ‘ Science, he set no Bounds to his Lectures. My
 ‘ Memory, like a fruitful Field, yielded a plen-
 ‘ tiful Harvest of whatever was sown in it ; *Anatomy*
 ‘ *Botany*, *Osteology*, all were display’d and under-
 ‘ stood ; in fine, at eighteen I was so far advanc’d
 ‘ in the Mysteries of *Esculapius*, that I wrote a Trea-
 ‘ tise

‘tise of Physick in *Latin* concerning, — and dedicated it to my Father. The Reputation I acquired by this Work reach’d the most distant Countries, convincing Proofs whereof my Father received in a short time.

‘ There came a Letter from a Physician at *Lisbon*, acquainting him, that there had fallen into his Hands a Book wrote by his Daughter; that he had read it very attentively, and form’d a Judgment of her Capacity from this learned Production; that as he attributed this Prodigy to the great Skill of the Father, he thought him the properest Person in the World to form an only Son of his; that he beg’d, in Consideration of the Science they mutually profess’d, he would take the Care of him, there being nothing he would not do to merit a Favour he had so much at heart.

‘ My Father, who still persisted in his Design of marrying me, though he would not break the Promise he had made, resolv’d to take in this Boarder, hoping that, under a Pretext of leaving the Care of his Studies to me, on account of his own Age and Infirmities, he might give the young Man an Opportunity of gaining my Affections, and wean me from the Relish I had for a single Life; expecting that being continually in my Company, if his Person was any thing tolerable, he might at last compass what was so much desired.

‘ In pursuance to this, the *Lisbon* Physician had a very civil Answer, which accepted of his Proposal, acquainting him that he might send his Son as soon as he pleased, and that no Endeavours should be wanting to convince him he was not deceived in the Choice he had made.

‘ It’s true, my Father took an extraordinary sort of Precaution before he sent his Answer. As he had no other View in receiving this Boarder, but what has been already mention’d, he privately inform’d himself from *Lisbon* whether the Physician’s

‘ Son was of a Turn likely to please the Ladies : He
 ‘ was overjoy’d to hear that his Person was exceed-
 ‘ ingly amiable, and his Conduct and Manners with-
 ‘ out Reproach. Upon this he immediately wrote as
 ‘ I said before, and waited an Answer with great
 ‘ Impatience.

‘ In eight Days time he had the Pleasure of a
 ‘ Letter from the Physician, with an Account of the
 ‘ Son’s being on his Journey. My Father acquainted
 ‘ my Mother and me of his coming, but in an artful
 ‘ Manner. In order to surprise me, and work the
 ‘ desir’d Effect in my Heart, he told my Mother, pre-
 ‘ tending not to observe I over heard him, that what
 ‘ he dislik’d in the Affair was the young Man’s being
 ‘ very deform’d and ugly ; he enlarged upon the
 ‘ Disgust which must necessarily arise from living
 ‘ with such People, and that he would gladly have
 ‘ excus’d himself ; but the person in-question was so
 ‘ earnestly recommended by those for whom he had
 ‘ the greatest Respect and Consideration, that he
 ‘ chose rather to undergo the Mortification, than dis-
 ‘ oblige so many of his best Friends.

‘ The Aversion I always had to Men, made me
 ‘ very attentive to what my Father said ; it only
 ‘ served to form in my Mind an exceeding disagree-
 ‘ able Idea of our future Boarder : But, how was I
 ‘ surpris’d, when one Night at Supper, there enter’d
 ‘ the Room a young Man, beautiful beyond Expres-
 ‘ sion, who, as we were previously informed, was the
 ‘ Boarder expected from *Lisbon* ! My Father receiv’d
 ‘ him with open Arms, overjoy’d to find he was not
 ‘ imposed on, persuaded by the Astonishment I be-
 ‘ trayed, he had hit upon the right Method of com-
 ‘ passing his Designs.

‘ It’s true, the graceful Appearance and polite Be-
 ‘ haviour of this Stranger both disturb’d and surpris’d
 ‘ me ; to expect to see a deform’d Person, and find
 ‘ him exceeding handsome, must make a deep Im-
 ‘ pression on a young Heart. I could not refrain
 ‘ from

' from viewing him, in hopes of discovering some De-
 ' fects, but found it was in vain. His Hair, which
 ' was of an ashen Colour, fell carelessly in large Ring-
 ' lets on his Shoulders, and notwithstanding the Dis-
 ' order his Voyage had occasion'd in his Dress, his
 ' Air had something so grand in it, that after a long
 ' Scrutiny I could not possibly dislike him. I rose from
 ' Table, nettled to find nothing in him that suited
 ' the Aversion I fancied I had to the whole Sex;
 ' and notwithstanding my Father and Mother's Com-
 ' mands for me to stay, I retired to my Chamber cry-
 ' ing like a Child.

' It is not with Justice, that Capriciousness is look'd
 ' upon to be the distinguishing Characteristick of our
 ' whole Sex? Was not my Behaviour on this Occa-
 ' sion a singular Instance of it? My Heart and Eyes
 ' were no sooner freed from the Impression I have al-
 ' ready mention'd, but I found myself more averse to
 ' Matrimony than ever; in vain did my Affections
 ' struggle against so-unreasonable a Conduct, my Ob-
 ' stinacy prevail'd over both the Importunities of my
 ' Parents and my own Inclinations; for in a few Days
 ' the young Man's Presence disarm'd my haughty
 ' Heart, as my Father plainly perceiv'd. In order
 ' to succeed in their Designs, it was resolv'd that I
 ' should read a Course of Physick to the Boarder. I
 ' piqued myself on complying on this Occasion, and
 ' hiding from *Belizai* (for so the Boarder was call-
 ' ed) the Pleasure his Company afforded: But how
 ' weak are we when in Love! and how difficult is it
 ' to gain such Victories without hazarding the most
 ' dangerous Revolutions! The perpetual Constraint
 ' I was under to disguise my Sentiments, and the
 ' constant Guard I was oblig'd to keep over myself,
 ' was too great a Shock to my Inclinations for a ten-
 ' der Constitution to support; I sunk under the
 ' Weight, and fell dangerously ill.

' *Belizai* never left my Bed-side. If my Resolution
 ' gave way at the Sight of him, he was not less cap-
 ' tivated.

'tivated on his Side; he secretly admired me from
 ' the first, but having discover'd my Humour, and re-
 ' gulating his Behaviour upon the Antipathy I ex-
 ' press'd to the softer Passions, his Conduct, either
 ' through Timidity or Discretion, was so circumspect
 ' and restrain'd, that, led by my capricious Temper,
 ' I blamed him for it in my Heart. But when I fell
 ' sick, he left me no farther Room to find fault with
 ' him. He threw off all Restraint when he saw the
 ' Danger I was in, and gave very convincing Proofs
 ' both of his Passion and Grief. The Transports he
 ' indulg'd himself in, were so acceptable to my Fa-
 ' ther, that he promised *Belizai*, if it should please
 ' God to restore my Health, he would join our Hands,
 ' in case, no Obstacle arose from any Dislike of mine.
 ' Transported with this Promise, and looking upon
 ' me, as he told me, in the Quality of his dear Wife,
 ' he would scarce suffer any one else to do the least
 ' Thing for me. The Condition to which I was re-
 ' duced, and his known Discretion, pleaded an In-
 ' dulgence for his Tendernefs; but the Small Pox
 ' soon appearing, and my Father being apprehensive
 ' for his Boarder's Health, he was debarred from
 ' coming into my Chamber. The timorous *Belizai*
 ' obey'd, but with so much Regret and Vexation
 ' that he lost his Appetite. My Father perceiving
 ' this, and fearing lest his over Precaution might
 ' bring on what he endeavoured to prevent, left
 ' him to his Liberty: this, which he called a Favour,
 ' was no sooner granted, but he presently recover'd
 ' his usual Chearfulness. During the first Days of *Be-*
 ' *lizai*'s being removed for the Reasons abovementi-
 ' oned, when the Intervals of my Illness permitted, I
 ' was sensible of his Absence, and suffer'd cruelly
 ' by it, breathing out abundance of Sighs, without
 ' discovering the real Cause. Ah! without doubt,
 ' said I to myself, *Belizai* is gone, discouraged, as
 ' he well may, by my Indifference; he is gone! and
 ' offers elsewhere those Vows which here found so
 ' cold

* cold a Reception : or rather, has not my Illness
 * disfigured me to that Degree, that the little Beauty
 * which once could secure his Affections, is now no
 * more. Either Reflection pierced my very Soul ;
 * these Agitations encreas'd my Illness to that degree,
 * that had not *Belizai* returned as he did by my Fa-
 * ther's Permission, Life was fleeting fast away : his
 * Presence called it back ; the Despair he express'd
 * at my extreme Danger, being an undeniable Proof
 * of his Constancy and Love, was a precious Balm
 * reanimating my benumb'd Senses ; I began to re-
 * cover ; but what chiefly contributed to it, and
 * sed my Vanity besides, was, that being fond of my
 * few Charms especially from the Time my Heart
 * was entangled in Love, I found I should not in the
 * least be mark'd with the Small Pox.

* My Father, who during the Course of my Ill-
 * ness had been cruelly alarmed, was transported at
 * my Recovery ; he shew'd it by the large Alms and
 * other Works of Piety he employed as an Acknow-
 * ledgment for so great a Blessing, and to obtain its
 * Continuance till my Health was fully re-establish'd,
 * being uneasy that all his Experience and Remedies
 * could not prevail against a languishing Weakness
 * under which I laboured. But in three Months af-
 * ter the Small Pox was over, he had greater Reason
 * than ever to be afflicted, for I was seized with a
 * continual Vomiting ; this was attributed to a Dis-
 * order of my Stomach, and proper Remedies were
 * tried ; but without Success, till in the fourth Month
 * it ceased, when I began to mend, though I still
 * was troubled with a kind of Loathing, and odd
 * Fancies that were not usual.

* *Belizai* still continued his Affiduity about me,
 * but notwithstanding my secret Inclinations I beha-
 * ved outwardly as usual : Though I really loved him
 * more than myself, yet I could not conquer an A-
 * version I had to declare my Mind, as he well deserv-
 * ed for his Tenderness, Love, and Complaisance ;
 * a Decla-

a Declaration which at once would have completed the Joy both of him and the Family, being what was so earnestly desired. My Father attributed this Indifference for *Belizai* to my old Aversion in regard of Men in general, but was still in hopes that in time my Mind might change.

My Health was now entirely re-establish'd, except some Twitches I felt, which from time to time were almost insupportable. The Account I gave my Father of it, and comparing it to a living Creature, made him conclude that I had something within me, bred by a Conflux of Humours, that preyed upon me and supported its Life at the Expence of mine, which it wore away by degrees; Examples, tho' not very frequent, are not wanting of such *Phænomena*, and thence he concluded to his great Amazement, that it was my Case. He called a Consultation of Physicians, unwilling to rely on himself in so nice a Point, and wherein he was so nearly concern'd. I was examined, and it appearing that I felt the Motions beforementioned when fasting, or beginning to eat, it was concluded that my Father's Opinion was preferable to any thing that had been alledged on the Subject; and that as the Case was exceeding dangerous as well as extraordinary, an Incision was the only means of freeing me from what sooner or later would certainly prove my Destruction.

This Prescription threw the whole Family into the utmost Consternation; my Father after drying his Tears, came and acquainted me with it, having prepared me with all that Religion or Reason could suggest. I must own that the Conclusion of his Harangue struck a Terror into me, since I found that in performing the Operation the least Accident might be fatal. I took that Night to consider of it, and any one will easily imagine, that in such a Situation I got but little Rest. It was near Day before I shut my Eyes; nevertheless,

‘ oppres’d

• oppress'd as I was, I began to dōze, when on a
 • sudden I started up at Voice which said distinctly,
 • *Lindamine, besure you don't consent to the Operation;*
 • *in two Months you will be certainly cured.* Terri-
 • fied at the Voice, and cover'd with a cold Sweat,
 • I called aloud for Help to my Father, whose
 • Chamber was near mine; he immediately rose, and
 • came to know the Occasion of my Outcries: when
 • I told him what had happened, he endeavour'd to
 • bring me to myself by persuading me, that confi-
 • dering the Anxiety I went to Bed in, it was easy
 • to comprehend that the Vapours of a Sleep so rea-
 • sonably disturbed, might occasion a Dream, which
 • would make the greater Impression, as it arose
 • from the Apprehensions the Soul is continually un-
 • der, with regard to a Separation from the Body,
 • For a Confirmation of what he asserted, he remind-
 • ed me of what I read a hundred Times in our
 • Treatises of Physick, that in a violent Fever, the
 • subtle Vapours which mount to the Brain, cause
 • so great a Disturbance and Confusion in the several
 • Parts about the *Pineal* Gland, that it conceives Ob-
 • jects very far different from what they really are
 • in themselves; that they not only represent them
 • thus to the disturbed Imagination, but even to the
 • Eyes themselves: it sometimes happens, that the
 • very Ears seem to hear, even when we are awake,
 • whole Sentences, which are nothing but the Pro-
 • ductions of a distemper'd Brain.

• These Remarks, however well founded, made no
 • Impression; I was too well satisfied of what had hap-
 • pen'd; neither had I any Fever, and consequently
 • not in the Situation my Father suppos'd. Besides,
 • my Studies had not entirely conquer'd the Prejudi-
 • ces of Childhood; and our Sex, whatever Advances
 • it may make in Learning, always retains some little
 • Share of its natural Weakness. I dreaded Apparitions,
 • and imagined the Voice to come from some-
 • thing of that Nature. I was positive I had been ac-
 • quainted

acquainted with the Voice, from whence I concluded
 that some Friend of the Family just departed
 had given me that Admonition. My Father made
 light of all this, and set it aside by philosophical
 Arguments, which at last convinced me. The
 great Confidence I repos'd in his Learning and Ex-
 perience obliged me to yield the Point, but at the
 same time I declared to him, that finding myself
 much better, and free from the Pains I had com-
 plain'd of (which was only a Feint to avoid the
 Operation) I could not think of coming to an
 Extremity. He would have replied, but I fell in-
 to such a Fit of crying, that out of Compassion he
 gave me his Word, he would not insist upon it.

Notwithstanding the Danger with which the
 Physicians threaten'd me, in case I did not comply
 with what they order'd, my Health improv'd dai-
 ly, excepting those interior Motions I felt, but did
 not dare to mention for fear of the fatal Operation:
 Nevertheless, the Uneasiness this new Habit of Body
 occasion'd, was far inferior to what I labour'd un-
 der on account of my Sleep. Naturally I slept
 but little, and was so alert, that a Mouse would
 wake me; but after the Small Pox it was quite
 otherwise; I was so alter'd as to this particular,
 that I not only slept many Hours, but it was of-
 ten morally impossible to wake me; my Maid
 assuring me that she frequently pulled me about
 for half an Hour before I open'd my Eyes, and
 sometimes could not effect it; that one Day par-
 ticularly she was very much frighten'd, imagining I
 was in a Fit, and would have called my Father,
 but that I had strictly charged her never to ac-
 quaint him with my Ailments, for fear of bring-
 ing on the Operation with which I was threaten'd.
 This Detail made me renew the Prohibition for the
 same Reason, and from own Knowledge in Physick.
 I took such Remedies as are proper to thin the
 Blood,

* Blood, and of course to prevent the ill Consequences of a continual Sleepiness.

* One Morning being awake sooner than ordinary, *Belizai* sent in my Maid to desire leave to speak a Word with me : I was then in Bed, as I generally had been of late by reason of a heavy Weariness I could no ways account for, and which made my Father and Mother very uneasy, lest what the Physicians had foretold, should come to pass. Decency obliged me at first to refuse *Belizai's* Request, but he insisting on coming in, and declaring he should not stay a Minute, I ordered the Maid to remain in the Room. He held a Letter in his Hand, with a dejected Air, and Melancholy painted on his Countenance ; the very Sight of him made me start, without knowing the Reason. He trembled as he drew near the Bed-side. I am going, *said he*, to leave you, *Mademoiselle*, having just now receiv'd an Account that my Father lies at the Point of Death ; my Grief—— It's very natural (*said I* interrupting him pierc'd to the very Soul, and scarce able to dissemble it) I am much concern'd at your Trouble : * Would to God, cried *Belizai* not regarding the Maid's Presence, it were really so ! What a Comfort should I receive from your sharing in the Affliction I must undergo, when absent from you ! We mistake each other, replied I still dissembling, I mean the Danger your Father is in, which has not the least Connection with what you just now mention'd. It's too evident, replied the charming *Belizai*, that you will not understand me ; I blush when I own, that what calls me away does not most alarm me : could I but lay open my Heart, that you might read what passes there ! Whence comes this cruel Aversion to Men ? Am I too included in it ? Ah ! lovely *Lindamine*, to what has this Notion prompted me ? How happy should I be, if you do not one Day condemn the Rashness of a Passion which durst not face the Light. I understand ;

stand you not, replied I amazed at this dark Ex-
 pression, and surpris'd at his looking stedfastly on
 me, which was not usual. What Fear of the
 Light is it you hint at? continued I: What En-
 couragement did I ever give, that you should
 entertain me with so much Assurance upon the Sub-
 ject of Love? My Right, replied *Belizai* in Con-
 fusion, is of such a Nature——He was going
 on when my Father came into the Room. I was
 extremely concern'd at the Interruption of a Dis-
 course, which so much affected me, and which
 hitherto it was impossible for me to comprehend.

My Father, who by the same Post had likewise
 received the News, came to inform *Belizai* of
 the Particulars; his Voyage was immediately con-
 cluded on, the resolving upon which overpower'd
 me. In Love as I was, so awful a Presence as my
 Father oblig'd me to stifle my Tears. The
 Moment was now come, in which my Weakness
 must have discovered itself to open View. *Belizai*
 retired with my Father, after taking his Leave in
 the most respectful Manner. Overwhelmed with
 Anguish I sent the Maid away, and being alone
 I abandoned myself to Affliction.

It was near ten at Night before I thought of
 eating, or would suffer any one to be in my Cham-
 ber; but finding myself seized with a violent
 Colick which encreas'd every Moment, I rung
 my Bell for help; my Maid was scarce enter'd
 the Room when I cried out bitterly, and thought
 myself on the Point of expiring. The Servant,
 terrified at the Condition I was in, ran to ac-
 quaint my Father, who immediately entered the
 Room with my Mother; their Presence afforded
 me no Relief, nor hindered my Moans; my Fa-
 ther with all his Skill was mistaken, and appre-
 hended I should be stifled by the Creature, the
 Physicians suppos'd I had within me; he order'd
 some Blood to be taken away, which gave a

little

' little Relief; but the fatal Colick returning with
 ' greater Violence than ever, and throwing me into
 ' Convulsions, he burst into Tears, and whisper'd
 ' my Mother that there was no Hopes of my
 ' Life, and that I could not possibly survive till
 ' Morning. This threw the whole Family into the
 ' utmost Despair: Physicians and Surgeons were
 ' called in, and whilst I was making my Confessi-
 ' on, consulted what to do. They all agreed (ex-
 ' cept one, who, after feeling my Pulse, went away
 ' shrugging up his Shoulders) that in this Extremi-
 ' ty the Operation should be attempted.

' My Father was coming into my Room to pre-
 ' pare me for such a horrible Prescription, not doubt-
 ' ing but the Presence of Mind and good Sense I
 ' retained in my Torments, would effect an entire
 ' Resignation to the Will of Heaven: But alas!
 ' there was no Occasion for any thing of that kind.
 ' How shall I dare to acknowledge my Shame?
 ' (continued the lovely Pilgrim, casting down her
 ' Eyes, and blushing) Nature, press'd to ease me
 ' of a common and usual Burthen, made so violent
 ' an Effort, that, the whole House ringing
 ' with my Cries, I brought forth a little Crea-
 ' ture without any one's Assistance. My Mo-
 ' ther smote her Breast at the Sight, and my Fa-
 ' ther quite Thunder-struck, left the Room with a
 ' broken Heart. The Apprehension lest Reproa-
 ' ches might prove of fatal Consequence, prevail'd
 ' on my Mother to stifle her Rage; she constrain'd
 ' herself so far as to make much of me, and serve
 ' me in place of a Midwife. I suffered myself to
 ' be guided, without the least Suspicion of what had
 ' happen'd, believing very sincerely that it was only
 ' the strange Creature so often mention'd, from which
 ' Heaven was pleas'd at last to free me.

' I gave the greater Credit to it, as the Child was
 ' still-born, which might very well happen from the
 ' Difficulty of the Birth, and want of proper Assis-
 ' tance,

* tance, as the real Cause of my Illness was not sur-
 * mis'd. Ten Days past on in this Manner, during
 * which my Father never came near me : I enquir'd
 * for him every Moment, as also a Description of
 * the Creature from which I had been freed : I
 * could get no Answer to my Questions ; Sighs and
 * Tears generally follow'd, which was all the Satis-
 * faction I received.

* But, as I had recovered some Strength, and
 * thought myself out of any immediate Danger of
 * Death, I resolv'd to rise and see what was become
 * of my Father, who never appear'd. The Sorrow
 * under which my Mother and the Servant seem'd
 * to sink, disturb'd me very much, and their An-
 * swers not agreeing exactly together, I threw my-
 * self out of Bed, fully resolv'd to penetrate into this
 * Mystery. Go to your Bed again, cruel Child, said
 * my Mother forcing me to comply, and don't
 * compleat the number of your Crimes in too soon
 * destroying my Life by the Loss of yours, which can-
 * not be far off after the Dishonour you have brought
 * upon yourself ; be satisfied with the bitter Anguish
 * with which you have overwhelmed me by the
 * bringing your Father to the Grave thro' your vile
 * Behaviour, and don't add to your farther Reproach.
 * —Good God ! what is it I hear ? cried I in a
 * Transport. What Stroke is this that is aim'd at
 * me ? My Father dead ! I bring him to his Grave !
 * Yes, cruel Creature, replied my Mother interrupt-
 * ing me, and shedding a Torrent of Tears, your
 * Father paid the Debt of Nature two Days after
 * that fatal one, which you blacken'd by spreading
 * Shame and Confusion over the Family. Heavens !
 * replied I weeping bitterly, what Crimes have I
 * committed, what am I accused of ? Wretch that
 * I am, in the very Jaws of Death, languishing for
 * so many Months, not seeing the Face of any one,
 * what is it I am thus reproach'd withal ? But,
 * Daughter, my dear Daughter, cried my Mother,

* to

' to what Purpose do you thus plead Ignorance? how
 ' can you hope to hide an Infamy, which I was an
 ' Eye-witness of, and every body knows? Notwith-
 ' standing all the Precautions we employed to screen
 ' our Shame from the Eyes of the World, the whole
 ' Town is too well informed——Informed! of what?
 ' cried I interrupting her, and past all Patience at
 ' what she said; explain yourself better, for God is
 ' my Witness——Do not, *Lindamine*, continued my
 ' Mother, do not profane that adorable Name, lest
 ' immediate Vengeance should fall upon you. On the
 ' contrary, you ought to thank the Lord for the
 ' signal Favour of preserving you a Life, which your
 ' Indiscretion expos'd, and of which you were un-
 ' worthy, by being the occasion of your Child's dy-
 ' ing without Baptism. That might have been pre-
 ' vented, had you placed a due Confidence in your
 ' Mother, and frankly own'd what kind of Assis-
 ' tance you wanted; a Mother, however afflicted
 ' she may be with such a Confession, yet, when so
 ' dangerous a Moment is at hand, forgets what is past.

' I should have suffer'd her to have gone on much
 ' longer, so confounded I was and astonish'd with
 ' this Discourse. Imagining that she made an Im-
 ' pression, and that Grief and Shame restrain'd me
 ' from returning an Answer; Take Courage, conti-
 ' nued she embracing me; what is pass'd cannot be
 ' remedied: Your first Step towards an Amendment
 ' is to implore the Forgiveness of Heaven for your
 ' Crimes, and I will join with you in good Works,
 ' that we may obtain so great a Mercy. The Death of
 ' a Child and a Parent, can never be sufficiently at-
 ' ton'd for; nevertheless, we ought not to despair,
 ' continued she, seeing me almost choak'd with Ex-
 ' cess of Grief. The Gospel assures us, that a con-
 ' trite Heart opens the Gates of Mercy. Come
 ' Daughter, continued my Mother, fearing lest I
 ' should expire in the Agony in which she saw me,
 ' we'll say no more; should it throw you into a Fe-
 ' ver,

ver, it may be fatal. Heaven forbid! what would
 become of me, if I should lose all that's left me in
 this World! No, my dear Child, added this wretch-
 ed Parent embracing me, you will not overwhelm
 me anew? You always loved your Mother, and
 you know she doats on you; dry up your Tears,
 I forget all, I have said it; and the cruel Inju-
 ry we have received shall be atoned for by your
 marrying the Person, who, notwithstanding all the
 Discretion I know you are possess'd of, has found
 means to delude you. Name him, perhaps he ab-
 sconds; but let him return, we have an ample
 Fortune, sufficient to settle him very happily in the
 World; it's scarce possible, whoever he is, that
 he can be so dishonourable as to refuse you this
 Reparation.

All this was but so many Riddles, as I assured
 my Mother. She bewailed my Obstinacy, and
 fearing lest her Impatience might be of ill Con-
 sequence to my Health, went out of my Chamber
 all in Tears. She was no sooner gone, but I re-
 newed my Lamentations, and threw myself a
 second time out of Bed in order to follow her.
 The Maid, who was much stronger, put me to
 Bed again: In the Name of God, *Fanny*, said I,
 explain what my Mother has been saying: I
 with Child! I brought to bed! I really believe,
 if I may use such an Expression, my Mother is
 gone distracted. Ay, but it's too true for all that,
 (replied the Servant very coarsely) and you would
 do much better, Miss, to own who has abused
 you. You are an impertinent Hussy, answered I,
 giving her a Box on the Ear; it becomes you
 mighty well truly, to talk to me in this Man-
 ner. Learn the Respect you owe me; my Mo-
 ther is Mistress, and may say what she pleases,
 though, God knows, I bear it very impatiently
 even from her; but for you, let me hear no
 more of it. The Servant, provok'd at my Be-
 haviour,

‘haviour, took so much Liberty in a pert Answer
 ‘she made me, that, transported beyond all
 ‘Bounds, I catch’d up a Candlestick which stood
 ‘by my Bedside, and threw it with so much Force,
 ‘that lighting unhappily on her Temple, she ex-
 ‘pir’d in about two Hours time.’

‘Imagine, *Mademoiselle* (continued the unfortu-
 ‘nate *Pilgrim* with a deep Sigh) the Despair this
 ‘last sad Accident occasion’d. I got out of Bed,
 ‘bemoaning what I had done, and run in my Shift
 ‘like a mad Creature to my Mother’s Chamber;
 ‘she was crying, and seem’d frighten’d at the Sight
 ‘of me; she came and embraced me, and led me
 ‘back to my Chamber with all the Caresses her
 ‘Tenderness could inspire: But how great was her
 ‘Consternation, when she beheld the Maid grovel-
 ‘ing on the Floor in her own Blood! She called for
 ‘Help, a Surgeon was sent for, but all in vain, his
 ‘Skill could not save her Life.’

‘A plausible Account, you may imagine, was
 ‘given of this Accident; as there was no Witness
 ‘present, and we much known and respected, the
 ‘Author of the Murder was never call’d in question.’

‘In the mean time, this last Adventure, toge-
 ‘ther with what my Mother had alledged, affect-
 ‘ed me so much, that I fell very ill, and lay at the
 ‘Point of Death. The convincing Proofs she had
 ‘given me of my having really lain in, tho’ I knew
 ‘myself entirely innocent, afforded me a gloomy
 ‘Light into my fatal Destiny, and perplexing my
 ‘Mind with so many Contradictions, brought me
 ‘into the Condition I just now mentioned. My
 ‘Mother was so terrified, that she made a Vow
 ‘of going in Pilgrimage to our Lady’s of *Luxem-
 ‘bourg*, if God would please to restore my Health.’

‘Her Prayers were heard, doubtless, for the
 ‘greater Punishment of my Sins. On my Recove-
 ‘ry she began to think of her Grave, the Way to
 ‘which our Misfortunes had already paved; but

‘ my persisting not to acknowledge who it was she
 ‘ imagin’d had abused me, (a Refusal she consider’d
 ‘ as a Proof of an obstinate and wicked Heart) was
 ‘ such a finishing Stroke, that she sunk under it.
 ‘ Finding her Dissolution draw near, and seeing me
 ‘ in Tears by her Bedside, she conjur’d me by the
 ‘ Condition I saw her in, to give her the Satisfaction she had so long desir’d. What could I say,
 ‘ ignorant as I was of what had happen’d? but
 ‘ convinced that if there was any thing in it, some
 ‘ very extraordinary Means had been employ’d;
 ‘ my Mother could not be persuaded but that I dis-
 ‘ sembled the Truth, and upon that account never
 ‘ look’d towards me during the few Days she had
 ‘ to live; neither could my Tears nor Entreaties
 ‘ prevail upon her to give me her Blessing; she as-
 ‘ sured me just before she expired, that sooner or
 ‘ later God would punish my false Heart.’

‘ Her Death, attended with so many cruel Cir-
 ‘ cumstances, threw me into such Agonies of De-
 ‘ spair, that I made several Attempts on my own
 ‘ Life. My Relations, who never left me after this
 ‘ last Accident, watch’d me Day and Night, and
 ‘ it’s to their Vigilance I owe my Preservation from
 ‘ an untimely End. This Frenzy lasted above a
 ‘ Month; ’tis true, the frequent Exhortations of a
 ‘ worthy Clergyman, whose Learning equalled his
 ‘ great Compassion, brought me by Degrees to my-
 ‘ self; he prevailed on me, after hearing all my
 ‘ Misfortunes, to have recourse to Almighty God:
 ‘ My Sincerity and Innocence appear’d to him in-
 ‘ disputable, Religion had gained its Ascendant over
 ‘ me, and I made my Confession with the Disposi-
 ‘ tions of a sincere Penitent. The good Priest guess’d
 ‘ from all the Circumstances of my Misfortunes,
 ‘ that some unnatural Means had been basely em-
 ‘ ployed on this Occasion, or that a sleeping Potion
 ‘ had been secretly administer’d, since I was entirely
 ‘ innocent: This seem’d the more likely from some

‘ Particu-

‘ Particulars I inform’d him of, and finding how
 ‘ much I suffered in relating all that had pass’d, he
 ‘ comforted me by representing, that as I could not
 ‘ foresee what was to happen, I might reasonably
 ‘ hope to find Mercy in the Sight of God ; but, if
 ‘ I had persisted in rebelling against his Will, I
 ‘ should have excluded myself from his holy Grace;
 ‘ that Providence ordered every thing for the best,
 ‘ and out of Love to us Creatures, often moved its
 ‘ secret Springs to draw us to itself ; that in Mis-
 ‘ fortunes like mine, the only Resource was to sub-
 ‘ mit to its eternal Decrees.

‘ Such Exhortations often repeated with great Fer-
 ‘ vour, had the Effect the good Curate propos’d :
 ‘ after a spiritual Retreat of nine Days which he en-
 ‘ join’d, methought an Inspiration from Heaven in-
 ‘ duced me to make a Vow, of fulfilling what my
 ‘ Mother had promised during my Illness ; besides, I
 ‘ firmly determin’d at my Return to become a Nun,
 ‘ bestowing one half of my Estate on the Poor, and
 ‘ dividing the other among my Relations, without
 ‘ regard to Proximity of Blood, but as their several
 ‘ Wants might require.

‘ After this Plan was form’d, I communicated it
 ‘ to my worthy Director ; he congratulated me on
 ‘ such pious Resolutions, inspired, as he said, by the
 ‘ divine Grace ; but he disapprov’d of the Pilgrimage,
 ‘ as liable to great Inconveniences, to which, in so
 ‘ long a Journey, a young Woman must unavoida-
 ‘ bly be expos’d ; he offered a Dispensation from
 ‘ the Vow, but he found me so strongly bent on
 ‘ the Performance, that he was oblig’d to consent,
 ‘ after giving me the best Advice for regulating my
 ‘ Conduct, and avoiding the Dangers his Prudence
 ‘ foresaw would attend the Execution of my Design.
 ‘ Before I began my Pilgrimage, I settled my Af-
 ‘ fairs, reserving only what was absolutely necessa-
 ‘ ry for the State of Life I was determined to em-
 ‘ brace. My Relations used their utmost Endeavours

' to dissuade me from making over my Fortune,
 ' justly apprehending, that if I should change my
 ' Mind, I must depend upon the Courtesy of others
 ' for a Subsistence ; but my Steadiness surmounted all
 ' these Obstacles, and as they perceived I was en-
 ' tirely taken up with my Project, they left me at
 ' Liberty to act as I judged proper. A Design of
 ' embracing a religious Life has this particular Pri-
 ' vilege, that it supplies the Incapacity of Minors.

' The Day before my Departure, I underwent an
 ' Assault little inferior to the rest : I received on
 ' the same Day two Letters from *Belizai* : The
 ' first inform'd me how much he suffered by being
 ' separated from me, and that nothing could effect
 ' the least Alteration in his Sentiments : he acquaint-
 ' ed me that his Father was dead, and had left him
 ' a plentiful Fortune ; that Decency alone had pre-
 ' vented him till now from assuring me that his Hap-
 ' piness was incompatible with my Absence ; he
 ' besought me to accept of his Hand and Heart
 ' with all he possess'd ; he exhorted me to reflect
 ' very seriously on what he propos'd, declaring that
 ' in some Sense I was not at Liberty to do other-
 ' wise, nor so much my own Mistress as to dispose of
 ' myself without his Consent.

' I was still at a Loss to comprehend the Meaning
 ' of all this, which I thought a very extraordinary
 ' Method of Courtship ; but the second Letter, dated
 ' two Days after the first, and wrote lest I should
 ' hesitate in coming to a Determination, fully ap-
 ' priz'd me of my fatal Destiny, by his declaring
 ' himself very roundly to be my Husband ; he there
 ' acquainted me with the base Means he had em-
 ' ployed to obtain that Title, vainly endeavouring
 ' to palliate them by the Excess of his Passion, and
 ' a Dread of losing me, too well grounded on the
 ' Antipathy I express'd to any Engagement ; that
 ' having consider'd all this, he made use of some
 ' very extraordinary Means to lay me asleep ; that at
 ' first

' first he had no farther View than to remedy a
 ' Want of Sleep, from which I suffer'd very much
 ' during my Illness ; but the Opportunity appearing
 ' so favourable to his future lawful Designs, as he
 ' called them, he could not resist the Temptation ;
 ' that he had flatter'd himself, in case a Pledge of
 ' his Love should appear, Decency would effect
 ' what his Passion and Addresses could not compass.
 ' How far he was in the right, my Behaviour must
 ' determine.

' This second Letter justly incens'd me to a very
 ' great Degree ; notwithstanding the Prejudice of my
 ' secret Passion for this unworthy Lover, I firmly re-
 ' solv'd never to see his Face more, and that nothing
 ' should ever prevail on me to change my Mind. I
 ' resolv'd to exert myself in endeavouring to forget
 ' him ; addressing myself to God, I made a Sacrifice
 ' to him of whatever Inclination might remain,
 ' and renew'd my Vow of becoming a Nun ; a Re-
 ' solution I have hitherto persisted in, and will never
 ' lay aside, trusting in God that his holy Grace will
 ' support me against every thing that may tend to
 ' shake my Resolution.

' It's now a Year and a Day since I came from
 ' home in this Equipage : I have had the good For-
 ' tune to execute my Design without meeting with
 ' any troublesome Adventure, and, as my Vow is
 ' fulfill'd this Day, to-morrow I bid adieu to the
 ' World.

' Thus I have given you, *Mademoiselle*, the Hi-
 ' story of my Misfortunes, which will be ever fresh
 ' in my Memory : For my greater Humiliation, I
 ' have made it a Law to myself always to give a
 ' Detail of them to such as desire it, to the End
 ' that this History, being made publick, may teach
 ' young Women to dread the vile Artifices which
 ' Men are so apt to employ in seducing their Inno-
 ' cence, and to be always on their Guard against
 ' such Beasts of Prey, the more to be feared, when

‘ embolden’d in the Havock they make by any alluring Endowments of Body or Mind.

‘ To this Recital of my Misfortunes there is one Condition annex’d, which I do not previously mention, because I am perswaded no body will refuse to comply with it : It is, *Mademoiselle*, to do some Act of Piety in my Behalf ; that God will please to give me Perseverance in the holy Sentiments with which he has inspir’d me, and Strength to put them in Execution.’

Thus did *Lindamine* finish her Story, wiping away her Tears which she could not restrain. I thank’d her for the Complaisance she had shown, and enquir’d how far the Convent might be, whither she propos’d to retire : her Answer was, ‘ that she had not as yet pitch’d upon any Place ; that it was indifferent to her, and, as she intended to forsake the World entirely, she propos’d, when her Steward arriv’d, to make him bespeak some Convent where she was not known ; that for this Reason she would not fix her Retirement in her own Country, elsewhere she had no Objection, if she were receiv’d.’

Upon hearing this, a Thought came into my Head, that might be equally serviceable to her, and give me an Opportunity of sending some Account of myself to dear *St. Agnes*, ever present in my Heart. With this View I recommended very earnestly to *Lindamine* the Monastery I had lately left, promising to direct her to a Lady who honour’d me with her Friendship, and who would take a singular Pleasure, through a sincere Piety and obliging Disposition, to serve her, as far as lay in her Power ; that it was the surest Means of compleating her Design, as she would be receiv’d with open Arms, and being so well recommended, no Enquiry would be made.

Lindamine made her Acknowledgments with great Vivacity, and accepted very kindly of my Proposal.

I talk’d

I talk'd a great deal to her concerning *St. Agnes*, praising her sweet Disposition and agreeable Conversation; I spent the Remainder of the Day in entertaining the pretty *Pilgrim* with the Satisfaction she would find in the Company of my Friend, whose Adventures, when acquainted with them, would interest her much, and oblige her to own that *St. Agnes*, in some Respects, was more to be pitied than herself. *Lindamine* seem'd very much surpris'd at this, and ask'd what Misfortunes were comparable to her own?

The Perplexity into which this Question threw me, made *St. Fal* rise from his Seat, easily apprehending, that as matters were, his Presence might be some Restraint upon me: obliging and well-bred as he was, he desir'd Leave to go before it was too late, and try the Benefit of the Air for a Head-ach he had been troubled with since Morning. As he address'd himself to me, I answer'd with a Bow, upon which he retir'd.

When *Lindamine* and I were alone, I press'd her again to pitch upon the Convent I had mention'd; she assur'd me 'that she would go next Day to *Madame de G—*, and as soon as that Lady had settled the Terms of her Admission, she would enter.' This Point being concluded, I resumed the Subject of *St. Agnes*, and related her History in short to *Lindamine*, that she might entertain the better Opinion of her. The *Pilgrim* confess'd, 'that if the fair Nun had the least of her Crimes to reproach herself withal, she [*Lindamine*] would allow herself to be the least unhappy of the two; but that no Misfortune was equal to the Stings of a guilty Conscience.'

Lindamine very readily gather'd from my Friend's History, that I was entrusted with some Letters of Consequence, which I had not as yet found means to send: she told me very obligingly, 'that if I

would venture them in her Hands, she would an-

‘swer for their being deliver’d ; that she would
 ‘send the next Day a trusty Servant express with
 ‘them, who should return and give her an Account
 ‘of the Execution of his Commission.’ I was so
 well pleas’d with the Feasibleness and Expedition of
 the Proposal, that, transported to think how over-
 joy’d *St. Agnes* would be to have her Business so well
 follow’d, I threw my Arms about *Lindamine*’s Neck
 for Joy. This lovely Creature, charmed with my
 friendly Disposition, had a great Mind to know, in
 her Turn, my History ; and though her Politeness
 made her readily accept of the Excuses I framed,
 yet she could not forbear renewing the Attack se-
 veral Times ; at last, I told her with a Smile, that
 ‘it would be a very ill Return for all her Civilities,
 ‘to trouble her with a Detail of my Misfortunes ;
 ‘that *St. Agnes* should satisfy her Curiosity, and by
 ‘an agreeable Manner of relating the History, would
 ‘render it less insupportable.’ *Lindamine* allow’d
 of this frivolous Apology, but it only serv’d, as I
 was afterwards inform’d, to encrease her Impatience.

As the time left for dispatching our Business grew
 very short, we set ourselves to writing. I was very
 glad of this Opportunity to beg of *Madame de G——*
 the Continuance of her Friendship, and to give her
 an Account of my present Situation. My Letter to
St. Agnes gave me the least Trouble, though by far
 the longest ; after letting her know how happy I
 was in having such an Opportunity of serving her, I
 desir’d that if the *Marquess* should chance to come to
 the Monastery (which I imagin’d might possibly
 happen) she would please to inform him, that what-
 ever befell me, I should preserve the most affection-
 ate and faithful Sentiments in his Regard.

We spent so much Time in writing, that it was
 eight o’Clock before we finish’d our Dispatches. I
 was surpris’d that *St. Fal* did not return ; his polite
 Behaviour, and the Confidence shewn in leaving me
 to myself at this present, knowing I had it in my
 Power

Power to escape, as I had formerly done, not only effaced all Repentment of his Behaviour on the first Day, but even created an Esteem, and gave me some Uneasiness for his Absence, as it was not a fit Hour to be in the Fields in Winter. Enquiring for him, I was answer'd, that he was gone to kill some Game, and very likely watching to shoot a Hare. I knew very well, being bred in the Country, that Sportsmen often staid out late; I return'd something satisfied to *Lindamine*, but was much surpris'd to find at her Feet a very handsome Gentleman, expressing himself with great Emotion, and from whom the pretty *Pilgrim* was endeavouring to free herself with Words frequently interrupted with her Tears. I was upon the point of retiring without examining any farther, when *Lindamine* cried out: 'No, no, dear *Jenny*, come in, and lend me your Assistance to guard my Heart against the Attacks of this vile Man, the unworthy Lover you have already heard me mention. Behold the brutal Ravisher, who endeavours to alledge the most outrageous Injury as a Proof of the tenderest Affection! "Yes, charming *Lindamine*," cried *Belizai* interrupting her with great Eagerness, "may Heaven punish me this Instant, if I had the least Intention of offending you. From the first Moment, my Heart, captivated by your Charms, to the Name of *Lover* would fain have join'd that of *Husband*. See here the first Origin of my Crime; your Coldness, the Dislike you express'd on all Occasions against Matrimony, your Father's Consent, which, discovering his Views, I was in hopes of obtaining if I could bring my Designs to bear, all this put together, compleatly seduced and blinded me; I plead guilty, my charming *Lindamine*: That you really love me, is no Secret; why therefore, through an unseasonable Punctilio, will you make us both unhappy, my Wife, my dear Wife as you are?"—Hold, bar-

' barous Man, (cried the *Pilgrim* all in Tears) what
 ' odious Title do you give me ? what base Means ?
 ' O Heaven ! dare you'——“ Yes, you are my
 “ Wife (replied *Belizai* eagerly grasping her Knees)
 “ nothing but Death shall wrest from me the amia-
 “ ble Name of *Husband*. Let this Lady be Judge
 (continued the wretched Lover, turning to me)
 “ she shall decide.”——‘ I take you at your Word
 (replied *Lindamine* casting a Look at me) ‘ I am sa-
 ‘ tisfied her Sentiments of Honour and Religion are
 ‘ such, that I have no room to doubt her passing
 ‘ Sentence in my Favour.’

Belizai finding his Destiny placed in my Hands,
 rose up, and began with exaggerating his Passion,
 Tenderness and Constancy ; he set forth the most
 specious Pretences in Excuse of his Rashness and its
 Consequences ; he endeavour'd to make me enter
 into his Opinion, which was, that since what had
 happen'd could not be recalled, Decency requir'd
 that Marriage should supply the Defects of his past
 Conduct ; alledging, that abstracting from his Love,
 Probity obliged him to insist on the Marriage ; from
 thence he pass'd to the Torments he had suffer'd,
 whilst absent from all that was dear to him in this
 Life ; he sought to move my Compassion by giving
 me an Account of the advantageous Matches he had
 refused for *Lindamine's* Sake ; he affirmed, that be-
 ing press'd by his Relations in that Particular, he left
Lisbon to avoid their Importunities, and came to
Montpellier a Year ago, to make a Sacrifice of all
 those Offers to his Mistress, and present her his
 Hand ; that finding, to his great Grief, that she was
 gone from thence, and not knowing where to find
 her, he had wander'd about in search of her ever
 since ; that returning to *Montpellier*, and luckily
 discovering by meer Accident that she had sent for
 a Chaise, he watch'd its setting out, and follow'd
 it, without being perceiv'd, in order to throw him-
 self at his Mistress's Feet, and either obtain her Par-
 don,

don, or an End of his Afflictions by the Violence of his Despair.

I gave *Belizai* full Scope to utter what he had to say; then turning to *Lindamine*, I ask'd her if she had any thing to add on this Subject to what she had already said; her Answer was, that she had not, and that nothing in the World should prevail upon her to alter her Resolutions.

Encouraged by these Words, I address'd myself to *Belizai* in the following Manner. ' Since you are pleas'd, Sir, to refer yourself to my Decision (said I) give me Leave to tell you, my Sentiments from yours on this Affair are very different. You must excuse me if I assert, that in my Opinion you are not only unworthy of the Favour to which you pretend, but even of being received into the Rank of those, whose strict Regard for Virtue give them a just Elevation of Thought, since you have so outrageously trampled on those very Dictates of Honour and Probity, upon which you seem with so little Reason to value yourself. Is it possible with your Education and Parts (for it were Injustice to deny you either) that you should act in a Manner so inconsistent with the Duty you owe to yourself? The deluding or even forcing a Woman, black as they are, fall short of the Crime you have committed. The first may be compared to two Men of superior Strength and Activity, attacking two others, who by their known Want of Skill and Courage, are no ways able to withstand them; whereas your Conduct resembles exactly that of a base Assassin, who stabs his Adversary in the Back or whilst asleep. In the first Case, the Aggressors leave room for making a Defence; a lucky Accident may possibly elude their Strength and Skill: but, in the Case before us, who can possibly be secure? In Truth, I must say it, your Behaviour in this Affair is properly an Assassination. I'll say more: You plead, Sir, that your Love prompted

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you

you to perpetrate this Outrage. No, Sir, real Love
 never leads to Villainy ; besides, it is not to be
 called Love, where the Passion ultimately centers
 in itself. A Lady, who was pleas'd to have some
 Share in my Education, and who is very justly
 admired for her nice Discernment, always asserted,
 that true Esteem not only wishes its Object happy,
 but even exerts all possible Means to render it so,
 even in the highest Degree that can be desired.
 But what Obligation do you lay upon your Mis-
 tress, whom you admire because she is handsome,
 bears a good Character, is sweet temper'd, has,
 if you please, uncommon Talents, in a Word,
 completely qualified to be a Companion for Life ?
 A hundred others will be in Love with her as well
 as you, but perhaps are unwilling to make a Sa-
 crifice to her of their several Inclinations and
 Fortunes. Put the Case, that this Mistress, at an
 unguarded Hour, should be susceptible of any
 Frailty ; a Man of Worth, who proposes to marry
 her, would be the first to support her against
 any such Weakness, far from taking the Ad-
 vantage of such an Inclination. If you seek
 to make yourself agreeable by lasting Recom-
 mendations, such as Probity, Virtue, and Ho-
 nour, the Esteem you create will always sub-
 sist you must even, when, requisite, sacrifice
 your very Love itself, and if you cannot compleat
 the Happiness of the Person beloved, you ought
 to contribute all that lies in your Power to effect
 it in the Arms of another. A Sentiment truly
 noble, and of which we see but few Instances ;
 nevertheless I have known those whose Greatness
 of Soul would not have failed them on such an
 Occasion.

In fine, Sir, (continued I), there is no real Hap-
 piness, without the strictest Regard to Honour and
 Probity The Reason is, when Passions have no
 other Support than themselves, they mutually clash
 and

* and shake each other ; whereas that Love which
 * has Virtue for its Guide, fixes Happiness, as it is
 * not liable to the Vexations and impetuous Storms,
 * the Sallies a disorderly Inclination usually create.
 * How slender soever my Experience may be, I
 * think I have given you a feint Sketch of the real
 * Character of a Man of Worth, and an honoura-
 * ble Lover, to both which I think *Mademoiselle*
 * *Lindamine* justly entitled, and which, had she found
 * them in you, would have made her completely
 * happy, if she really has those favourable Senti-
 * ments in your Behalf, as you seem to assert ; but,
 * thro' an unhappy Contrast, she is become the
 * most Wretched of her Sex ! Reflect how many
 * cruel Evils have flowed from your Rashness ; she
 * loses her Father ; provok'd by an impertinent An-
 * swer, embues her Hands in Blood, brings her Mo-
 * ther to the Grave, and is on the point of plunging
 * herself headlong into Eternity : To complete the
 * whole, she lies under the strictest Obligations both
 * of Honour and Religion, to make herself a Sa-
 * crifice, and retire for the rest of her Life to a
 * Monastery, in order to appease the Remorses
 * of a guilty Conscience. Let so generous an Effort
 * be equalled on your Side ; or, if you cannot ob-
 * tain so noble a Victory over yourself, at least give
 * this last Proof of your Love, not to disturb her
 * in the Execution of what she thinks proper to
 * do.

I had no sooner named a Monastery, but *Belizai*
 threw himself again at her Feet, with such Marks
 of a sincere Repentance, uttering the most moving
 Speeches, accompanied with Signs of so real a De-
 spair, that the pretty Creature's Passion began to
 revive ; some Sparks seem'd to force their Way.
Belizai, as cunning as amorous, perceiving the Ef-
 fect his Presence and Discourse had, pursued his Ad-
 vantage so warmly, and gave it so many different
 Turns, that with a deep Sigh followed by a Shower of
 Tears,

Tears, she own'd her Happiness inseparable from his, and that her Vow was the only Obstacle left. Transported with this Acknowledgment, *Belizai* told her, "that such Vows were of very little Consequence; that any Priest had sufficient Power to grant a Dispensation from it, the obtaining of which would be attended with the less Difficulty, as there were such cogent Reasons for their being married." This *Lindamine* easily refuted; and beginning again to mention her Vow and the Monastery, *Belizai* in a violent Transport drew his Sword, and would have thrown himself upon it. "Hold, cruel Man (cried *Lindamine*, her Blood running chill in her Veins) 'will you give the finishing Stroke to all my Misfortunes? Put up your Sword; alas! I cannot survive you a Moment. I must yield: no, you shall not die, you are too dear to me. Heavens! what would become of me, if I had this Death besides to lament? Do not, *Belizai*, do not thus terrify me any more; I tremble still, and am unable, in the Consternation you have occasion'd, to come to any Resolution; allow me this Night to implore the Assistance of Heaven, that I may be directed by its Inspirations, in the Morning you shall have my Answer, alas! too conformable perhaps to my Inclinations.' The Lover would have replied, but *Lindamine* assur'd him, that she would not hear any thing more; that he had already but too successfully prevail'd; that he ought to be satisfied with the Promise she had made, and entreated him to retire. He complied, but with such a visible Sorrow, as moved me very much.

Lindamine return'd to me, drying her Tears, and assured me, that nothing should prevail on her to alter the Resolution she had taken. 'Ought I not to blush (said she) when I look you in the Face, after betraying so much Weakness? But, dearest *Jenny*, deprive me not of your Esteem; I am the more to be pitied, for notwithstanding the Violence

‘ lence of a Passion, reviv’d at the Sight of him who
 ‘ first inspired it, you shall see me put in Execution
 ‘ with the greatest Courage what I have undertaken
 ‘ to perform.

The Steward, expected by *Lindamine*, enter’d the Room just as she had done speaking ; she let him know the Uneasiness she was under with respect to *Belizai*, after acquainting him with her Design of retiring to a Monastery. We all agreed, that in order to elude her Lover’s Vigilance, which doubtless would be extraordinary at this Juncture, she and I should change Bed-chambers ; that early in the Morning *Lindamine* should set out first in *St. Fal’s* Chaise, the Postillion being order’d to wait our coming at a Place about six Leagues distant. I flatter’d myself, that the *Count* would make no Difficulty to assist in so warrantable a Design.

In the preceding Agitations a considerable Time was spent, and the Clock struck Ten, without my hearing any Tidings of *St. Fal*. I grew very uneasy, as I inform’d his *Valet de Chambre*, not dissembling that his Indifference on this Occasion very ill became him. He was ashamed of it, and taking a Guide with him went to seek his Master. What made me the more apprehensive lest any Accident might have befallen the *Count*, was my having very innocently given Occasion to it, being convinced that his Motive of going out was to take off all Appearance of Constraint upon my Liberty ; not but I was satisfied his only Aim was to please me, and saw plainly he was in Love. I did not see any Obligation of taking upon me to resent a Passion, no ways encouraged or approved of on my Side. We cannot controul our Sentiments, but may always regulate our Manner of expressing them ; and where a Woman has by her Merit created a Passion in a Man of strict Honour, I really think, even at this Day, when he has declared himself an Admirer, and she, on her Part, has in a polite man-
 ner

ner sincerely assured him, that she is otherways engaged, or that her Duty or Affections are incompatible with any such Declaration, she ought not to pride herself in a scrupulous Nicety of avoiding his Company, provided she does not give him Opportunities. An affected Behaviour soon degenerates into mere Preciseness; and daily Experience convinces us, that Coquets and abandon'd Women frequently lie hid under the Mask of Hypocrisy. But to return, before a Subject of this Kind carries us too far out of our Way.

Lindamine, desirous of setting out very early for the Reason above mentioned, after her usual Collation, went to Bed in the manner we had agreed on. I sent for the Postillion who belonged to the *Count de St. Fal*, and ordered the Chaise to be ready at Day-break. The great Deference paid me by the *Count*, of which his Servants were Eye-witnesses, was without doubt the Reason of the Postillion's readily receiving my Orders. *Lindamine* and I bid each other *adieu* with great Regret. That amiable young Creature was truly deserving of a singular Esteem, and had our Acquaintance been of a longer Date, this Farewell would have cost me very dear. I begg'd most earnestly to hear from her as soon as I should be able to send proper Directions; she promis'd to comply so well with my Request, as might perhaps make me repent of allowing her that Liberty.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve o'Clock came, but no *Count* appear'd. The Landlady with all her Entreaties could not persuade me to go to Bed without knowing the Reasons of this unexpected Absence; all she could compass was to prevail on me to eat a Mouthful. Sitting down to Table, I heard a Horse stop at the Door; immediately the Landlady call'd out from the Bottom of the Stairs, that I might sup in Peace, for that a Courier brought me News of the *Count*: In Consequence of this, up comes a Ser-
vant

vant booted, of whom I hastily enquired for *Monsieur de St. Fal*: His Answer was, that he left him about ten Leagues off, having rid Post with him so far. Astonish'd at what I heard, I question'd the Servant again; he replied, putting a Letter into my Hand, that "there I should find a better Information than any he could give me." I open'd the Letter with much Eagerness, and read to my great Surprise as follows.

End of Part V.



PART

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PART VI.

The Count de SAINT FAL's Letter
to JENNY.

I HAVE sent you an *Express*, Mademoiselle; being persuaded you must be under the greatest Uneasiness at my Departure, as well as my Absence. I made a Secret of it to you, being confident I should return before you could perceive either the one or the other; it would be the greatest Mortification to me, if you should put any other Construction upon my Journey.

My Design was to prepare a convenient Lodging for you, till you were happily settled, as your great Merit justly deserves; but when I arrived at S. G. which I thought a more proper Place for you than any other, judge how I was surpris'd to find there the Marquess de L. V. whom I then thought to have been in Lorraine. My Cousin was not less astonish'd to meet me; his pale Face and confus'd Behaviour gave me Room to think he suspected the Occasion of my Journey. You shall know to-morrow, Madam, the Reasons that hindered me from dealing sincerely with him; I know you have so much Sense, I dare lay a Wager you partly guess my Motive.

I did not well know what Conduct to observe with the Marquess. I would willingly have avoided such an Interview, and the Questions he put to me; but having always been so very intimate, I could not excuse myself from supping with him. Our Discourse turn'd upon indifferent Matters; tho' he was twenty Times upon the point of speaking of his charming Jenny, still he contain'd himself, which confirm'd me more and more in his Mistrust of me. But to what Purpose

pose do I any longer entertain you concerning the Marquess? Can one pretend to make one's Court at the Expence of the Heart? Forgive this Expression, it escaped me, I too much fear it may offend you; I am silent, and will be more circumspect for the future: the more easily to obtain my Pardon, I will begin again to talk to you of my amiable Kinsman.

Nothing fetters Conversation more than Distrust. The Marquess and I had no sooner supped, but we parted under different Pretences: my Cousin's was, that he must ride Post back again to Pont-a-Mousson, pretending to me that he was about to come to Court, in Hopes that as his Affair lay dormant he might appear again, but that some of his Friends had given him to understand, 'twas proper for him to be absent a little longer till it was quite forgot. What do you think of me, charming Jenny, for not believing him? I was not to be imposed upon with this Pretext; I imagined (and I have now Reason to believe myself not mistaken) it had either taken Air, or that he had been informed of his Father's Intentions; that my Cousin was in pursuit of you, and that the Discourse I have just now related to you, was only design'd to prevent my suspecting his real Motives. I disssembled in my Turn, and we took leave with great Coolness; he went away. That I might know the Truth, I had him followed at some Distance by a Man on Horseback: this Emissary is just return'd with Word, that the Marquess was come into the Town by another Gate, which left me no farther Room to doubt of his Designs: Such as they are, I thought it was best to act with Prudence; instead of coming back to join you, I set out for the Court. If he has me follow'd in his Turn, he will know, that I have not deceiv'd him; and if it be true, that he suspects me to act in Concert with his Father, the Conduct I pursue will convince him of the contrary.

'Tis your Business, Mademoiselle, to determine which way to act. If I may give my Advice, in the Disposition

Disposition I am in of always serving you, it would be proper for you to meet me to-morrow at Versailles; I shall take Care to have an Apartment ready for you, where you shall be received under a Name that shall secure you from all Enquiries. You'll find a Man in the long Walk who will watch your coming by, and conduct you where you are to alight. Let not this Place give you any Disquiet, the Marquess's Father is at his Country Seat, and little suspects how ill I comply with his Orders and Designs. When you are at Court, I shall see you, and we will consult together how I am to proceed with my Uncle, whether he returns or makes a longer Stay at his Estate: happen what will, in me you shall always find a sincere Friend, who will secretly ward off all Assaults that may be made against you. Please to do me the Honour to let me know your positive Resolutions; the Person who is the Bearer of this has Orders to bring me your Answer, and knows where to find me. I am with much more than Esteem,

Mademoiselle,

Your most Humble, &c.

DE SAINT FAL.

P. S. You'll please to remember, dear Jenny, that 'tis of the utmost Consequence to your Interest, in the present Situation of your Affairs, by all means to avoid the Marquess.

I read this Letter several times over without being able to come to a Resolution; what pleas'd me most, was, the fresh Instances the Marquess gave of his Passion for me; I could not help being sensibly touch'd with the kind Regard he shewed me, and my Heart was but too well pleas'd to see the Pains he took in seeking me. This natura

tural Consequence I drew from it, that since I was so sincerely belov'd by him, I need give myself no Disquiet for what might happen; or at least, in Case of any Accident, I had a Protector to depend on, who would support me against the Attacks of adverse Fortune.

Notwithstanding the Pleasure I took in these Reflections, I could not but approve of M. *de St. Fal's* Conduct, tho' I made no doubt but Love and Jealousy had the greatest Share in it; but the polite and engaging Manner in which this new Lover behaved, made me quite easy. However that might be, I was giving Scope to an ample Train of Reflections, but calling to Mind that the Case required a positive Answer, I restrain'd my Thoughts to the Point in View; what was to be done? This gave me no small Uneasiness; once I thought of taking Advantage of the *Count's* Absence, and throwing myself into the Arms of my Relations; but that Vanity I have mentioned elsewhere, which disdain'd the Meanness of my Birth; the Notion of what People would say; Love, if you please; the Hopes of a charming and much desired Fortune, all these things too strongly offer'd themselves to my Imagination, and entirely banish'd that Design. Fearing even lest this virtuous Disposition might influence me, I wrote instantly to M. *Saint Fal*, and informed him, that I relied so much on his Honour, as to be entirely guided by him; that I would be at *Versailles* as he desired, where I depended upon the Continuance of his Goodness to me.

The Express was scarce got out of Sight, when I repented of what I had done: Ah my God! said I to myself, why did I not pursue my first Design? What was I thinking of, when I chose to come to a Place where my Lover's Father has so much Interest? If my unlucky Stars still prevail so as to discover me, who will protect me from his just Re-sentment?

sentment? Will he not have Reason to think I come to insult him in his own House? If I shou'd even have the good Fortune to be concealed from this provoked Parent, can I avoid being known by his Son? Love will be his Guide; and were I to suppose otherwise, should I not be weak enough to save him the Trouble? Heavens! what have I done? (continued I) If none of these Inconveniences were to happen, what Motive have I to persuade myself that *Saint Fal* will always behave with the Moderation he now prudently puts on? Artful, perhaps dissembling in his Addresses, does he not disguise himself, the better to bring me to his Purpose? has he not sufficiently explain'd himself already in his Letter? Without doubt, said I crying, I am myself but too much the Cause of all that has happened to me; less Vanity, less Love, had long ago prevented all these Vexations, which have so artfully pursued me ever since I left our humble Cottage; that Shame, which has hitherto oppos'd itself to a lawful and proper Conduct, would by this time have been overcome; I should now have been secure in the Arms of my Mother; a Country-Girl, 'tis true, but far more charming in my Virtue, than when deck'd in all the gaudy Trappings, with which this Age is so apt to dazzle. Part of the Night was passed in this Disquiet of Mind; a sudden Thought that struck me, made me rise in Haste; remembering the Hour drew near when the *Pilgrim* was to go away, I lighted a Candle, and, in spite of my Fears, ventured to *Lindamine's* Chamber. The Regard with which *Madame de G* — had honour'd me, encouraged my having recourse to it on the present Occasion; flattering myself that this generous Person, mov'd with the new Hazards to which my Virtue was again expos'd, would receive me into her Arms, and approve my Flight; or at least, if for the same Reasons as before, she durst not keep me, she would
use

use her Credit to have me admitted into the Monastery from whence I came; I shall find, said I, my sincere Friend *Saint Agnes* again, and *Lindamine*, whose Misfortunes have engaged my tender Friendship, will be a great Encrease of my Comfort; we will join all three of us our Distresses, and there I'll quietly wait the End of my Misfortunes or Life. These new Projects fortified my troubled Mind, I entered the *Pilgrim's* Chamber to acquaint her with my Resolutions; she was just ready to go, but the Force she put upon herself in quitting for ever a belov'd Admirer, manifestly appeared in her Face by her Sorrow and Tears. The Condition in which I found her, made me forget my own Afflictions in order to comfort her; she confess'd, that my Presence restor'd all her Resolution, which was not a little shaken at the Thoughts of a Convent, and her Lover's being so near; but how great was her Joy to hear I intended to accompany her! This Assurance dry'd up her Tears, a mild Serenity succeeded her Uneasiness, she embraced me in her Transport, and offered to divide with me all she had remaining of her Fortune, or at least to pay what would be necessary for my Admission into a religious House, if I were so dispos'd. I made my Acknowledgments for this her Goodness, but I could not help saying with a Smile, that I thought the Affair too serious to be determined so suddenly. She approved of my Sincerity, and added with a deep Sigh, that in the Condition she was I must not regard her Decision.

In the mean while Word was brought, that the Chaise was ready, and we were upon the point of going. My Virtue, satisfied with the Resolution I had taken, gave me such an inward Tranquillity, as to silence the Voice of Love. *Lindamine* was preparing to follow me, muffled up for fear of meeting *Belizai*; but this extraordinary Lover, who had only feign'd to comply with his Mistress's

stress's Desires, the better to prevent her Distrust,
 had been upon the Watch all Night, and found
 out our Projects (as he soon own'd to us) having
 overheard all we said: In fine, we were open-
 ing the Door to go away, when he appeared all
 of a sudden. "Pardon my Despair, dear *Linda-*
mine (cried he, stopping our Passage) I had ra-
 ther suffer Death than consent to your unjust De-
 signs. Will you then leave me, and withdraw
 yourself from the legitimate Rights I have over
 you?" — "Rights! (cried the *Pilgrim* very re-
 solutely) 'ah my good God! of what Nature are
 they? Ought you not to blush? do you expect to
 prevail, because you have taken such a Thing
 into your Head? Would you resemble those, who
 arrogating a Power to themselves which they
 have not, think they need but speak, and the
 Matter is done? As for my Part, Sir, I am not
 of that Opinion, (continued *Lindamine*) you will
 be so good if you please' — "To return to
 your Apartment," (replied *Belizai* growing calm-
 er, and lowering his Voice;) "Ah! I ask your
 Pardon, young Lady, for thus opposing your
 Designs; but I will perish before I let you go
 away without me." During this gentle Expo-
 stulation, *Belizai* would have seized the *Pilgrim's*
 Hand to oblige her to go in again, but the ami-
 able young Creature return'd of her own Accord
 rather than suffer this Violence. 'Ah! how wretch-
 ed am I (cried she, throwing herself into an
 Arm-Chair) 'those who ought to behave with Re-
 spect, become my Tyrants! I submit, O my God,
 (continued she shedding Tear:) 'you cannot hum-
 ble me too much; in you I place my Hope,
 founded on the Purity of my Intentions.' Hav-
 ing pronounced these Words, she was silent. "I
 leave you, *Mademoiselle*," says *Belizai* in a re-
 spectful Voice; "I am going to pray that Heaven
 which you invoke, to free your Mind from
 N " this

“ this Agitation : As soon as you give me any
 “ Marks of it, you shall find me resign’d ; but
 “ without that, I swear solemnly, I had rather
 “ suffer Death than you should engage in any rash
 “ Enterprize. If Love has no greater Sway in
 “ your Heart, at least, let Honour reign in its
 “ Place. This is saying enough (added *Belizai*)
 “ you understand me, and I am persuaded you will
 “ make suitable Reflections thereon.” Making a
 profound Bow he retir’d, giving me such a Look as
 sufficiently explain’d his Resentment, though I pre-
 tended not to observe it.

Lindamine, who was pretty warm in her Tem-
 per, pour’d out her Soul in the most cruel and
 bitter Complaints as soon as her Lover had left
 us : After having given free Passage to her Grief,
 she declared, that Heaven had given her Grace
 to lay aside all Affection for her unworthy Lover ;
 that she was by so much the more comforted,
 as the State she was upon embracing required a
 Heart exempt from all Sollicitude ; that this Cure
 would enable her to comply with her Duty much
 more chearfully than she could have expected, if
 it were not for this happy Change Heaven had
 wrought, to which the ill Behaviour of her Lover
 certainly contributed. I did all I could to strengthen
 her in these good Dispositions, representing to her
 at the same time, the just Grounds there was to
 fear lest *Belizai* should throw new Obstacles in
 her Way : This made her thoughtful for a few Mo-
 ments, then earnestly addressing herself to me, she
 said, she had contrived Means to guard against all
Belizai’s Attacks ; she begged of me to get into the
 Chaise that waited for us, to leave the Inn, pre-
 tending to go away alone out of the Village, and
 to wait for her at a small Distance behind a little
 Chapel she described, assuring me she would find
 means to come and join me, and deliver herself
 from *Belizai*. We were very private in laying this
 Design

Design for Fear of being overheard. I acquiesced to all she requir'd, and in order to give the thing an Air of Probability, I took leave of her aloud; and *Lindamine*, as she conducted me to her Chamber-Door, order'd one of the Servants in a loud Voice to bid *Belizai* come up.

I was getting into the Chaise to execute our intended Project, when *Saint Fal's Valet de Chambre* drew near me, and ask'd respectfully enoug, hwat was my Design, and where I was going? Not being prepared for this Question, I found myself very much at a Loss, and did not know what Answer to make; 'That is to say, *Mademoiselle* (added he, seeing me struck) 'the Departure of the *Pilgrim* is 'only a Pretence of yours, in order to take the Advantage of my Master's Absence, and make your Escape. The Thought was not amiss, and I was 'very lucky in watching you, or I should have 'made a fine Figure in this Adventure: I have no 'Orders, it's true (continued the old Servant) to lay 'any Restraint on you, but I think myself obliged 'at least to represent, that you ought not to go 'from hence without my Master's Knowledge; the 'Civilities he has shewn you require this; as for 'my Part, I cannot consent that you should make 'Use of my Master's Chaise, unless I have his positive Orders for it.'

The Postillion, who was ready to set out, upon hearing this Discourse got down and took off the Horses. Finding myself at such a Nonplus, I thought of making a Confident of the *Valet de Chambre*, and tell him my Motive; but he had so forbidding an Air, and always shew'd so great a Prejudice against me, that I durst not let him into the Affair. This Consideration carried me in again blushing, and full of the greatest Uneasiness.

I knew not what Resolution to take: the Fear of finding *Belizai* with *Lindamine*, and rendering her more suspected by my unlook'd-for Return, led

me to my Chamber. In reflecting on what had passed, I saw nothing but Obstacles on all Sides. 'Twas in my Power to go to *Versailles*, I had the Master's Leave, his Letter, and the Journey diminished my Uneasiness; but the more I thought of it, the more repugnant was it to my Virtue. I had not forgot what *Madame de G*—— had told me concerning a Woman who is under her Protector's Roof, nor the Snare I had so narrowly escaped, when her Husband hired an Apartment for me. Besides, I reflected with what Facility *Monsieur Saint Fal* had changed his Sentiments in my Favour, after having shewn himself the first Day so strict an Observer of the Orders given him by my Lover's Father; and that instead of conducting me to a Convent pursuant to the cruel Orders he had received, he became my Friend, betrayed the Trust his Uncle placed in him, offered to keep me (for any other Expression would be far fetched) was carrying me into a Country unknown to me, where I had neither Friend nor Relation: I could not but easily foresee I was going again to be overwhelm'd with Adventures.

I allow, these Reflections should have been made sooner; but admitting *that*, what could I do? Was it in my Power to choose? All things considered, ought I not on the contrary to bless the happy Lot which bestowed on me a *je ne sçai quoy*, that disarmed those who were destin'd to be my Persecutors? Women of a certain Turn, when they read this Passage, will say very superciliously, You ought, Miss *Jenny*, to have suffer'd yourself to have been conducted to a Convent, instead of affecting so many Airs with the Man, or not to have set forth in such a pompous Stile your Virtue's being so much exposed; after all, would you not have been very happy when maintain'd in a Monastery? What could you expect better?

The

The Remark is doubtless very just ; but I must ask these severe Ladies, if, when Girls, they committed no Faults ? If they vouchsafe to satisfy me upon this Article, I'll give them a fuller Answer ; in the mean time, I beg they would please to content themselves with the short Reflections which presented themselves in the Exigency I just now, described.

My Chamber was under that of *Lindamine*, I had left the Door upon the Jarr, without knowing why ; sitting on the Bed's Foot quite buried in Thought, I heard *Belizai* coming down. I knew him by his Voice ; as soon as he was gone by, I went immediately up to the *Pilgrim* ; she was greatly surprised to see me again ; I gave her an Account of what had happen'd ; ' that signifies nothing (replied she) ' luckily my Chaise is not yet gone, it ' will be easy to get over this new Obstacle ; ' would to God, 'twere as easy to get rid of *Belizai*. I have just now undergone the most dangerous Attack from him, it not being in my Power to make him hear Reason. I must confess, my dear Friend, nothing but Absence can make my Virtue triumph ; it was twenty times upon the point of yielding ; neither would you have been surprised, had you been present at the Assaults I have sustained ; this wretched Lover threw himself at my Feet, confessed his Guilt, wept, sigh'd, would even have made away with himself. Ah ! *Jenny*, how much is a Man, who is not disagreeable, to be dreaded on such an Occasion ! an Occasion which young Women, who are not desirous of throwing themselves away, ought to shun as the most dangerous Rock : But for Heaven, to which I interiorly address'd myself, I could never have sustain'd this Conflict without fresh Wounds ; the divine Grace preserv'd me against my natural Frailty ; my Mind, elevated by a superior Power, safely conducted me along this thorny

“ Path : I pretended the Tears of *Belizai* had softened me, and promis’d not to go away without him ; he believes it, because one is apt to do so in things we wish for ; in the mean while, I imagine the Thoughts of your Absence does not a little contribute to the making him easy, for he is afraid of you, and suspects your having suggested to me the Design of leaving him : Does he know any thing of your Return ? (continued *Lindamine*) If that were the Case, he would certainly resume his former Inquietudes.”

The *Pilgrim* seemed easy, when I assured her that her Lover was not acquainted with my coming back ; nor was there any Reason to think he would be inquisitive about it. “ Things being thus, (replied *Lindamine*) you must return to your Chamber, and avoid all Intercourse with me this Day ; you must pretend to be taken ill, and artfully make those believe who wait upon you, that your Indisposition was the Hindrance of your Journey, to the end that if *Belizai* should hear of your being in the House, it may give him no Distrust. The best of it is, that, by what you say, they don’t pretend to lay any Restraint upon your Liberty, but only object against your taking the Chaise ; mine, as I told you, removes this Difficulty at once. I acquainted *Belizai*, that before I begin so long a Journey, as I have promised to take with him, my Servant must go to a neighbouring Town to provide me several Necessaries. Before he sets out, I shall instruct him to order Affairs as follows ; he shall go in my Chaise, and return again at Night to wait for us at the End of this Village ; the remaining Part of the Day I’ll spend with *Belizai*, the better to amuse him. Let us join in Prayer, and implore the Blessing of Heaven on our Design. Its Interest directs us, and from thence I draw a favourable Omen.” This Discourse revived me,

as I thought the Project well enough concerted ; notwithstanding I represented to the *Pilgrim* the Difficulty I apprehended of going off in the Night without being observed ; but she assured me her Steward would provide against it. After mutual Embraces we parted.

I was no sooner in my Chamber, but I feign'd myself out of Order; having sent for *St. Fal's Valet de Chambre*, I endeavoured to remove any Umbrage he might take at what had pass'd, and the Confusion I betrayed ; fearing, with some Reason, lest from thence he should think proper to acquaint his Master, that I had a Mind to make my Escape ; besides, I could not help thinking that good Manners required I should inform *M. de St. Fal*, before I left him, what my Motives were for so doing, since he had behaved so handsomely in my Regard.

In order to leave the *Valet de Chambre* no room to suspect any thing, I shew'd him the *Count's* Letter, and ask'd if he knew the Hand ? Being answer'd in the Affirmative, I told him “ I could
“ plead a very good Excuse for not being that Day
“ at *Versailles* : You know very well (said I slyly)
“ I was going, but you thought fit to stop me——”
“ Who I, Madam ! cried he interrupting me, and confounded at what he heard) “ I should be very
“ sorry to have done it : My Reason for obstruct-
“ ing your Journey was the Apprehension I had of
“ your making an Escape ; had you mentioned the
“ least Syllable of your Design, you would have been
“ there before this.” “ I did not imagine (replied I
very coldly) “ that your Leave was requisite ; be-
“ sides I was so surpris'd at your Presumption,
“ that I could not speak, nor have I as yet
“ recovered myself. I sent for you, to inform
“ you of this, having no Design to do you a Preju-
“ dice; but you must be sensible, that I cannot avoid
“ letting your Master know the Reason of my not
“ setting out, or you may do itself, I leave it to
N 4 “ your

“ your Choice, as well as my going to morrow
 “ at Day-break to *Versailles*; for since you have
 “ given me to understand, that in your Master’s
 “ Absence I am to obey your Orders, I shall be
 “ careful not to take any Resolution for the future
 “ without consulting you.

All this was uttered with an Air so very natural, as quite stunn’d the poor *Valet de Chambre*. It’s likely he knew his Master’s Temper, and dreaded his Anger in case I should give him the same Detail of the Affair; besides, he was not ignorant of the Deference *M. de St. Fal* paid to me, and as I seem’d to resent the Usage I had received, he apprehended his Master might do the same. Upon this he asked a thousand Pardons in order to appease me, acknowledged his Fault, and begg’d of me to set out that Moment, being ready, as he said, to receive my Commands, and remove all Occasions of Offence. Pleased to find my Artifice had succeed- ed, I grew more calm, and told him my Indisposition would not allow me to go that Day, but that he should hold himself in readiness for the next Morning. I would then have had him retire, but he refused to leave my Chamber till I had pardoned his ill Manners, as he term’d it: in order to rid myself of him, I did more, I promis’d to say nothing of what had pass’d to his Master. The *Valet de Chambre* seem’d mighty well satisfied with this Assurance, and told me, that as we were not very far from *Versailles*, he would go thither himself to prevent his Master’s being uneasy at my not coming; he added, he would have sent another on this Errand, but that he was desirous of showing the entire Confidence he had in me, and that he was not plac’d as a Spy over me. I thought proper, to avoid all Suspicion, to insist on his sending the Postillion; but he alledged, that the Boy not having been long in his Master’s Service, he might possibly make some Blunder, very contrary to the Secrecy

crecy his Master had prescribed. I acquiesced to this Obstinacy as I called it, overjoyed with myself to be freed from this watchful *Argus*, whom I dreaded as much as *Lindamine* could *Belixai*. The *Valet de Chambre* set out, and I congratulated myself on my Dexterity in getting out of the Scrape. It's certain, Evasions cost Women very little, and therefore woe to those Lovers and Husbands who have to deal with such as are not sincerely virtuous; all their Skill and Foresight can never secure them from being impos'd on, of which every Day furnishes but too many Instances.

Thus far every thing went well, when about Eight in the Evening, hearing some Horses stop at the Inn, I look'd hastily out of Window, fearing lest any fresh Obstacle might thwart our Designs. My Life hitherto had been so much expos'd to Vexations, that I imagined each Day must necessarily produce Instances of my being disappointed in every thing I undertook; a Train of Misfortunes naturally produces a continual Apprehension. As I had heard the *Marquess* was in the Neighbourhood, I began to think he might be arrived; I dare not say I was displeas'd; is it possible one should after so long an Absence of a Person beloved? Perhaps, said I to myself, the *Count de St. Fal*, uneasy at my not complying with his eager Appointment, is come to fetch me: This Perplexity occasion'd my looking out a second Time. By the Light of the Torches, carried by two Servants, I discern'd a tall Man getting out of the Coach; he seem'd something in Years, with a venerable Aspect, and, by his numerous Retinue, to be a Person of great Quality. Before he entered the Inn, he cast his Eyes towards me, and even stopped his Attendants that he might have the better View. Not accustomed to be thus ogled, I drew in. I fancied he look'd something sweet upon me, and it was easy to discover he did not think me disagreeable. A small share of Beauty

suffices to inspire such a Thought into most Women; and let their Way of Thinking be never so just, if they deal sincerely, they must not deny but Vanity and Self-Conceit furnishes one half of their Reflections.

The Notion I had that *Lindamine* would not fail of coming to inform me of her setting out, prevail'd upon me to leave my Door half open. The Agitations of my Mind, rather than what I eat at Supper, had inclin'd me to sleep in an arm'd Chair, tho' I was often disturb'd from the continual Expectation of seeing the *Pilgrim*; but how was I surpris'd at last, to see two Men standing by me, one of whom I knew to be the Person I had seen get out of the Coach! The sudden Emotion, occasion'd by their unexpected Presence, no doubt betray'd some Apprehension: 'I beg, *Mademoiselle*, (said the tall Gentleman, whom I took to be the Master) 'you
' would not be frighten'd; I little thought of giving any Occasion to it, or of disturbing your Repose, when, through a Mistake, I came into your Apartment instead of my own: Perceiving my Error, I was upon the point of retiring, but must confess I was so surpris'd to see such a beautiful Creature, that, old as I am, I could not deny myself the Pleasure of gazing a while. So many Charms cannot be destitute of sufficient Sweetness of Temper, to excuse what has happen'd, and I hope such an attracting Motive will plead my Pardon. No Age is secure from the Force of Beauty, and yours, in particular, is too irresistible not to occasion many such Adventures.' Any one will easily guess both the Harangue, and the Visit afforded me sufficient Subject of Admiration; but it will certainly be thought very extraordinary, that both the one and the other pleas'd me not a little. Something, I knew not what, delighted me; the old Gentleman's Presence, as much a Stranger as he was to me, was highly agreeable; whilst he spoke,

I could

I could not help considering his Person with a secret Pleasure, and when he had done I return'd his Compliments in a polite Manner ; I even sought, I remember, to make myself as agreeable as possible, without knowing the Reason. The Stranger was so transported at the Complaisance of my Answer and Behaviour, that, folding his Arms together, ' Is it possible, he cry'd, that so much Wit and Beauty should be united ! She has certainly been extremely well educated ! Happy Man, whoever he is, to possess such a Treasure of good Sense. Who would have imagin'd, *Forfan*, (continued he, turning his Eyes to a Man on whose Shoulder he lean'd) ' that at my Years I could have expected so favourable a Reception ? A great Proof of the just way of thinking this Lady possesses.' " Take care, Sir, (replied I very modestly) lest your Encomiums inspire a Vanity prejudicial to that Merit you are pleas'd to extol ; but if, as you seem to say, there is any in over-looking Age, and personal Advantages, I must needs own I have so much good Sense, as to consider only Character and Worth in Men ; and, were I to make a Choice, such Qualifications would fix it preferably to those of a more alluring Nature."

The old Gentleman extoll'd this Maxim to the Skies, embellishing it with all that Wit could possibly invent. His Facility in expressing himself, and the polite Language he employ'd, most agreeably engaged my Attention ; this he perceiv'd, and from thence took a fresh Occasion of praising my Understanding. " It's very evident, Sir, (replied I) " yours is of such a Turn, that a young Person may not only be very safe in your Company, but considerably improve herself, when thus happy in enjoying so solid and elegant a Conversation." " Have you really sworn then (cried the old Gentleman transported) ' to make me forget my Age, and the Dictates of Reason ? As old as I am, I

' knew my own Weakness ; my Heart is on the
 ' point of falling a Victim to your Youth and Beau-
 ' ty, why must you call the Perfections of your
 ' Mind to complete the Conquest ? Don't cast down
 ' your Eyes, thou loveliest Creature I ever beheld !
 ' nor give yourself any Uneasiness, (continued he,
 seeing me a little discompos'd at this Declaration ;)
 ' though I should even fancy myself young again,
 ' you have nothing to fear from the Transports you
 ' inspire, blended with so much Respect as they are,
 ' and your chaste Beauties will sufficiently curb the
 ' Sallies of an irregular Passion. Are you not, *For-*
 ' *san*, of my Opinion ? (continued the Stranger) and
 ' though older than myself, don't you admire her
 ' innocent and unaffected Charms ?

In the Beginning of this Interview I had offer'd
 Chairs, but the Stranger had obliged me to sit
 down again, and his Attendant brought him an
 arm'd Chair, placing himself on one Side. So many
 Compliments heaped upon me during this Conversa-
 tion, had given me a Colour, no ways to my Disad-
 vantage ; the Candle-Light too had contributed to
 promote many fine Speeches. Whatever Reasons
 I might have for dispatching this Visit, it was so very
 agreeable to me, that I even furnish'd Occasions of
 prolonging it as much as possible : Certainly my
 Mind foreboded something from it.

Our Conversation soon turn'd on those Talents
 which are thought to adorn Merit. The Stranger,
 who seem'd fond of Musick, enquir'd if, among my
 other Qualifications, I practis'd Singing ? This oc-
 casion'd some little Excuses, a Folly usual with Per-
 formers. My Voice was good, and, as I have al-
 ready hinted, I had made some Progress in Musick.
 As we are all fond of pleasing in as many different
 Ways as possible, I sung an Air, the Words of
 which were the *Marquess's* ; it was his favourite
 Song, as he had assured me ; this was more than
 sufficient to make me remember it.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

*M*Y Joys depend on her alone,
 Whose Beauty fires my ravish'd Breast;
 Laid at her Feet, if she but own
 I touch her Heart, 'tis then I'm blest.

II.

Chaste Coyness never can alarm,
 Or shake a constant noble Mind;
 Rigid Virtue will always charm
 A Soul from loose Desire refin'd.

After passing very great Compliments on my Performance, the Stranger turning to him who stood by, ' I could even pardon (says he) the young Spark we were talking of, had he been enamour'd with one any ways comparable to this young Lady in her Education, Wit, Politeness, and fine Talents; one might venture to say, Birth too; nay I would even have approved of his Passion: But to run after a sorry Creature from a Dunghill, a Country Girl, in fine, the very Reverse of what I have mentioned; to suffer himself to be so far infatuated as to entangle himself in one troublesome Affair after another, disoblige his Parents, and trample on the most essential Duties in Life, there can be no Excuse. Nobody can have a greater Compassion than myself for the Sallies of Youth: I am sensible, were I in his Place, I should run all Hazards for such a lovely Creature as this; but to —— " Ah! my Lord Marquess, (cried *Forfan* interrupting him) " what is it you say! The near Concern you have in this Affair makes you lay down a wrong Principle: I need not tell you
 " that

“that Love is blind, and consequently will fancy
 “in its Object all those Charms you have found
 “here to be real.” “Tho’ your Maxim (replied
 the Nobleman) ‘be something romantick, I agree
 ‘it has its Weight; but I deny that to be the Case
 ‘in Dispute; there are some Faults Prejudice itself
 ‘cannot overlook. The Girl I am speaking of has
 ‘not the least Resemblance of this young Lady:
 ‘That Wench is a proud, haughty Vagabond; and
 ‘as she knows the Power she has over our Acquain-
 ‘tance, has engaged him hitherto in so many Ex-
 ‘travagancies, that the good Qualities every one al-
 ‘lowed him formerly to be a Master of, are buried in
 ‘Oblivion: It’s true, by this Time she is severely
 ‘punish’d, and must hereafter pay very dear for
 ‘all the Vexations she has brought upon her Ad-
 ‘mirer’s Friends; but still she can never repair
 ‘the Mischief that’s done, or atone for the Diso-
 ‘bedience of a Son to his Father. You, *Forsan*,
 (continued the Nobleman very earnestly) ‘was
 ‘one of the first to represent these Things to me
 ‘in a proper Light, and pointed out the only
 ‘Remedy left, for which I shall ever acknowledge
 ‘myself obliged.

The Nobleman no sooner began to take in pieces
 the poor Country Girl, but I found myself struck to
 the Heart. Nothing contributes so much as our own
 Interest, to make us sharp-sighted. The exact Re-
 semblance between this History, cruelly mang-
 led as it was, and my own; the Reflections made
 upon it; the Earnestness, not to say Indignation,
 with which this Nobleman spoke of the Lover con-
 cerned, all put together, left me no Room to doubt
 of my not acting the second Personage in this no-
 table Scene. Good God! said I to myself quite
 confounded with the Thought, am I at last fallen
 into the Hands of my Lover’s Father? I was ready
 to sink with the Apprehension; but dear Liberty,
 which now lay at Stake (and certainly nothing else
 could

could have supported me) came to my Assistance, and gave me so much Command over myself, as to elude the Danger of being discovered: Not a Soul in the House knowing me, I did not despair of getting over this Difficulty.

As these Reflections took up some little Time, the old *Marquis* imagined from my Silence, that the Subject of this Discourse did not affect me sufficiently to engage me in it; upon this, changing the Conversation, he enquired how far I might be from home, and whether I should continue my Journey the next Day? I answer'd with great Indifference, that I was accompanying a Relation to a Monastery. This put him upon enquiring, if the Monastery was near *Versailles*, and added, that if so, he would wait on me thither. This gave Occasion to his informing me, that he was returning from his Country Seat, and was obliged to stop at the Inn, for that his Servants who were to meet him with fresh Horses, not expecting him till the next Day, had disappointed him; that he waited their coming, having sent for them; he added in a very gallant Manner, that 'tho' he had been highly 'provok'd at their Negligence, he should be obliged to pardon them, as it had procured him the 'Pleasure of my Acquaintance, and therefore he 'ought not to regret the Loss of Time they had 'occasion'd in his Affairs, since it was employed 'in paying his Respects to me.' I answered to what he said in a polite Manner, and found by the rest of his Discourse, that I was not in any Danger of being discovered; encouraged by this, I began to think of pleading my own Cause, if any Opportunity presented itself.

My earnest Desire of introducing the Subject again, made me take the Advantage of the great Regard he still shew'd me. "I am apt to imagine, "my Lord *Marquis* (said I, withdrawing one of my Hands he was going to seize) "that you are easily pre-
preju-

“ prejudiced ; if the young Gentleman you menti-
 “ oned, and whose Affair you seem to take so much
 “ to Heart, be as amorous as yourself, you ought
 “ not to be surpris'd at his falling in Love with a
 “ Person, perhaps much more amiable than me.”
 “ Why so, *Mademoiselle* ? cried the old *Marquess*,
 piqued at what I said. ‘ There is a wide Difference
 “ between taking a Liking to a Person, and falling
 “ in Love.’ “ The Engagements (said I) of one
 “ at the Age I suppose the Gentleman to be, for
 “ whom you are so concern'd, especially with a
 “ Country Girl, are not, in all Probability, of any
 “ great Moment ; besides, her Condition being so
 “ much beneath him, I am inclin'd to think her
 “ Relations, and not his, have the most Reason to
 “ be concerned for the Consequences.’ Indeed, (re-
 plied the old *Marquess* very positively) ‘ I do not
 “ believe my Son will be Fool enough to marry her.’
 “ How ! my Lord (cried I with a feign'd Air of
 Astonishment) is it your Son we have been talking
 “ of all this while ?” ‘ Well, *Mademoiselle* (con-
 tinued the *Marquess* in some Confusion) ’tis out,
 “ and I shall not be at the Trouble of recalling it ;
 “ besides, his Passion is grown so notorious, that it
 “ would be in vain to endeavour to keep it secret.’
 “ If that be the Case (replied I) you have some
 “ Reason to complain ; tho’ in Reality you ha-
 zard nothing in the Main, since, as you say,
 “ she is a Country Girl, and consequently with all
 “ her Beauty, can never be so vain as to pretend
 “ to the Honour of your Alliance ” ‘ I am not
 “ able (replied the *Marquess*) ‘ to discover all the
 “ Views she may depend on ; if she has as much
 “ Sense, as several pretend she is Mistress of, she’ll
 “ lead my Son many a Dance, considering the Ho-
 “ nour and Constancy on which he values himself.’
 “ Nay then indeed (replied I with an Air of great
 Simplicity) “ you are certainly in the right to
 “ break off the Correspondence between these two
 “ Lovers.”

“Lovers.” “You are not (said he) the only one that approves of my Conduct in this Particular ; I expected with great Impatience to hear every Moment of the Slut’s being secured.” “How ! (said I interrupting him) “have you that to do still ?” “In all Probability, (replied he) she must be safe in a Monastery by this Time, where I have taken care she shall meet with a proper Reception. I was yesterday to have had an Account of what has been done ; how I come to be so disappointed I can’t imagine, unless our sly Baggage has eluded my Nephew likewise, whom I entrusted with the Commission. But when I consider his known Discretion, and the little Regard he has for the fair Sex, I think there is nothing of that Kind to be fear’d ; tho’ one Moment often suffices to work an entire Change : Besides, I have heard of so many of her Tricks and Exploits, that it is not impossible but she may have given us the Slip.

This last Harangue humbled me to such a Degree, that I was on the point of throwing off the Mask, and vindicating myself. No one can be so very insensible as not to be moved, when they hear themselves thus torn in Pieces ; without the Motives, which may be easily guess’d, I could never have laid so great a Restraint on myself ; a Moment’s Thought recovered me. But, “good God ! Sir, you surprise me (said I) and give me a very different Opinion of your Son ; is it possible that a Person of his Birth should thus abandon himself to so sorry a Creature as you have describ’d, notwithstanding the old Proverb, that *Love is Blind* ? This I conceive, may hold good with respect to the Body, but certainly can be of no Force in regard of the Mind ; at least I don’t comprehend how any Man of Sense can omit weighing with great Attention the good or bad Character of the Person beloved ; possibly your

“Son,

“ Son, my Lord, may have discover’d in her something at least worthy of Esteem.” ‘ Your Remark (replied he) is very just ; and if I had not been assured of the vile Dispositions of this Huffy, I should have concluded, as you do, that the violent Passion she created in my Son, must have been heightened by the Influence of some commendable Turn of Mind ; but there is no likelihood of this, where Experience shows us that she has entangled her Admirer in several Broils, disconcerted his Affairs, and set him at Variance with his Father ; this, you must allow, is an abominable Character, and can never be sufficiently condemn’d.’ “ I am of your Opinion, my Lord, (continued I ;) “ but give me leave to ask you one Question, if this Discourse is not grown tedious.” “ Not in the least (replied the *Marquess* in a milder Tone) ‘ as many as you please ; I take a singular Pleasure in hearing you.’ [For the better Understanding this notable Dialogue, it must be observ’d, that every time the *Marquess* spoke of me, under the Name of *Country Girl*, he expressed himself with an Air of Contempt and Indignation ; his Action was adress’d to me, but his Eyes were fix’d on his Gentleman who stood by, and only answer’d with Nods and Shrugs, approving of every thing his Master said ; but whenever I spoke, the *Marquess* grew calmer, was agreeable and complaisant ; *Forfan* continuing his dumb Show, and dividing his silent Approbations between us.]

“ What I would fain know (said I to the *Marquess* looking him steadfastly in the Face) “ is, “ whether you have seen your Son’s Mistress, I mean the Country Girl we have been talking of ? “ I specify her, because he may have several ; a thing not unusual, they say, with young Noblemen at present.” ‘ No, fair Lady (answer’d the *Marquess*) ‘ I never saw her ; but those who are acquainted with her, have drawn her Picture to

‘ the

' the Life for me ; particularly a certain Person ;
 ' Daughter to the Lord of her Village, who has
 ' given me a thorough Insight into her Designs,
 ' and who has Reason, from what her Family has
 ' suffered on the Girl's Account, bitterly to regret
 ' the charitable Protection that was there granted
 ' her : what I tell you, (continued the *Marquess*,
 growing peevish with the Remembrance of what
 had happen'd) ' are Facts, and of that Confe-
 ' quence too, as had like to have cost me my
 ' Son.' " How, my Lord ! (cried I, equally
 sharing the bitter Remembrance) " these are Mat-
 " ters of Moment indeed, and prove she is high-
 " ly to blame, as to what has happen'd ; but
 " as to the Character they have given of her,
 " how do you know but they may have very co-
 " gent Motives for imposing on you ?" " No, not
 ' the least (answered the *Marquess*;) 'tis true, your
 ' Objection would be of some Force, where there
 ' is a Rival, or one of equal Rank, but——"
 " Have a Care, my Lord (I cried interrupting him
 in my Turn). " Love, who is at the Bottom of
 " all this Affair, is a great Leveller ; the Lady
 " that has thus prejudiced you against the *Country*
 " *Lass*, perhaps, is young : Your Son is doubtless a
 " very amiable Person, where would be the won-
 " der, if she really has an Affection for him ? per-
 " haps, not being able to bear a Rival so much
 " her Inferior, she has taken this Opportunity of
 " punishing her, for pretending to a Heart she is
 " desirous of securing to herself. I have heard of
 " such Adventures before, and why may not this
 " be of the same Nature ?" " So then ! (replied the
Marquess) " we must believe in Romances, where
 ' we find many such ridiculous Instances, more apt
 ' to corrupt the Mind, than inform it, as some
 ' will pretend. But, put the Case it were really
 ' as you say, these Effects would never have fol-
 ' low'd. All the World will tell you the same ;
 ' and

‘ and though they were all of your Opinion, and
 ‘ would endeavour to convince me, it would be in
 ‘ vain, for I never act but upon sure Grounds.

This was utter’d with so much Sourness, that
 I heartily repented my having occasioned the Dis-
 course. I endeavoured artfully to introduce ano-
 ther Topick ; but he was too vehement, and too
 much bent upon the Subject. ‘ Had my Son in-
 ‘ deed (continued he) fallen in Love with a Per-
 ‘ son of equal Merit with yourself, I would not
 ‘ have interfer’d ; as a Father, I might have re-
 ‘ flected on the Consequences of such an Engage-
 ‘ ment, but I could not have condemned his Pas-
 ‘ sion, being very sensible, that there are some Ob-
 ‘ jects morally impossible to be resisted. I myself,
 ‘ notwithstanding my Age, cannot answer how far
 ‘ I might be carried by those Charms of yours, were
 ‘ I much longer expos’d to them. I am even-
 ‘ sensible already (continued the *Marquess* very a-
 ‘ morously) ‘ that I have gazed on you too long
 ‘ for my own Happiness, and that . . . “ Ah! my
 “ Lord,” (cried I interrupting him, hurried on by
 my Resentment, and without considering what I
 was going to say) “ how can you thus address me,
 “ after speaking your Mind so freely in my Re-
 “ gard ? Is it possible, that knowing me so well,
 “ and having this very Moment given me such
 “ convincing Proofs of your Indignation——”
 Here I stop’d short perceiving too late my Indis-
 cretion ; I would have given the World, to have
 had it in my Power to recall my Words.

The *Marquess*, astonish’d at what I said, stared
 upon *Forfan* ; then turning towards me, he eyed
 me from Head to Foot : notwithstanding, happily
 for me, he had not the least Suspicion in my re-
 gard. ‘ What did you intend to say, *Mademoiselle* ?
 ‘ what Proofs do you mean ? Could I mistake,
 ‘ or might you have taken amiss—— It
 ‘ cannot be ! I look’d upon you as a Lady de-
 ‘ serving

‘ serving Respect, and still I think I am not mistaken.

These Questions press’d me too hard, not to endeavour to evade them ; I would fain have taken up another Subject, but soon found I had one to deal with, whose long Experience would not suffer him to be easily put upon a wrong Scent. ‘ In the Name of Goodness, *Mademoiselle*, (continued he, taking me by the Hand) ‘ don’t endeavour to make your Escape from me thus : Something, that concerns you very nearly, occasion’d those Reproaches you uttered against me ; explain yourself, let me beg ; in what is it. have I undesignedly affronted you ? I should be cruelly afflicted, if I have been so unfortunate, it being very far from my Intention : I’ll say more, I feel I know not what, that interests me in your Behaviour : Speak, thou pretty Creature,’ continued he, seeing the Confusion I was in. I would fain have set Matters to rights by giving a different Turn to my Expressions ; but it was done with so little Appearance of Truth, that he easily saw thro’ the Contrivance. ‘ Ah ! (cried he) you dissemble with me : Here is some Mystery, I am convinced ; besides, now I recollect, you express’d yourself with great Earnestness concerning my Son ; perhaps you know him : you may know me too ; you blush ! Ah ! *Forfan* (continued the *Marquess*, turning to him) ‘ I suspect there is something of so much Consequence in the Trouble this young Lady betrays, and what she has said, that I am resolved not to stir from hence till I have clear’d up the Business.

I represented to myself, in such lively Colours, the Danger I ran if discover’d by an incensed Parent, who had so openly declared himself my implacable Enemy, that I was ready to sink when he enquired whether I knew his Son ; but his last Words terrified me so cruelly, that I fainted away.

I was

I was informed afterwards, that the *Marquess* took a bundance of Pains to bring me to myself : He called for Assistance, and whilst they were busied in assisting me, enquired of every one who I was, but not a Soul knew me. I soon came to myself ; but finding I was the Subject of the Discourse, I pretended to be still in a Swoon, the better to discover the *Marquess's* Sentiments, and to avoid any farther Questions, which would infallibly entangle me in new Difficulties. I was in Hopes of succeeding, as that Nobleman's Servants were expected every Moment, and he had declared he was oblig'd to be at Court that Night.

During my pretended Swoon, I heard the *Marquess* enquire who I was, of every one present ; he call'd for the Landlord, ask'd him whence I came, who brought me thither, where the Person was I had mentioned as my Relation ; but all the *Marquess* could get out of him only served to encrease his Perplexity : The Landlord told him, that as to the *Pilgrim*, I had never seen her before the preceding Day ; that an Officer, whom they did not know, had brought me thither, and that if any one could give a farther Information it must be the Postillion ; that they had observed a Dispute I had with a *Valet de Chambre* belonging to the Gentleman who came with me, but that being soon over, they could gather nothing from it. The *Marquess* immediately sent for the Postillion, and I gave myself over for lost, trembling every Joint ; I blamed myself for not following *Saint Fal's* Advice.

The Postillion, whom the *Marquess* expected with great Impatience, was not long in coming ; but how agreeably was I surpris'd, when he declared he knew nothing of the Gentleman, nor had ever heard his Name mentioned, being only hired for this Journey ! ' Well, (cried the *Marquess*) this is ' surpris'ing, and certainly there must be some My-

'stery

‘ story in it. What think you, *Forfan*? Don’t you wonder at so many Precautions employed to prevent any Discovery?’

The Instant he utter’d this, a Servant came to acquaint the *Marquess* that his Equipage was ready; ‘ Let us go then (said he) since I can get no farther Information, and am obliged to be at *Versailles* before Midnight, I must lose no more Time; but all this Juggle shall not avail, I am not to be foil’d in this Manner, having an infallible Means of coming to the Bottom of this Affair.’ Upon this, he whisper’d *Forfan*, then coming up to me felt my Pulse; he was of Opinion that I slept, and would do well Upon leaving the Room, he charg’d the Landlady to be very careful of me, assuring her I was a Person of Quality, as he very well knew, which ought to suffice; that in case I should grow worse, they must dispatch an Express to *Versailles* naming an *Hôtel* which I have forgot, and he would order a Coach and a Physician to attend me, if it should be requisite; saying this, he went away. I no sooner heard the Coach drive off, but I began to breathe again, and immediately resolv’d, for this Bout, not to slip the first favourable Moment for making my Escape. When Danger presses, one easily decides what to do.

Whilst the Landlady remained in my Chamber, I consider’d with myself what could be the *Marquess*’s Motive for telling her I was a Woman of Quality; Can I be so happy, said I to myself, as to be mistaken for another by him? This Point will be cleared up in the Sequel of these Memoirs. But to return.

After waiting a sufficient Time, that I might be assured of the *Marquess*’s Departure, I pretended to come to myself, and by Degrees to be perfectly recover’d. I feign’d an Inclination to Rest, in order to be left alone, that I might immediately

ly provide for my Security, against the Danger into which I was now plunged.

I went up to *Lindamine's* Apartment ; she was waiting for me with great Impatience : the Noise occasioned by the *Marquess's* Enquiries in regard of me, had reached her, and made her apprehend lest his Arrival might prove a fresh Obstacle to the Design we had in Hand ; but she took heart on my acquainting her with his Departure. She told me, that her Measures were so well taken, that she had not the least Reason to doubt the Success, particularly as *Belizai*, of whom she stood most in dread, was so well satisfied by her assuring him she had entirely forgot what was passed, that there was nothing to be apprehended on that Side.

All that any ways regarded our Journey was agreed on, and the Hour fixed ; the Disposition seem'd so well contrived, that I flattered myself we could not be disappointed. But how short-sighted is human Prudence ! *Lindamine's* ill Stars were wearied with persecuting, and now conducted her to a Port of Safety ; but I only began to feel the Malignancy of mine. I had been told, that before I could be happy, I must undergo all the Trials that can possibly be made of a young Woman's Virtue.

Night had now stretched her sable Mantle over our Side of the Globe, and wrap'd the Face of Things in Obscurity ; not the least Noise was heard in the House, where all were asleep except *Lindamine* and myself, who waited for her Steward's calling upon us. Exactly at the Time appointed he came to acquaint us every thing was ready, and conducted us down Stairs, which he did without any Light, to prevent Accidents. The Reckoning had been discharged that Evening, in Presence of the Hostler, who was ordered to open the Gates at the Time appointed ; a Precaution which very much facilitated our Design.

When

When we were got into the Chaise and clear of the Village, after a mutual Recommendation of ourselves to Providence, *Lindamine*, taking me in her Arms, “ At last my dear (said she) we are satisfied for once ; I hope by Day-break we shall “ be in a Place of Safety.” ‘ Pray God we may (I replied) ‘ but I tremble without knowing the Reason.’ “ It is the Stillness of a dark Night (replied the *Pilgrim*) “ which frightens you. Good “ God! (continued she) what would you do if alone in a Wood, as I have often been ?” I made her no Answer to this, though my Experience was not short of hers in that Particular ; for, whatever Affection I might have for *Lindamine*, I was reserved as to my own Affairs, and had not as yet let her into the secret History of my Life : Such hasty Confidences may suit Romances well enough, where there is a Necessity of making things hang together, and introducing as many Speakers, good, bad and indifferent, as possible, to swell the Work ; but Truth, on which all Memoirs ought to be built, excludes Improbabilities ; and this Rule must be so strictly observed, as often to omit real Events, if they deviate too far from the usual Course of Things.

Lindamine’s Steward, who rode by the Chaise Side, had not as yet, for want of Time, given her any Account of the Commissions he had executed ; he took this Opportunity of doing it. What a Pleasure was it to hear him say, that as to *Saint Agnes*’s Letters, of which his Mistress had given him so great Charge, they would be safely deliver’d into *Melicourt*’s own Hand ! For the Steward had very luckily called to mind a Relation of his, who serv’d that young Gentleman’s Father in Quality of Comptroller upwards of twenty Years ; the Steward assured us, that he should very shortly have an Answer from his Kinsman, to whom he

O

had

had given in Charge the Delivery of the Letters. I ask'd with great Precipitation, by what means the Answer would come to hand? He replied, that not being able, at the time of Writing, to guess where he might possibly then be, he had desired his Relation to direct for him at the Monastery I had mention'd; imagining, by what his Mistress said, he should be in that Neighbourhood. I was charm'd with the Man's Contrivance: In my Transport I could not forbear crying out, 'My *Minette* will have Tidings very shortly of her Beloved! She will be overcome with Joy, in which too I shall share with her!' The *Pilgrim* was struck with Admiration at this Overflowing of good Nature; she commended it very politely, and from thence our Discourse turn'd upon the new Kind of Life we were going to embrace.

We had gone about four Miles, the Postillion was resting his Horses after getting up a pretty steep Hill, when we heard through the Stillness of the Night, the Trampling of Horses Feet: This threw us into a Consternation. "I am undone (cried out *Lindamine*;) " you will find *Belizai's* Mistrust has made him suspect what I have done, " and upon this he is come in pursuit of me. " Good God! what shall I do, if it proves so? " Make yourself easy, Madam, I beg of you,' replied the Steward; 'you know I have carried Arms, and do not want Courage. As to the Person you mention, he certainly has no Right to controul you, and at the worst, if he should persist in following you, can only learn the Place where you have chose to retire. I think this is all you need apprehend; but if you have no Mind even to be troubled with him, I can easily prevent it.' " But I am afraid (replied *Lindamine* pausing a little) " left in his Violence he may do you a Mischief." 'Do not be afraid, Madam, (replied the Steward) I have a Pair of good Pistols,

the

‘ the Sight of which will suffice to keep him in
 ‘ awe.’ This was utter’d with so much Resolution,
 that *Lindamine* seem’d something encourag’d;
 she embraced me very close, her little Heart beat-
 ing very quick, and doubtless feeling a severe
 Struggle, from the Trial she apprehended her Vir-
 tue must undergo. In effect, it cannot be denied,
 but a young Woman is very wretched, when a
 Part of her Life is employed in gaining Victories
 over herself against the Bent of her Affections.

In the mean time the Noise of the Horses in-
 creas’d, and notwithstanding that of the Chaise,
 now in Motion, we could hear them gain upon
 us every Moment; we even imagin’d that we dis-
 cern’d a small glimmering Light on the Road.
 Here I began to be alarm’d in my turn. ‘ Hea-
 ‘ vens! (cried I) perhaps their Design is on me!’
 The Light encreasing seem’d to be Torches; this
 reminded me of what the old *Marquess* said at go-
 ing away, that *he had infallible Means of coming*
to the Bottom of the Affair. The Reflexion terri-
 fied me so much, that I did not dare examine any
 farther. *Lindamine*, whose Courage surpass’d mine,
 looked out, and called to her Steward, who had
 stopp’d to view the Subject of our Alarm. “ Ah!
 “ my dear Girl (cried she sitting down again) I
 “ do not know which of us is pursued; but there
 “ are three Men with Torches coming full speed
 “ after us.” ‘ Are they a great way off?’ re-
 plied I. “ About two hundred Yards,” answer’d
 the Steward coming up to us. ‘ For God’s sake
 (said I) ‘ order the Chaise to stop, I am convinced
 ‘ they come after me. As I have the most im-
 ‘ portant Reasons not to be discover’d, I beg to a-
 ‘ light: Yonder Hedge will conceal me till they
 ‘ are past.’ *Lindamine* and her Steward endea-
 vour’d to dissuade me from it; but the terrible
 Apprehensions of falling again into the old *Mar-*
quess’s Hands, made me persist in my Design, and

obliged them to comply with what I desir'd. But, the greater Haste, the worse Speed; neither *Lindamine* nor I could possibly get the Chaise open, so that the Steward was obliged to alight and assist us. I was getting down, but the Loss of so much Time gave the Horsemen, I endeavour'd to avoid, an Opportunity of coming up with us, and surrounding the Chaise. By the Light of the Torches, I discover'd the *Count de Saint Fal*; he was as pale as Death, presenting his Hand to me, and endeavouring to speak, I suppose to reproach me; but he was so much out of Breath with hard Riding, or rather, as I understood afterwards, so overjoy'd to find me, that he could not utter a Syllable. His *Valet de Chambre*, the same whom I had so genteely trick'd, supplied his Deficiency. "Really, *Mademoiselle*" (said he with a taunting kind of Air) "you make a very ill Return to my Master's Civilities; were I in his Place" — "Hold your Tongue" (cried the *Count*, in a Tone that shew'd he would be obey'd) "the young Lady is her own Mistress, and if at this moment I any ways hinder her Designs, it is what her Interest absolutely requires." Saying this he approach'd me, and made a thousand Excuses for his interrupting my Journey; adding, that he would lay down such Reasons for what he did, that I could not but approve of his Conduct. I was so agreeably surpriz'd with his Behaviour, and the Complaisance he shew'd, after I had put such a Trick upon the Confidence he repos'd in me, that I had not a Word to say.

St. Fal, after giving me time to recover, addressed himself to *Lindamine* and me in the politest Manner; and far from reproaching her, as another might have done, for spiriting me away, hearing that our Expedition terminated in a Monastery, he return'd her Thanks for the Civilities shown me, and extoll'd our Discretion, as he call'd it;

it; adding, that in order to make her some amends for depriving her of such an agreeable Companion, he would wait on her himself with an Account of me, as soon as I was conveniently settled.

During this Conversation, a Servant came and acquainted the *Count* that his Chaise was coming up; upon this he told me, that computing from the time I had left the Village, as he was inform'd on his Arrival there, he guessed he should overtake me, and therefore order'd his Chaise to follow him; a Precaution he was overjoy'd to have taken, as it prevented any Interruption in *Lindamine's* Journey. I found by the Sequel of his Discourse, that it was owing to his *Valet de Chambre's* coming to *Versailles*, and what they told him at the Village, that his Mistrust gave him so much Uneasiness, as obliged him to take Post-Horses in pursuit of me.

By this time the Chaise had join'd us; *St. Fal* presented his Hand to help me in; I embraced *Lindamine* with great Tendernefs before I left her, and promised she should frequently hear from me.

When I had taken my Place, the *Count* was very diligent in employing all possible Precautions that could contribute to make my Journey agreeable: To prevent my catching Cold, he wrapp'd me in a Cloke, and oblig'd me to cover my Feet: In fine, he did every obliging thing good Manners could suggest, and then order'd the Chaise to drive on. I could not forbear admiring his Sweetness of Temper, and found him truly worthy of Esteem on so many Accounts, that I heartily regretted my having given him any Uneasiness.

I began to think the best Excuse I could make *St. Fal* for my Flight, was to acquaint him with my Adventure in meeting with the old *Marquis*, and my Dread of falling into his Hands; the Pre-

text was so natural, that I did not in the least doubt
 of its Success. The *Count* seem'd much disturbed
 at such an unforeseen Accident ; he made me re-
 peat every Syllable his Uncle had utter'd ; he very
 humanely put himself in my Place, and agreed,
 perhaps thro' Complaisance, that I was perfectly
 right in making my Escape. ' Whatever Vexation
 (said he) ' your Flight occasion'd, or Trouble this
 ' unexpected Return of my Uncle throws me into,
 ' I am overjoy'd in knowing from your own
 ' Mouth, that your Departure was not owing to
 ' any Aversion I apprehended you might have taken
 ' to me. If you knew, lovely *Jenny* (continued
 ' he) how much I suffer'd, when I did not find
 ' you at the Village, you would certainly be mov-
 ' ed ; I concluded that I had been so unfortunate
 ' as to lose your Favour, and that my Company
 ' was become disagreeable to you : But you have
 ' reviv'd me ; how happy should I be, were I ho-
 ' nour'd so far as to enjoy your Friendship ! ' " Alas !
 " that you are already (cried I, overcome with his
 polite Behaviour, his nice Turn of Sentiments, and
 that they aim'd at nothing farther than my Friend-
 ship.) " Your Merit (continued I) abundantly de-
 " serves that I should think myself happy in such a
 " worthy Friend ; neither is this the first time, that I
 " have valued myself on the Respect and Civilities
 " receiv'd at your Hands." ' Heavens ! (cried
St. Fal, interrupting me) ' who could behave other-
 ' wise to so charming a Creature ? Nay more, I am
 ' so entirely devoted to you, my Heart is so far
 ' prepossessed in your Behalf, I love you with that
 ' Delicacy (this sure will give no Offence) that I
 ' am resolv'd to serve you even against my own In-
 ' terest : No more Mistrust therefore, lovely *Jenny*,
 ' no longer look upon me as a Tyrant, obstructing
 ' your secret Inclinations ; I promise, I even vow,
 ' notwithstanding the ardent Affection I have for
 ' you, that I will ever promote your Happiness,

' as far as lies in my Power ; all I ask in Return
 ' for an Esteem (call it Love) so disinterested, is,
 ' that you will never forbid me your Company.
 ' Unruly Passions are Strangers to my Breast ; it
 ' knows no Desire, but that of seeing and admir-
 ' ing you ; should it ever exceed those Bounds, the
 ' Delicacy, and much more the Virtue, I pro-
 ' fess to cultivate, will always check any such At-
 ' tempts, and prevent them giving you the least
 ' Disturbance.'

Such formal Assurances of so generous a Friend-
 ship, and so rarely seen in this Age, moved me
 exceedingly, and were answer'd with a becoming
 Sincerity. From thence we fell upon the Subject
 of my Lover's Father. I inform'd *St. Fal*, that I
 very much apprehended, lest, suspicious as he ap-
 pear'd to be, he should have me watch'd so nar-
 rowly, especially finding his Orders neglected, that
 at last he would find me out, wherever I should re-
 tire. ' Make yourself easy, dear Miss (replied *St.*
Fal) ' you will be much safer at *Versailles* than else-
 ' where ; the Precautions I have taken will elude
 ' all Enquiries, for you will pass for an Officer's
 ' Widow that is come to solicit some Favour at
 ' Court ; the House, where you are to lodge, is
 ' already acquainted with that Particular ; a Wait-
 ' ing-Woman and a Cook-Maid will make up your
 ' little Family ; and as they will only know you
 ' under the Name of the *Countess des Roches*, which
 ' I have invented for you, they cannot any ways
 ' disturb our Project by their Tittle-tattle. The
 ' Pretence I have invented for your coming to
 ' *Versailles*, will sufficiently screen you from the
 ' Eyes of the Curious. No Place can be properer
 ' than the Court, for Concealment, where every
 ' one is taken up with their own Concerns : Stran-
 ' gers pass there for what they please, no-body
 ' troubling themselves to examine into their Af-
 ' fairs. I have known several that have established
 ' them-

themselves there under a travelling Title, and
 their Children have succeeded to it, as well as to
 their Substance. Silence and a long Possession are
 the Proofs of their assumed Nobility. As to La-
 dies in particular, their Affairs not being of any
 great Consequence, they are seldom molested,
 unless it be with too much Complaisance, where
 their Merit is conspicuous, but never on account
 of their Quality: Does not every one know, they
 may assume what Rank they please?

“ All this, Sir (replied I) is very well; I am sa-
 tisfied I shall not be disturb’d on this head, and
 under the Name you have invented, I shall fru-
 strate the most curious Scrutinies that may pos-
 sibly be made after me: But, pray, how shall I
 find wherewithal to support my Condition? For,
 I take it, empty Titles are as thin Diet at Court
 as elsewhere. I have not one Farthing of Income,
 nor the least Expectancy of that kind. You are
 sufficiently inform’d, that a capricious Turn of
 Fortune has rais’d me from my original Condi-
 tion, and left me in a very precarious Situation,
 without the least Means of subsisting. But I must
 assure you, Sir, (continued I) rather than make
 a Figure at the Expence of what I think ho-
 nourable, I would return a thousand times to
 the Wretchedness of my Birth. Taking there-
 fore this for granted, as I beg you will, I can-
 not see” — “ I should not have given you time
 to form these Reflections (said *St. Fal* interrupt-
 ing me) had I not taken a singular Pleasure
 in hearing you. Ah! lovely *Jenny*, how noble
 are these Sentiments! What a Veil do they
 throw over the Obscurity of your Extraction!
 Birth is the Effect of Chance, and, where Pro-
 vidence has allotted it, gives no Grounds to va-
 lue ourselves upon. He that should arrogate any
 thing to himself on that Score, would be justly
 reproach’d, that his acquir’d Merit must be very
 insignificant,

' insignificant, since he has recourse to what passed
 ' in the World before he made his Appearance in it.
 ' He might, in that Case, be justly said to adorn
 ' himself with the Dust of his Ancestors. But, to
 ' cut the Matter short ; if you were not born in an
 ' elevated Rank, your Merit highly deserves it on
 ' many Accounts ; with so much good Sense and
 ' Discretion, you will certainly succeed in the World ;
 ' every thing will smile upon you, your Family will
 ' be maintained, and you ——— “ But (said I, in-
 ' terrupting him a second Time) “ how ? For you can
 ' “ never make me believe ——— “ Why, *Mademoiselle*
 ' (cried *St. Fal*, very smartly). it's no mat-
 ' ter ; you shall find by Experience that I am not
 ' building Castles in the Air.’ “ Alas ! Sir, (replied
 ' I, with some Emotion) “ I am satisfied as to that
 ' “ Particular ; I dare say you will order every thing
 ' “ so well, that it will be a Secret to all the World.
 ' “ but myself, from whence my Subsistence comes ;
 ' “ but still, I can never prevail on myself to accept
 ' “ of it.” ‘ And why not ? (replied *St. Fal* very
 ' eagerly) ‘ can you be so mistaken as to apprehend
 ' ‘ what the World will say ? What have you to do
 ' ‘ with other People ? Will any one know you ? No
 ' ‘ certainly ; nor have you any Design of making
 ' ‘ Acquaintances. This being granted, who can
 ' ‘ hinder you from living retired, and cultivating
 ' ‘ your Talents, till you are settled in the World ?
 ' ‘ The Publick will regard no more of your Con-
 ' ‘ duct than what openly appears, and will applaud
 ' ‘ it accordingly, and without entering ——— “ But I
 ' “ shall be *kept* (cried I, interrupting him with great
 ' Emotion) “ there is no palliating the Matter ; I am
 ' “ not to learn what that Word means.” ‘ Well then,
 ' ‘ *Mademoiselle*, (continu'd *St. Fal* very impatiently)
 ' ‘ you will be *kept*, since you must absolutely use
 ' ‘ that Expression ; where is the Harm ? After all,
 ' ‘ the Meaning of Words varies according to the Use
 ' ‘ to which Men apply them ; there are daily Instan-
 ' ces.

ces of *Vice* being kept by them, why should there not be one, from whom *Virtue* may find the same Relief?

It was thus the *Count* endeavour'd to remove those Scruples, which a virtuous Disposition rais'd in my Mind. But all his Wit and Experience in the World, both of which he possess'd in a sovereign Degree, could not convince me on this Occasion. The Extremity to which I was reduced, and the Approach of Want, could scarce excuse so dangerous a Step; in Reality, I ought to have submitted to the Orders he was to put in Execution, rather than thus expose my Innocence. A young Woman can never be too much upon her Guard against herself; a Word, a Trifle oftentimes effects her Overthrow. Real *Virtue* is always attended with Diffidence and Humility; its constant Lesson is *to fear ourselves*; it is this happy Diffidence which crowns the Work, and makes us triumph over the fiercest Assaults of *Vice*.

These Reflexions brought me to *Versailles*; it was now Eight in the Morning, the Sun shone full upon the Palace, and yielded the finest Sight my Eyes ever beheld; my Transport, occasion'd by such Grandeur and Magnificence, was so great, that I even forgot myself. *St. Fal*, not imagining what it was which thus engross'd my Thoughts, and who was always apprehensive of giving me the least Uneasiness, or fearing, perhaps, that I might give myself up to Reflexions arising from our preceding Discourse, asked me, with some Concern, what made me so silent. We were then at the End of the great Alley, and going to turn off to the Left. "Good God! (cried I, very impatiently) do not disturb me; you are very barbarous to interrupt the Contemplation of so delightful a View." When I said this, my Eyes were so earnestly fix'd on the Palace, that the *Count* easily guessed at the Occasion of my Silence, and the Earnestness I had betray'd. "I ask your Pardon, fair Lady (said he) but I must tell

‘ tell you, nothing can be a greater Proof of your
 ‘ exquisite Taste, than the Attention you bestow on
 ‘ the Beauties of that Place.’ Upon this, he order-
 ed the Postillion to stop; I run over with my Eye
 that charming Prospect, asking a thousand Questions,
 without allowing him time to answer one half of
 them.

When I had recover’d myself a little from the Ad-
 miration so many fine Objects excited, I asked *St. Fal*
 very gravely, if that was the Place I was to lodge at?
 He could not forbear smiling at such a Question,
 whilst he acquainted me, that it was inhabited only
 by such whose Rank or Employments placed them
 near the King’s Person, of which he gave me a kind
 of Detail, that lasted till we reach’d the *Orangerie*
 Street, where the Chaise set us down.

A Woman of about five and twenty, Mistress of
 the House where I was to lodge, having been ac-
 quainted by *Monsieur de St. Fal’s Valet de Chambre* of
 our Arrival, waited for me at the Door; she receiv’d
 me in a mighty obliging Manner: ‘ Good God!
 (said she, turning to the *Count*, after embracing me)
 ‘ how young this Lady must have been married! She
 ‘ is an Infant, exceeding handsome; it’s a crying
 ‘ Shame she should be a Widow at these Years!’
 This Harangue put me to the Blush. The *Count*
 seeing the Confusion I was in, turned the Discourse,
 and presenting his Hand, led me up a very handsome
 Stair-case to my Apartment. The Reflexion of the
 Sun from the Glasses and Gilding with which it was
 adorn’d, cast a prodigious Lustre. I must own, I
 felt a Satisfaction arise in my Breast; fond as I had
 always been of Finery, such Lodgings and Furniture
 could not fail of affording me a singular Pleasure. It
 did not escape the *Count*, who, as he has since told me,
 often pleased himself with the Thoughts of having
 succeeded in his Endeavours to strike my Imagina-
 tion at the first Entrance, knowing very well that no-
 thing diverts *Melancholy* more, than the Gayety
 of

of those Objects which surround us. He was certainly in the right ; outward Show is always bewitching, and the gaudy Appearance of Things more or less carries the greatest Weight, especially with Women ; which clearly proves our small Share of Solidity, not excepting myself, notwithstanding our Vanity in priding ourselves upon what they term *Sentiments*, the Parade of which, is now so much in vogue, that the Cinder-Wench will not yield to a Duchess, in what is call'd *Manner of Thinking*. This Folly of an affected Heroism may have its Application, as well as that of Luxury. Luxury is said to be a Mark of concealed Poverty : May one not venture to say, that *Sentiments*, for which some with so much Ostentation often value themselves, are a specious Cover, by which they endeavour to dazzle the Eyes of the World, and cover their own Weakness ?

When I was put into Possession of my Apartment, *St. Fal* desired I would employ the good Sense, he knew me Mistress of, to amuse myself in his Absence, giving me to understand that he was obliged to pass the rest of the Day with the old *Marquess*, for whom he must invent some Story concerning me, designing, in order to excuse himself, to pretend I had made my Escape from him. I could not forbear trembling at what he said. “ For Heaven’s Sake, Sir, (said I) take care how you behave on this nice Point ; your Uncle seem’d to me a Person of so much Distrust and Penetration, that I am very apprehensive, lest, after laying together the Rencounter we had in the Village, and your Account of my Escape, he does not employ such sure Methods of finding out the Truth, as will infallibly discover where I am : If that should happen, you know I am entirely ruin’d.” “ I have already told you, *Mademoiselle* (replied *St. Fal*) that you have nothing to fear on your Side ; it is on me the *Marquess*’s Displeasure will light.”

“ And

“ And is not that of sufficient Consequence?—(cried I)
 “ I should be very sorry you underwent any Uneasiness on my Account.” “ Good God! *Mademoiselle* (replied *St. Fal*, as he was retiring) that is the least of my Care; my Cousin’s Return, (for his Father will certainly send for him upon hearing your Evasion) the Notion I have that sooner or later he will see you, the Certainty I have of the Pleasure such an Interview will create in you; these are Uneasinesses much more real, than any I apprehend from acquainting my Uncle with your Escape.’ I easily understood the Meaning of all this; but as I had no Mind to enter on such a Subject, I let him go without returning any Answer.

When he was gone, the Chamber-Maid, who had been hired to wait on me, came up; she seemed towards Fifty, with an easy insinuating Air; her Name was *Brochan*, and the Landlady of the House gave her an extraordinary Character. She had lately left a Duchess’s Service, by reason, as she inform’d me herself, of a violent Passion the Secretary had for her, and which might possibly have endanger’d her Innocence. I could not forbear smiling to myself at this Acknowledgment. Her Age and plain Face was a sufficient Security against any Attacks of that Nature. I soon discover’d her Foible to be a foolish Belief, that she inspired Love into all the Men who looked at her, which she imagined could not be with Indifference. To this Conceit she added another Notion, equally ridiculous, that she was nobly born. It’s true, she could not be ignorant that every one knew her to be a Cook’s Daughter; but her Folly, or rather Vanity, prevented this Objection, by assuring you very gravely, that she had been changed at Nurse.

Madame de General (for that was my Landlady’s Name) made her Appearance soon after the Chamber-Maid. Now I am disposed to draw Characters, it would be unpardonable to omit her’s. She was tall,

tall, handsome, and well made ; but the Misfortune was, she knew it too well ; a Failing that renders the greatest Charms very disagreeable. Her Character was, to find fault with every thing, tho' her genteel Way of doing it made some Amends.

Most things at first smiling upon us, *Madame de Geneval* was so very obliging and assiduous, that I made her very sincere Returns, attended with too little Reservedness. The Event will shew plainly, that young Persons ought to be very cautious and circumspect with their new Acquaintance. This Gentlewoman's Behaviour has taught me, at a very dear Rate, to inculcate so necessary a Lesson to others.

Before I went to Bed, (for the Landlady and my Waiting-Woman had determined it should be so, in order to refresh me after a Journey of between two and three hundred Miles, as they imagin'd) my Chest of Drawers was opened for me ; ' You see (said *Madame de Geneval*) ' every thing is laid in as exact Order, as if you had been present. *Monsieur de St. Fal* ' has said so much in your Praise, and so earnestly recommended the Care of your Trunks, that I took ' the things out myself. When I opened them, I ' wrote an Account of what I found ; but this is a ' Liberty I would not have taken, without the positive Intreaties of your Friend the *Count*, who insisted on every thing being in its proper Place against ' your Arrival : But go to sleep, pretty Lady (said she, embracing me) we shall have time enough to ' discourse these Matters over when you wake. Bring ' her a Porrenger of Broth, (continu'd she, going out ' of the Room) she will rest the better after it.' *Brochan* had it ready ; after I had taken it, she help'd me to undress ; I got into Bed, upon which she retired, shutting the Door after her.

My Mind was in too great an Agitation to admit of any Repose. May I venture here to disclose myself

self ingenuously? Will not the professed Prudes, those splenetick Ladies, I have before mentioned, take the Alarm at the secret Motions of my Soul, I am going to divulge? What will it avail, if I should give a false Gloss (and nothing can be more easy) to my Thoughts at that time? They will be equally severe, and I shall forfeit my Title to Sincerity, that truly valuable Quality, under a Protestation of which I entered upon these Memoirs. *Self-Love*, indeed, must suffer; but amiable *Truth* will entitle me to some Compassion.

Had I called my Heart to a strict Account, I am persuaded, at first I should have found it more affected with the brilliant Situation I was in, than with the secret Murmurs of a repining Virtue. There is a wide Difference between arming ourselves against future Trials, and encountering the immediate Influence of Things present; we faintly resist the Charms of what we actually possess. Wise Men often exclaim against the Abuse of Riches, but we have few Instances of their practising the Doctrine they teach.

I was no sooner left alone, but I looked with Pleasure on the gay Objects which surrounded me; the Glasses, Gildings, the Pictures, rais'd such bewitching Ideas in my Mind, that I could no longer resist the Temptation of taking a nearer View of the Things I was in some measure Mistress of. Being alone, I got up, bolted the Door, and indulged my Curiosity. It's true, Virtue made some little Effort before it abandon'd me to these Allurements; but a sudden Thought represented my Curiosity as absolutely necessary. I must, said I to myself, be acquainted with what the Drawers contain: The Things are given out to be mine; if I should betray any Ignorance, it may raise some Suspicion prejudicial to the Part I am to act.

Pre-

Prepossessed with this Necessity, I went into the Wardrobe, in which were placed two large Chests ; I opened them with some Apprehension ; this Scrutiny, tho' attended with a Kind of Qualm, as if I had been engaged in Mischief, soon amused me by the alluring Discoveries it produced, especially in respect of one, whose Birth and Education had not made her Mistress of any one individual Thing.

The End of the First Volume.



